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MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT AS MAGDA IN SUDERMANN'S PLAY "HEIMAT," AT DALY'S THEATRE.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

It is not often that the stream from the fountain of honour is, so to speak, dammed by the expected recipient. M. Pasteur, however, has so treated the title the German Emperor would have conferred upon him. Patriotism, overcoming politeness, has compelled him to reject it, and not without some opprobrious observations. But M. Pasteur is a mad-doctor. No such excuse can be offered for Mr. Herbert Spencer, who has also declined, upon philosophic grounds, his Imperial Majesty's Order of Merit, which H.I.M. has by no means taken philosophically. I read that in future the order will not be offered to any foreigner. I will not dwell upon a personal disappointment, but it is hard upon all persons of distinction. At the same time it will afford many of us the opportunity of explaining why we have not got it. Every year, on the appearance of the birthday honours list, most of us have some acquaintances who hint with a superior smile that the omission of their names is not the fault of the Government. This may be egotism, but is not as misplaced as the modesty which has impelled some persons who have been marked out for these honours to disbelieve the genuineness of the offer and to reply to it with scoffing words: "Do you see any green in my eye?" or words to that effect, which, addressed—though in error—to a Prime Minister, are offensive and deplorable.

The calculation of how many cows' tails it would take to reach the moon is of very ancient origin; and since it was made we have had many such problems of no more practical value, though without a quip at the end of them. Among persons of a certain class of intelligence, with a sort of bastard mathematical turn, these computations are extremely popular. "Periodicals for the people" have generally an example or two of them, and they hold an honoured place in school arithmetical works. "How many sovereigns placed edgewise would go round the world, or piled one upon another would be on the level with Cotopaxi?" etc. I now read in a widely circulated journal that a statistical authority has discovered that "if the twenty million of women in England shed tears twice a year their combined contributions would equal (exactly) the displacement of a 180-ton yacht." I venture, though with much diffidence, to remark that twenty million (even including the New Women, whose sex is doubtful) is rather over the mark, but this may be considered made up for by the very low average of weepings. They must, alas! be exceptionally happy women (unless something be amiss with their lachrymal ducts) who only cry twice a year. The effect, however, would, of course, be vastly greater than the present average (perhaps twice a day), and it does not surprise one that it displaced a yacht: I should have thought it would have "moved" a man-of-war.

A clause in the New Zealand Local Option Bill, which has, perhaps, through some clerical error, been omitted in our own, provides that every man convicted of being an habitual drunkard shall be photographed at his own expense, and every publican in the district in which he lives supplied with a copy. It is not stated, however, whether he is to be taken drunk or sober. Some drunkards in their lucid intervals have the gift of looking quite respectable, and altogether unlike themselves. It would not be, perhaps, till they visited their third or fourth public-house that their salient features as "Lushingtons" would be recognisable. To be sure there is the nose, which generally betrays an addiction to spirituous liquors; it is not always a "bottle nose," but its hue is almost always roseate. It seems, therefore, very important, though it is not mentioned in the Bill, that these tell-tale photographs should be coloured.

A diver has been fined for jumping off a high railway-bridge into a river, a feat he accomplished not for the first time. The crime he was charged with was trespassing, and his defence was that "he was obliged to do it to keep up his reputation." The case is spoken of as a novelty, but how many of us are driven, not to dive, indeed, but to undertake somewhat similar experiments! What "headers" our politicians take from the heights of promise to the depths of performance for the same reason, though not with the same success, for they generally fail to come up again! What dangerous leaps are taken into the future, which no plummet has ever sounded, from the pulpit with the like object! Even from the springboard of literature I have known some diving very much beyond one's depth with the same object in view. The less ambitious, who dive only in the mud, it is true are just now much more numerous, but they do it for coppers.

Now that our morality is so much at fault in literature and on the stage, it is refreshing to note that moral lessons are being inculcated in quite unexpected quarters. It was only a short time ago that the young lady who "does," or did, the bronzed statue in America was brought before a committee of taste, but came off with flying colours (and little else). The case was not dissimilar to that famous one of Phryne's, except that the one was bronze, and the other brazen. So far as the upper circles were concerned, the modern lady established her position, and was declared to be classical and

from the Greek. This decision, however, was called in question by a band of acrobats, hailing from I know not where, who were so shocked by the young woman's attire—or the want of it—that they declined to perform in the same hall with her. It seems odd that acrobats, who are themselves but slightly clothed, should be so easily shocked; but they stood their ground—though, perhaps, on their heads—and were much applauded by the serious. And now the sensitiveness of the Somalis, at present of the Crystal Palace, but formerly of I know not where, has led them to express their horror at the spectacle of a Brixton lady bicyclist in knickerbockers. They say they have never seen such a sight in all their lives (which seems probable), and would have turned scarlet at it had their colour permitted. When the Afghan Prince's book comes out, we may, perhaps, receive another lesson in morals.

It is pleasant when the course of true love has not run smoothly to be able to say, "All's well that ends well" even at the end of a three-volume novel, for most of us like "good endings." If this feeling be proportionate to the difficulties overcome we should feel grateful at the recent termination of a breach of promise case, when a sudden communication reached the court that there would be no need to trouble the jury further, since the "parties" had made it up, were married, and had gone off on their honeymoon. This was surely one of the narrowest "shaves" that "true love" has ever met with. It had not only a want of smoothness, but a kink in its cable, and a knot that was certainly not a love-knot, up to the very last. Details are, unhappily, wanting, but one would like to know how far that breach of promise case proceeded. Had those letters from the defendant been read with which we are all so well acquainted—full of devotion and quotation from the poets—and aroused the usual laughter? Did his counsel—in reduction of damages—point out, as usual, what a very undesirable client he had, and depreciate his looks, his figure, his intelligence, and his expectations? In that case the promise of the future happiness of the young couple will be considerable, for the bridegroom has shown himself of a very forgiving disposition. Had the prosecutrix been put in that worst of all wrong boxes, the witness-box, and cross-examined as to her age, the forwardness of her conduct and her previous flirtations? Had her letters been read, with little blobs of sealing-wax for kisses on them, and breathing vows of fidelity to somebody else? One can hardly think things could have gone so far as that with such a beautiful transformation scene—all lace and orange-flowers—at the end of it all. Some young couples find little to talk about on their honeymoons, but this could not have been their case: recent topics, however, were probably not alluded to. Their yesterday experiences will be reserved for some future date.

A clock has been brought to London (from Scotland, of course) which stops working from twelve o'clock on Saturday night till twelve on Sunday night, and directly the hands stop, there appears an intimation on its face that it is the Sabbath day. To rigid Sabbatarians this may not be wholly satisfactory, since it seems to make the question one for time rather than for eternity; but as an example, not, indeed, of what Carlyle calls "prayer by machinery," but of piety, it has no parallel. It is a triumph of the Puritanical mind over matter which would have gladdened the heart of Sir Andrew Agnew, who complained that beer could not be restrained from "working" on a Sunday. The worst of it is, one gets accustomed to the striking of a clock, and how much more then to its stopping! It is an object, too, which lends itself to the designs of the practical joker. It would be possible for skilful (though wicked) hands to turn a Sunday clock into a Monday clock. It does not require a mechanic to put it on or back for an hour or two. I once knew a young gentleman, the scion of a most respectable house, who habitually put the drawing-room clock back on a Saturday night that the family rubber might not be abbreviated. All crimes have their degrees, and while I think that the good people who sit up till past twelve on Sunday night in order to begin their amusement with a clear conscience sacrifice the spirit to the letter, the prolonging the Saturday night seems comparatively venial. Our true day is not the mere twenty-four hours which compose it, but the time between our getting up and going to bed.

A Chicago physician has discovered that health is "all my eye," or nearly so. He is aware that new theories are apt to meet with opposition from the faculty, but truth will in the end prevail. "The eye strain irritates the brain, alters the disposition, and changes the character, so that Dr. Jekyll becomes a Mr. Hyde." At the funeral of a drunkard this doctor obtained permission to examine the eyes of the deceased, and found them turned upwards twenty-two degrees. He had probably been a hypocrite as well as a drunkard. Dipsomania is all caused by this eye strain; the desire to "wet t' other eye" perhaps gives relief to it. "By placing prisms on the patient's eyes he invariably sees double," but one has known this to happen without the prisms. It is to be regretted that the effect upon character through wearing a glass eye, or even an eye-glass, has not been recorded. In reading this scientific discovery, the mind reverts to Miss Elizabeth Martin, a young lady indissolubly associated with the optic nerve.

A correspondent in Kentucky sends me a leaf from the Church Calendar with a very apt but unexpected quotation. It is for May 24, and after telling us how many days of the year are past and how many of them there are to come, with a passing reference to the new moon, thus concludes, "Queen's Birthday. 'Lo, I am with you always.' Matt. xxviii. 20." One is happy to think her Majesty's reign has been as long as it has been successful, and there seems in this a note of impatience that one cannot but deprecate. It is doubtless, however, not intended. The compiling of a calendar is, I suppose, fatal to any sense of humour. It is quite curious how inappropriate texts often are to the inscriptions they are supposed to illustrate. Upon a gentleman's tomb in Warwickshire we read that he was "accidentally shot by his gamekeeper." Under this piece of information is the text, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

If any young man of letters is contemplating the writing of a biography, let him take as his model that of the late Sir James Stephen, written by his brother Leslie Stephen. Of the style of our foremost literary critic it is not necessary to speak; what is unexpected even from his pen is the interest of that part of his narration which in works of a similar class is apt to be so bare and bald—namely, the introductory matter: the history of the man's ancestors, with which biographers generally think it necessary to favour us, even though there is no excuse for it beyond the fact that they are his relatives, and that it is necessary to swell the work to the dimensions of two volumes. Now, the introductory part of Mr. Leslie Stephen's book is every whit as interesting as the rest of it, and we should feel grateful for the book even if it only introduced us to the members of a most remarkable family, of whom we should otherwise have had little knowledge. Independently of the subject-matter of this admirable volume—which is, of course, unsuitable for extract in the small space at my disposal here—there is among its graver topics a plentiful sprinkling of good things. Stephen's father, who was Under-Secretary for the Colonies, thus records his experience of the way in which Governments appreciate the exertions of even their most hard-working officials: "You may write off the first joints of your fingers for them, and then you may write off the second joints, and all that they will say to you is, 'What a remarkably short-fingered man!'" The teaching at Eton in Fitzjames's day he describes as wretched. I was there at the same period, though for too short a time to endorse his opinion; but his tutor, as it happened, was my lecturer, and his portrait of him strikes me as an excellent likeness. "Stephen major," he once said, "if you do not take more pains, how can you ever expect to write good longs and shorts? If you do not write good longs and shorts, how can you ever be a man of taste? If you are not a man of taste, how can you ever hope to be of use in the world?" This is public school education as it was then (and some advocates of it still remain) in a nutshell. Many-sided man as he was (though after his own fashion), Fitzjames Stephen was not a sporting man. It was not the fashion when he first became a judge to affect an ignorance of matters known to all the rest of the world, yet he shocked a Liverpool audience by asking in all simplicity from the bench, "What is the Grand National?" As Carlyle says, "Heavens!"

The reason why Stephen, though possessed of so massive an intellect, was a comparative failure at Cambridge, was that, no doubt, which he himself gives for it. His mind, he says, was "ever full of thoughts about religion, about politics, about morals, about metaphysics, about all sorts of subjects." Young gentlemen who distinguish themselves early in life are generally free from this source of failure. The consummate art of the writer of this biography makes its subject an interesting personality, in spite of a natural ruggedness and grimness of character, and his vehement expressions of opinion upon certain matters on which the reader may, and probably will, hold an entirely different view. The book is an honest picture of an exceedingly honest and very remarkable man. Not the least interesting parts of it are those which lift the curtain from the old *Saturday Review* and reveal the identity of its contributors, for Fitzjames Stephen was not less famous as a journalist than as a judge. His capacity for work of all kinds (including pedestrianism) was astounding. "On July 17, 1864, he finishes an article on Newman at three a.m., having written as much as would fill up sixteen pages of the *Edinburgh Review*." Another day he "gets us up at six, writes an article before breakfast, is in court all day, and has a consultation at nine." He writes for the *Pall Mall Gazette* in one year no less than one hundred and forty-two leaders. I have never believed in a man overworking himself (it is "worry" that kills, not work), but Stephen certainly did so, and his work was, on the whole, of the heavy sort. "As to light and amusing articles, they are wretched things to occupy a man of any sort of mind." (I again quote Carlyle, "Heavens!") His gifts and behaviour as a judge, his views upon the criminal law, and his official work in India are more or less public property, but they derive a new interest from these pages. They are the record, as his biographer observes, of a true man, "who in the dark and bewildering game of life played his part with unflinching courage and magnanimity."

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE NORTH SEA AND BALTIC CANAL.

(See Supplement.)

The ships which our artist has selected for the Supplement commemorative of the opening of the Baltic Canal are among the finest afloat. First to be named is the yacht of the German Emperor, the *Hohenzollern*, which happily is no stranger to English waters. Next in personal interest to us is the royal yacht *Osborne*, which carries the nautical Duke of York as representative of the British throne. The splendid *Royal Sovereign* shows how Britannia still rules the waves. The *Maria Theresa*, the *Sardegna*, the *Hoche*, and the other ships illustrated in the picture are visible tokens of existing international amity.

The commanding admirals of the British ships were Vice-Admiral Lord Walter Kerr and Rear-Admiral Alington. Admiral Menard was in command of the French battle-ship, cruiser, and torpedo vessel. Admiral von Klinteberg commanded the two Swedish battle-ships and gun-boat and the two Norwegian gun-boats. The four fine cruisers from the United States were under the command of Rear-Admiral Kirkland. The Italian fleet, which was the theme of general admiration, had at its head as Commanding Admiral the Duke of Genoa, Vice-Admiral Accinni, and Rear-Admiral Grandville. The Russian battle-ship, cruiser, and armoured gun-boat were under the command of Admiral Skrydlow. The Archduke Charles Stephen commanded the three Austro-Hungarian armed cruisers and torpedo-vessels. Turkey sent one yacht;

is fearful lest his paternity should injure his social position, and her father, who is determined that the marriage shall redeem the family honour. Madame Bernhardt repudiates the suitor with that frenzy of scorn which is one of her most effective resources. To her father she presents a stubborn resolution admirably mingled with filial respect. One of the most successful scenes is the visit of some lady friends of the house to which Magda has returned

after a long absence. These amiable neighbours exhibit an impertinent curiosity about Magda which she resents. Here the Bohemian nonchalance of Madame Bernhardt was perfectly in harmony with the incident, and the effect was heightened by the excellence of the other performers, who played with much more distinction than the Italian company who supported Signora Duse.

THE FIRE AT MAR LODGE, BRAEMAR.

The Scotch home of the Duke and Duchess of Fife was burnt to the ground on June 14. The fire commenced about two o'clock in the afternoon, and the Queen, having been informed of the occurrence, reached the scene

of the conflagration shortly after six o'clock. Her Majesty viewed with much sorrow the destruction of the mansion where she has so often been a visitor. The fire raged with such fury that after a few hours there was little left of the

MAR LODGE.

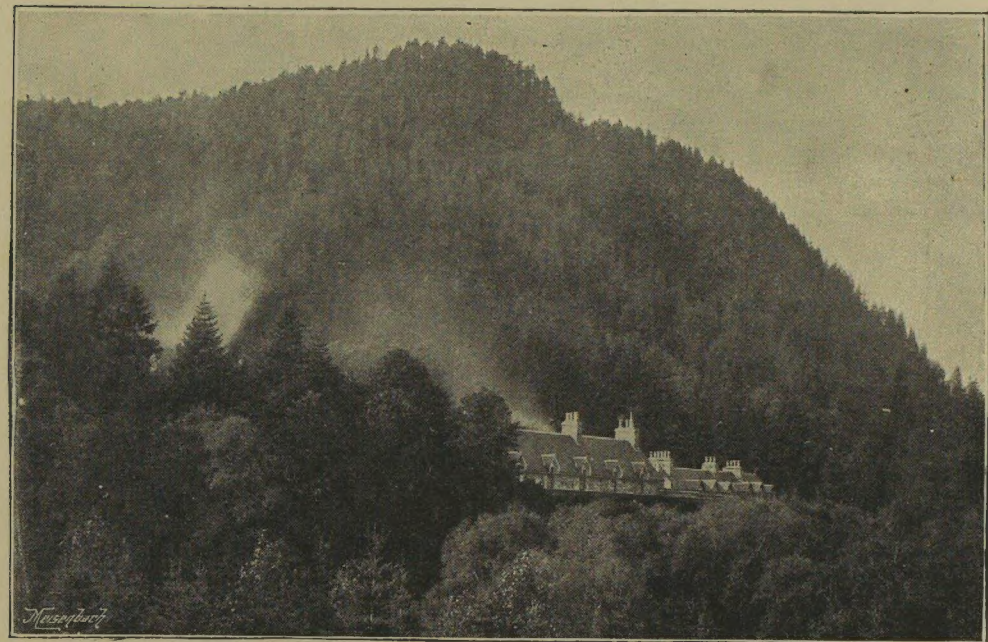
building which had been considered the finest on Deeside. Several valuable treasures were rescued from the house, but pictures and many other art relics were destroyed. The house was built by General Sir Alexander Duff about seventy years ago, and had been much improved for the purposes of residence by the Duke of Fife, who was in London with the Duchess at the time of the fire.

FLORAL FÊTE AT THE ROYAL BOTANIC SOCIETY'S GARDENS.

In the presence of the Prince and Princess of Wales and their daughters, the Duke and Duchess of York, the Duke of Cambridge, and the Duke and Duchess of Teck, the very pretty spectacle of the Children's Floral Parade and Fête was witnessed on Wednesday afternoon, June 12, in Regent's Park. The judges were Lady Jeune and Lady Hillingdon. The Princess of Wales rejoiced the hearts of the little prize-winners by handing them small silk banners.

THE SHAHZADA WATCHING A HIGHLAND DANCE.

When our royal guest, Nasrullah Khan, visited Glasgow lately, there were provided for his gratification some Highland dances outside the Fairfield ship-building yard. The spectacle, which specially delighted the little boy who accompanies the Shahzada everywhere, was, we may be sure, more in accordance with Eastern sentiments than the balls at which his Highness has been present. He is reported to have made the same comment on them as was attributed to the Shah of Persia: "How is it that you do not make your slaves dance for you instead of wearying yourselves?" Our Illustration shows the interested group witnessing the dance, which, however, the photographer, for obvious reasons, failed to include in the picture.



MAR LODGE, BRAEMAR, DESTROYED BY FIRE ON JUNE 14.

there were two Dutch cruisers, and the Spanish navy was represented by a battle-ship and two cruisers. Commodore Gad was in command of the Danish vessels. The streets of Hamburg have been so lavishly decorated as to remind visitors of the picturesque loyalty of London at the time of the Queen's Jubilee. The Duke of York arrived at 8 p.m. on June 18, and he had been preceded that day by the King of Saxony, the Grand Dukes of Mecklenburg-Strelitz and Mecklenburg-Schwerin, Prince Albrecht of Prussia, and other august guests. The absence of the German Empress from this great national event was attributed to her Majesty being the victim of extreme neuralgia. By the way, Sir Donald Currie had many royal guests to lunch on board the *Tantallon Castle* during its brief visit to Copenhagen. The King and Queen of Denmark and members of their family, with the Prime Minister and British Ambassador, were entertained, and at the conclusion of the banquet the King proposed the toast of "Queen Victoria." Subsequently Mr. Gladstone most gracefully asked his audience to drink to the health of the Queen of Denmark. Finally, the King proposed, with an emotion which showed how profoundly he had been affected, the health of Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, and once again Mr. Gladstone proved that his powers of eloquence were undiminished. The *Tantallon Castle* returned to the canal in time to be present at the ceremony on Wednesday, June 19.

SARAH BERNHARDT IN "HEIMAT."

The interest in Madame Sarah Bernhardt's performance of Magda in Sudermann's play has been greatly enhanced by Signora Duse's rival impersonation. London has seen two Magdas, and personal preferences are inevitable. But in this case at least comparisons are not odious, and it is quite easy to admire both these great artists, though their personalities and methods are radically different. Madame Bernhardt plays Magda as the Bohemian diva, with a passionate love of the child she is asked to resign by the old lover, who makes this a condition of marriage. She is placed like a hunted tigress at bay—between this man who

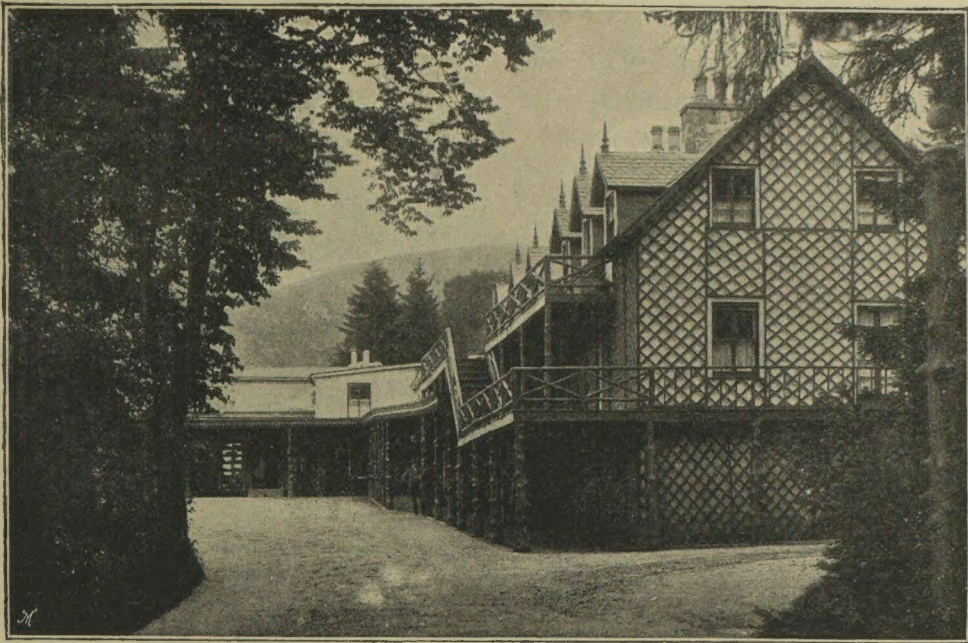


Photo by G. W. Wilson, Aberdeen.

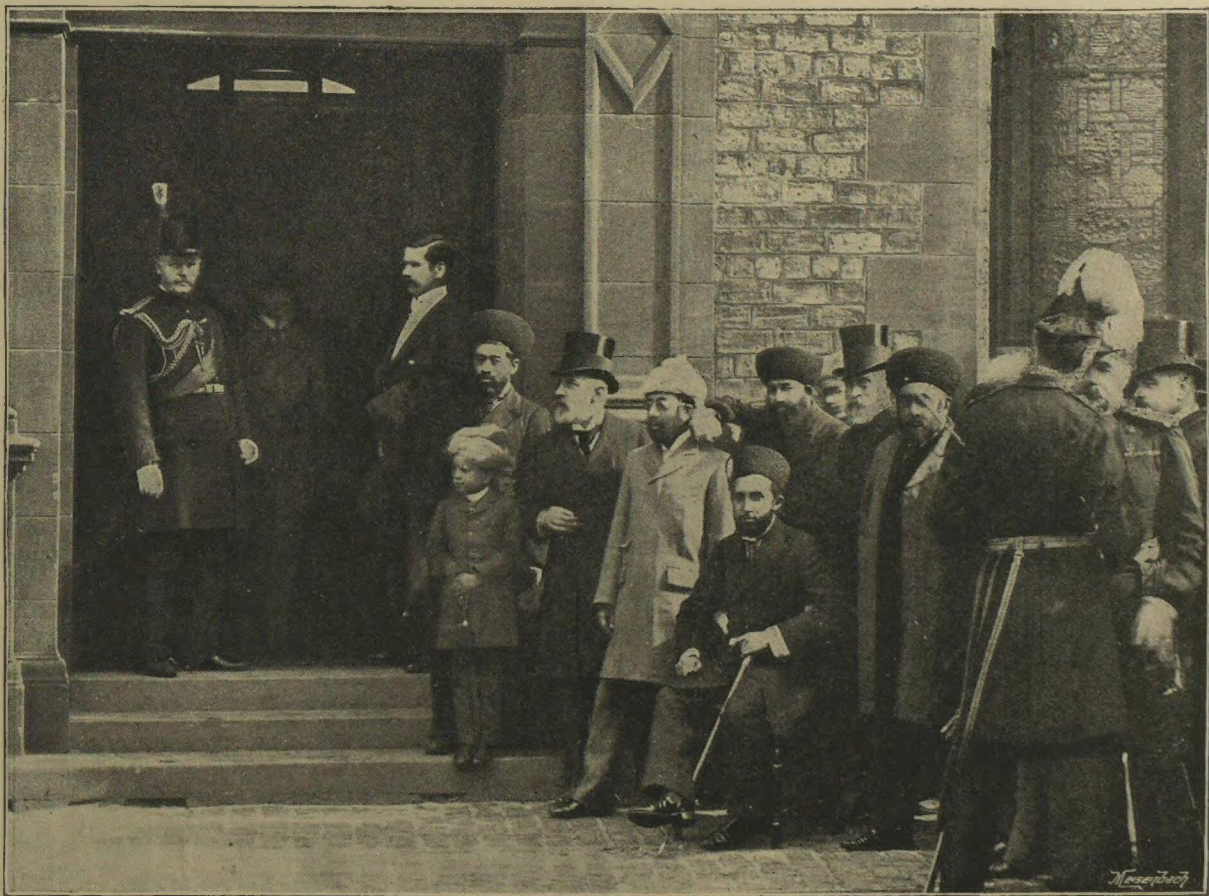


Photo by Lafayette, Glasgow.

THE SHAHZADA WATCHING A HIGHLAND DANCE AT THE FAIRFIELD SHIP-BUILDING YARD, GLASGOW.

SIR ARTHUR BIGGE.

The post of Private Secretary to the Queen is one of the most responsible, and at the same time one of the most honourable, in the United Kingdom. The sad illness of Sir Henry Ponsonby made it necessary for the Queen to appoint Lieutenant-Colonel Arthur John Bigge in his place. The Queen has just conferred knighthood on him as a further mark of her Majesty's esteem. Sir Arthur Bigge, K.C.B., C.M.G., comes of an old Northumbrian family, being the son of the late Rev. J. F. Bigge, Vicar of Stamfordham, Northumberland. His grandfather was the late Mr. C. W. Bigge, of Linden. He is in his forty-sixth year. Having entered the Royal Artillery in 1869, he successively became captain in 1880, major in 1885, and lieutenant-colonel in 1893. He served through the campaign in Zululand 1878-79, and was mentioned in dispatches. In the latter year he was appointed aide-de-camp to Sir Evelyn Wood. The late Prince Imperial, when attached to the Royal Artillery, became acquainted with Lieutenant Bigge, whose intimate friend he remained until the tragic death of the young Prince in South Africa. He became Groom-in-Waiting, and seven months later, in 1880, he was appointed Assistant Private Secretary to her Majesty. The ability with which he performed these duties marked him out for further promotion in the Royal Household, and this was not long in coming. In 1881 he was made an Equerry-in-Ordinary. In that year Captain Bigge married Constance, daughter of the late Rev. W. F. Neville. He has favourably impressed those who come into contact with him by his remarkable tact, courtesy, and talent. Serving the Queen, Sir Arthur Bigge serves also the nation, and we trust he may have this opportunity and distinction for many years to come.

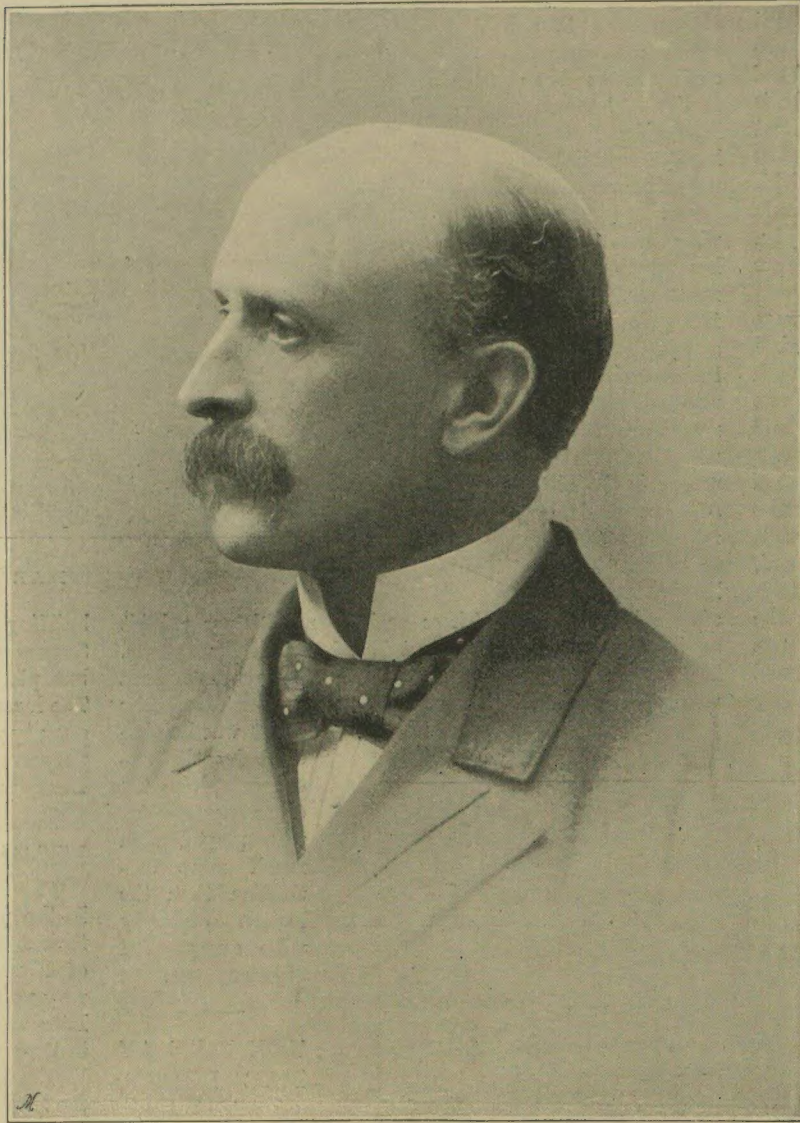


Photo by Russell and Sons.

SIR ARTHUR BIGGE, PRIVATE SECRETARY TO THE QUEEN.

MR. GLADSTONE'S DEPARTURE FOR THE BALTIC CANAL.

A decided *éclat* has been given by the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone to the large party of guests who, at the invitation of Sir Donald Currie, went on board the *Tantallon Castle* to witness the opening of the Baltic Canal. A man who has been Prime Minister cannot voluntarily divest himself of the importance which attaches to all he afterwards says and does. Accordingly it was not surprising that great interest has been taken by our Continental neighbours in the progress of the *Tantallon Castle* and in its most distinguished passenger. Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone proceeded direct from their Hawarden home to the steamship lying at Tilbury, and slept on board prior to the arrival of the other guests of hospitable Sir Donald Currie. These latter came on board on the morning of June 12, and included Lord Welby, Sir Algernon West, Sir Joseph Pease, Bart., M.P., Sir William Ingram, Bart., M.P., Mr. George Armitstead, Sir George Newnes, Bart., M.P., Mr. H. W. Lucy, and many others well known in politics and literature. By four o'clock on June 13 the steamer arrived in the Elbe, and thereafter the visitors went to Hamburg. The veteran statesman was unable to attend a civic banquet, but at a dinner given on board the *Tantallon Castle* by Sir Donald Currie the health of Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone was proposed by the Burgo-master of Hamburg, who, by a diverting slip of the tongue, described Mr. Gladstone as the "Right Reverend." Few blunders were ever so apt. Mr. Gladstone replied in a speech full of friendly feeling towards the German nation. Some of Sir Donald's guests visited Friedrichsruh, the country seat of Prince Bismarck. Mr. Gladstone made an excursion on the Alster and inspected the decorations.



THE OPENING OF THE BALTIC CANAL: DEPARTURE OF MR. GLADSTONE FROM TILBURY ON BOARD THE "TANTALLON CASTLE."

Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company.



MR. AND MRS. GLADSTONE, ON BOARD THE "TANTALLON CASTLE," BIDDING FAREWELL TO FRIENDS.

Sketch by our Special Artist Mr. Melton Prior.



ARRIVALS AT HAMBURG.

Sketch by our Special Artist Mr. Seppings Wright.

THE OPENING OF THE BALTIC CANAL.

PERSONAL.

The boredom of the Shahzada during the fashionable functions which he attended in London has not distinguished his tour in the provinces. He visited gun-factories and cotton-factories; he has inspected the Manchester Ship Canal; and everywhere he has exhibited indefatigable interest. The working of a lock on the canal was found quite exciting, and the gunners and the mill-owners have been positively exhausted by the Afghan Prince's inquisitiveness. Weapons are of profound concern to him; but so are manufactures. It is shrewdly suggested that he is preparing himself for the very close cross-examination he will have to undergo when he returns to Cabul.

The Czar has invested President Faure with the Order of St. Andrew. The same compliment was paid to President Carnot. In his speech at the investiture Baron Mohrenheim, the Russian Ambassador in Paris, used a curious phrase. M. Hanotaux, the French Foreign Minister, recently spoke of the "alliance" between France and Russia. Up to that time we had heard only of an *entente cordiale*. Baron Mohrenheim said nothing about "alliance"; he was content to pray for "a continuity of relations." This rather frigid phrase has damped the ardour of the Parisians, who took M. Hanotaux's "alliance" quite literally. There is something mysterious in an "alliance" one member of which is too shy to acknowledge the compact, in spite of the public blandishments of the other.

Lord Colin Campbell's sudden death at Bombay is announced as having occurred on June 18. After his abortive action for divorce, Lord Colin went to India, and practised for some years at the Indian Bar. He had been called previously to the Bar of the Middle Temple, and one of the few incidents chronicled about his recent visit to this country was his appearance as a spectator during the hearing of an interesting law case. Lady Colin, by-the-way, is still in very bad health, and has been unable to discharge her duties as co-editor of the *Realm* for some time past. She is slowly recovering, in the South of France, from her long illness.

The new Governor of New South Wales is Viscount Hampden, son of the first Viscount Hampden, who was formerly Mr. Speaker Brand. The present Lord Hampden, as Mr. H. R. Brand, sat in the House of Commons as a Liberal from 1868 to 1885. He did not follow Mr. Gladstone's Irish policy, and it is remarkable that a Home Rule Ministry has given a Colonial governorship to a Unionist peer. Gossips declare that this is because Sir Arthur Hayter's seat at Walsall is too precarious for a Colonial appointment to be given to him.

The Prince of Wales was present to witness two of his horses attain success at Ascot, and the results were received with great enthusiasm. This would not have astonished the Shahzada, who thinks it perfectly natural that the Prince should win. In Afghanistan this result would be the rule rather than the exception.

Unlike Oliver Cromwell, Dr. W. G. Grace is the great reconciler of classes. In this sense he may be regarded as the most successful Unionist of his time. The popularity of the two testimonials now being organised in his honour grows apace, and to do him honour the *Times* has even broken with its immemorial custom of never acknowledging the existence of any other journal. "Our spirited contemporary, the *Daily Telegraph*," is the handsome way in which the *Times* alludes to the *D.T.* in connection with the National Shilling Fund. The shillings are rolling up even more rapidly than "W. G.'s" runs at the wicket, and the *Daily Telegraph* and the Marylebone Cricket Club between them ought to raise a very handsome amount for the champion batsman.

The concert given on Saturday, June 15, under the direction of the well-known conductor, M. Nikisch, was extremely interesting. M. Nikisch comes to us with an extraordinary reputation, which, in some degree at all events, he has doubtless deserved. He is notably elegant and graceful, not only in his personal manner—which counts for little—but also in the effects that he manages to produce. There were portions of his "Tannhäuser" overture that were infinitely refined in their quiet delicacy and sweetness; there was the scherzo of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, which has, perhaps, never been more effectually played. It was when you came to more solid and more serious compositions that you felt inclined to regard this conductor as something of a martinet. His manner was too military; his effects were too absolute. Nevertheless, let it be recorded that his interpretation of the first suite of "Peer Gynt" could scarcely have been surpassed.

The weather was, unfortunately, wet when the new parish church at Crathie was opened on June 18. The Queen and several members of the royal family were present. At the simple dedication service, Dr. Donald Macleod, the editor of *Good Words*, preached the sermon. A sketch was taken of the proceedings by Mr. John Mitchell, of Aberdeen, whom the Queen has commissioned to paint a picture.

Mr. Mitchell's clever work in the handsome book published last year for the bazaar on behalf of the church will be remembered.

Another seat is lost to the Government in Inverness-shire. Dr. Macgregor's dramatic withdrawal from the

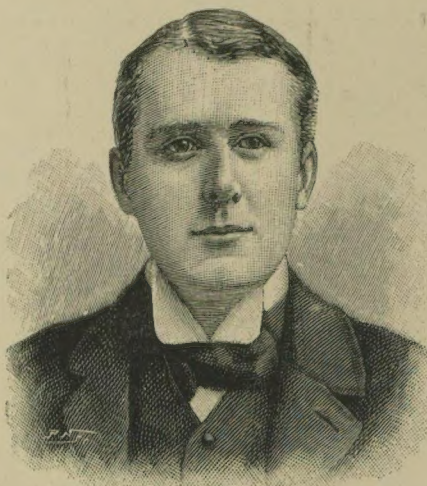


Photo by D. Wrayle.
MR. JAMES E. B. BAILLIE,
New M.P. for Inverness-shire.

House of Commons led to a contest for the vacant seat, and Mr. Baillie of Dochfour has won it for the Conservatives by a majority of 650. Inverness-shire was Unionist in 1886, but changed sides in 1892. Mr. Baillie's opponent was Mr. Macrae, the crofters' candidate. The election was fought on a variety of issues, in which imperial politics played a subordinate part. The Established Church party did much to ensure Mr. Macrae's defeat, and his views about Sabbath observance did not commend him to the most orthodox Presbyterians. Mr. Baillie is one of the largest land-owners in Inverness-shire. He married not long ago the Hon. Nellie Bass, Lord Burton's only daughter.

Professor Huxley's illness is still the cause of great anxiety on the part of his friends. He lies at his Eastbourne residence, "Hodeslea," and is receiving the skilled attention of his physicians. The Professor is a most courageous patient, and the knowledge he possesses concerning his symptoms helps him to bear his sufferings patiently.

The illness of the Right Hon. Jacob Bright, M.P., is more serious than was at first suspected. The hon. member for South-West Manchester is quite prostrated, and the performance of his Parliamentary duties is entirely out of the question for a long time to come. Mr. Bright is in his seventy-fourth year.

The last Richter concert of the season took place on June 17 in the presence of a brilliant audience. Mr. Edward Lloyd was in particularly fine voice, and he and Mr. Bispham shared with the orchestra the honours of the evening. Dr. Richter proved once more his supremacy as a conductor. His ability to do without the score is quite as remarkable as ever.

Roman Catholics are being roused to unusual enthusiasm in the metropolis by the forthcoming ceremonies in connection with the stone-laying of the new cathedral at Westminster. Cardinal Gibbons is among the expected visitors.

Perhaps the best known surgeon in Ireland was Sir George Hornidge Porter, Bart., M.D., who died on June 17 in Dublin, aged seventy-two. He was the son of a surgeon, and early became a Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland. Chief among his many honourable distinctions was that of being Surgeon-in-Ordinary to the Queen in Ireland. He was knighted in 1883, and six years later received a baronetcy. His son, who succeeds him, was formerly an officer in the Royal Irish Regiment, and is now a barrister. The new Baronet is the accepted Conservative candidate for the Tower Hamlets Division, and is in his thirty-third year.

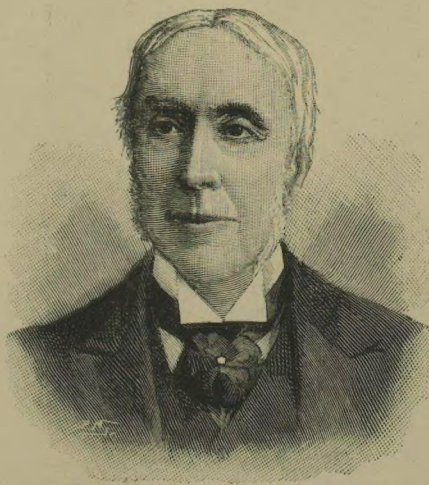


Photo by Chancellor, Dublin.
THE LATE SIR GEORGE H. PORTER, BART., M.D.

ECLOGUES OF ARCADY.

BY GRANT ALLEN.

XVI.—THE SHRIKE'S LARDER.

Yes; there is no denying it! This is a shrike's larder! The poor small beasts impaled here must have been hung upon thorns by that cruellest of executioners. The hoard belongs, I think, to a red-backed shrike whom I have seen more than once flitting through the trees of this copse on the hillside; for the great grey shrike has gone long since—he comes to us only as a winter visitor in the hardest seasons, while woodchats and smaller grey shrikes hardly occur at all in this out-of-the-way district. Indeed, the red-backed bird is the only trueborn Briton of the entire family; he alone nests and rears his young here regularly. Butcher-birds the gamekeepers call them, and well they deserve the title; for they catch and spit alive on the thorns of their larder all the bumble-bees and beetles, all the field-mice and robins they can swoop down upon and surprise from their bosky ambush. Cruel and ruthless birds, they seize whatever they can hold; but, instead of killing and eating their prey at once, they keep it deliberately alive as long as possible on the stout thorn of a sloe-tree. Look at that poor shrew-mouse, for example, wriggling feebly on his stake, which the cunning bird has so managed to intertwine among the twigs as to make escape impossible; he must have been hanging there in torture for a week by his look, but the shrike will not eat him till the last possible moment unless so minded. And that poor lizard, again, with his wonderful tenacity of life: he may have been impaled for a fortnight, yet the skin on his ribs still rises and falls with a faint breathing action. More merciful than nature, we will put him out of his pain; though, after all, what good have we done by it? The shrike will catch another to replace him.

We talk of beautiful instincts and beautiful adaptations, so I suppose we may also talk of hateful ones; and this instinct of the shrike's is decidedly hateful. Yet such conduct is the rule in the world of animals: each species thinks only of its own comfort and pleasure; none takes the slightest heed of the pains of others. As Tennyson put it long ago—

Nature is one with rapine, a harm no preacher can heal;
The mayfly is torn by the swallow, the sparrow spear'd by the shrike,
And the whole little wood where I sit is a world of plunder and prey.

Assuredly no creature is worse in this respect than our red-backed butcher-bird. Yet he is a handsome wretch for all that, especially in his beautiful and delicate spring plumage, when he first returns to us from his African winter quarters—chestnut and reddish brown above, melting into dainty grey-blue about the head and neck, not unrelieved by bold patches of pure black and pure white on the tail and forehead. Moreover, strange to say, he is an accomplished musician. But there is an ugly look about him, none the less, for all his fine song and all his fine feathers. He has a cruel, falcon-like expression of face; and anyone who has ever seen him engaged in calmly spiking a harvest-mouse or a frog on a thick spine of blackthorn, without the faintest regard to his helpless victim's writhing, cannot fail to recognise the evil element in his eye, whenever he gives one the rare chance of viewing him.

Old-fashioned ornithologists used to think the shrikes were related to the birds of prey; and, indeed, they do somewhat resemble the smaller hawks in external features. But the likeness is purely superficial and adaptive—curved bill, strong talons, hard bristles on the beak, the keen eye of the hunter: it is the kind of similarity that must always exist among animals whose mode of life is closely similar. We know nowadays that structure depends upon habit, not habit upon structure. If you take to earning your living by rapine you will acquire certain traits of strength and keenness inevitable in predatory forms; and that is why the shrikes, which are related by descent to the wrens and thrushes, have grown to resemble in external conformation the sparrowhawks and kestrels.

On the rare occasions when you do catch sight of a shrike he is usually seated, half in ambush, on some perch in a tall hawthorn or even openly on the telegraph-wires that cross a patch of likely hunting country. There he peers about and watches with his keen hazel eyes till mouse, frog, or lizard, bee, beetle, or dragon-fly stirs in the meadow beneath him. Then, swift as thought, he swoops down upon his quarry from his invisible seat, not hovering and casting a tell-tale shadow like the hawk, but waiting his chance unseen under cover of the thicket. His favourite food, indeed, consists of bees and other soft-bodied insects; these he generally eats at once, returning forthwith to his perch and his peering. But if he catches any bigger prey, such as a frog, a field-mouse, a tomtit, or a partridge chick, he flies off with it to the larder, and there spears the wretched victim on a stout sharp spine, to devour it at his leisure. Even beetles and dragon-flies he will sometimes keep in stock, especially if his appetite is assuaged for the moment. Nevertheless, the butcher-bird is in the main an insect-eater; he is commonest on warm sandy soils, like that of these Surrey moors, where bumble-bees and cockchafers abound, and enable him to make an easy living. Indeed, all beasts and birds are mostly regulated in their distribution by the abundance or scarcity of their food or prey. Shrikes have doubtless no native objection to cold thick clay, as such; but bees being rare on moist soils, and field-mice or lizards still rarer, the shrike learns to avoid damp, chilly bottoms as herbivores avoid a dry desert country.

Various constituencies have been settling their candidates for the General Election. Mr. F. John Horniman, of tea and museum fame, has accepted an invitation to contest Falmouth and Penryn. Mr. Robinson Souttar, who once stood in the Liberal interest for the city of Oxford, is hoping to be the Liberal member for Dumfriesshire as soon as an opportunity offers.

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HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, at Balmoral, has been accompanied by Princess Beatrice (Princess Henry of Battenberg), with her children, the younger daughters of the Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, and the Countess of Erbach-Schönberg, on a visit to the Queen. Her Majesty would return from Scotland on Friday, June 21.

On Tuesday, June 18, the Queen attended the consecration of the new parish church of Crathie, adjacent to Balmoral Park. The service was performed by the Rev. Dr. Donald Macleod, Moderator of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, the Rev. Dr. Cameron Lees, Dean of the Thistle and Chapel Royal, and other Scottish Queen's Chaplains.

A State concert, by command of the Queen, was given on Friday evening at Buckingham Palace, at which nearly all the members of the royal family in London were present.

The Prince and Princess of Wales remained at Marlborough House, with Princesses Victoria and Maud, until Monday, June 17, when they went to St. Leonard's Hill, Windsor, for the Ascot Races. They have been visited by the Duke and Duchess of York, the Duke and Duchess of Fife, Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, the Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, the Comtesse de Paris, and the Duca d'Aosta. Their Royal Highnesses on June 12 dined with the Marquis and Marchioness of Londonderry in Park Lane. They witnessed on that day the Floral Fête and Children's Floral Parade in the Regent's Park Gardens of the Royal Botanic Society. The Princess of Wales distributed the prizes. Her Royal Highness, with her daughters and the Duke and Duchess of York, next day visited the Exhibition of the Home Arts and Industries Association at the Royal Albert Hall.

On Friday, June 14, the Prince of Wales, with the Duke of York, Master of the Trinity House, and the Elder Brethren of the Corporation, lunched with the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House; and in the evening the Prince of Wales dined with the Benchers of Gray's Inn. The Princess of Wales, with Princess Maud, went on Saturday to Richmond to see the Horse Show in the Old Deer Park. The Duke of York on Monday left England for Hamburg and Kiel, to represent the Queen at the opening of the Baltic Canal.

Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, on June 12 attended a meeting at Devonshire House, presided over by the Duke of Devonshire, in aid of the extension of the West London Hospital at Hammer-smith.

A monument in honour of the late Field-Marshal Lord Strathnairn, one of the most eminent military commanders in India, has been erected at Knightsbridge, at the entrance to the Brompton Road. It was unveiled by the Duke of Grafton on Wednesday, June 19.

The Duke of Devonshire and the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, representing the Liberal Unionist party, on June 14 delivered speeches of some political significance at the dinner of the National Union of Conservative and Constitutional Associations, at which the Marquis of Londonderry presided. Lord Rosebery on the same day opened the new Town Hall of Clerkenwell. Lord Salisbury on June 12 spoke in favour of Church education at the National Schools' Society annual meeting, under the presidency of the Archbishop of Canterbury. Lord Tweedmouth, at the National Liberal Club, urged the members of his party to prepare for active efforts at the approaching General Election.

The election for Inverness-shire, in the polling of which the result was ascertained on Saturday, June 15, returned the Conservative candidate, namely Mr. James E. B. Baillie of Dochfour, by 3164 votes, against 2514 for Mr. Donald Macrae, a supporter of the Liberal Ministry, with some doubt, however, as to these exact numbers of votes, a few having been accidentally destroyed by burning the papers in a ballot-box.

The Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, with Mrs. Gladstone, and their daughter with her husband and child, guests of Sir Donald Currie on board the *Tantallon Castle*, have been at Hamburg, where on Saturday evening, June 15, the Burgomaster, Herr Mönckeberg, the Presidents of the High Court and of the Chamber of Commerce, and other influential citizens and official persons came to meet him at dinner. Mr. Gladstone made a speech in reply to the honours and praises which these Germans bestowed upon him. The steam-ship next morning left Hamburg for Copenhagen, arriving there at two o'clock on Monday afternoon. The King and Queen of Denmark next day came on board and met Mr. Gladstone. The *Tantallon Castle* would be at the opening of the Baltic Canal.

The Vice-Chancellor of the University of Cambridge on June 13 presided at an influential meeting at the Senate House, in which most of the heads of colleges and the

Marquis of Lorne and the Bishop of Peterborough took part, to promote a memorial of the late Regius Professor of History, Sir John Seeley.

At the annual dinner, on June 15, of the London Cab-drivers' Benevolent Institution, Sir Henry Irving presided, making a kindly and amusing speech. Cardinal Vaughan and Lord Knutsford were among the other speakers.

The Corps of Commissionaires, old soldiers, now useful in civil life as messengers in London, was on June 16, at Chelsea Hospital, inspected by Field-Marshal Sir Donald Stewart, and they presented to Lady Walter a portrait of Sir Edward Walter, the founder and organiser of that corps, which now musters 2150 men. Nearly 1500, with their band, were assembled.

The new English Church of St. John at Boulogne was consecrated by Bishop Wilkinson on Tuesday, June 18. The Bishop presides there over a conference of chaplains of the Church of England in northern and central Europe.

The marriage of Princess Hélène of Orleans to the Italian Duca d'Aosta takes place at Kingston on June 25. The Prince of Naples has arrived in London to be present at this ceremony. The Duke of Orleans, who was detained in Spain by his recent accident, has returned to England.

The Court of Inquiry, under the Marine Department of the Board of Trade, which has investigated the circumstances of the collision on Jan. 13 in the North Sea between the North German Lloyd Company's steam-ship *Elbe*, sunk with the loss of three hundred lives, and the Aberdeen steamer *Crathie*, has given judgment. The mate of the *Crathie*, Mr. R. H. Craig, is found to blame for not keeping a good and proper look-out, and his certificate is

State have inflicted a severe defeat on the hostile Mohammedan fanatics, or Mahdists, in the district west of the Upper Nile.

The Japanese expedition to the northern districts of the recently annexed island of Formosa is said to have been successful in putting down the local insurgents. Tai-peh-fu and Tamsui are in the possession of the Japanese. But there are rumours of a fresh insurrection in the southern part of the island.

The Spanish Government has sent reinforcements of ten thousand troops to aid Marshal Martinez Campos in suppressing the rebellion in Cuba, and has decided to send, if required, 25,000 more, with a squadron of twenty gun-boats. Parties of the insurgents have been routed by Colonel Canellas in several conflicts.

A committee is about to meet at Berlin, to examine plans for a line of railway through German East Africa, from the lakes to the sea-coast.

The new Greek Ministry presented its finance budget to the Chamber at Athens on June 14. M. Delyanni undertakes to effect a settlement of the service of the national debt, which is to be placed under a permanent separate Commission, and hopes to come to an understanding with the bondholders, and to restore the public credit. The municipal elections are postponed till Sept. 29.

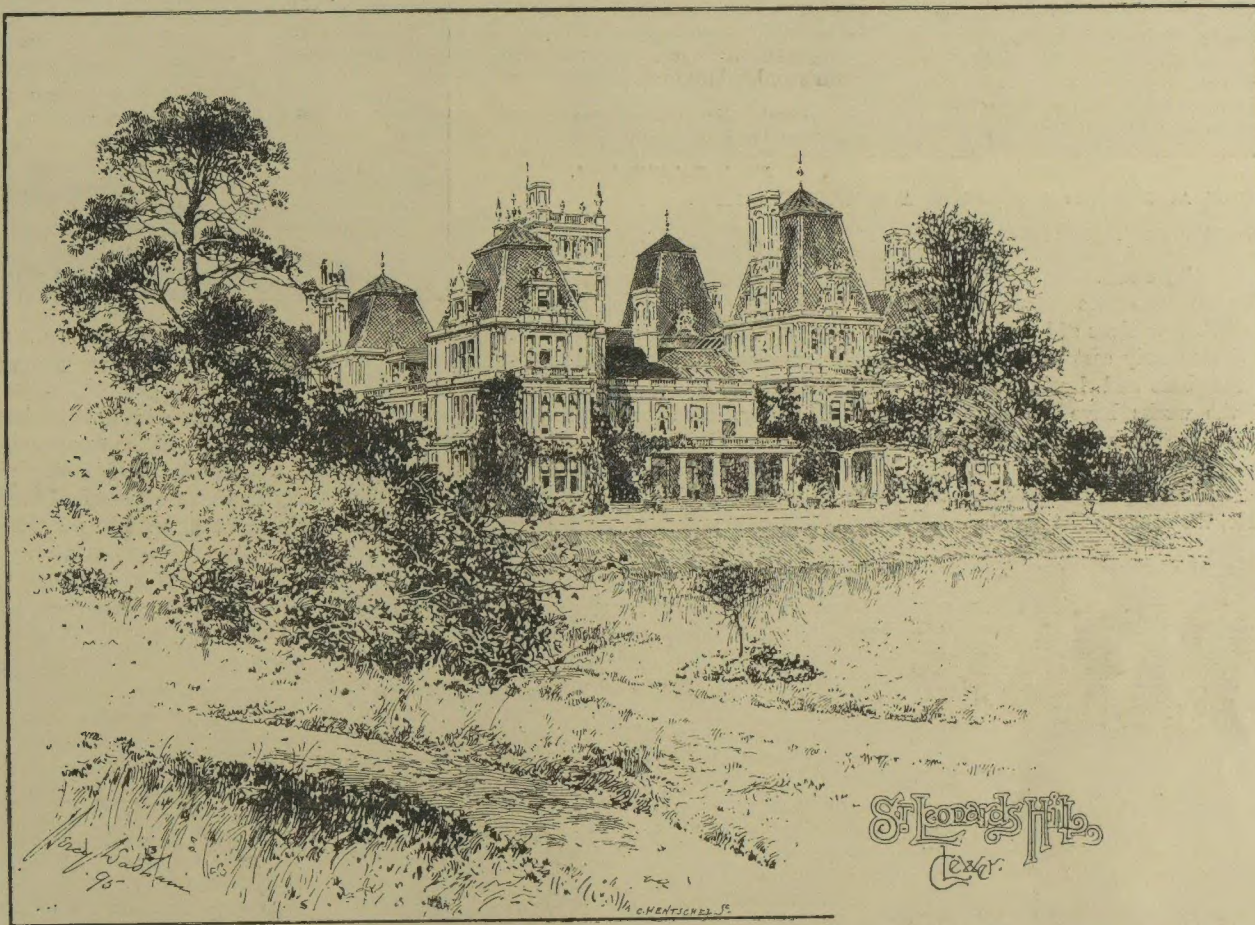
PARLIAMENT.

Events are turning out ill for Ministers. The Inverness-shire election has produced a marked depression on the Government side, and the public business is full of pitfalls into which Ministers contrive quite unexpectedly to stumble. While the Welsh Dis-establishment Bill drags its slow length unmelodiously along, the Treasury Bench has incurred some rebuffs which it might have avoided. There is, for example, the affair of the Uganda Railway. After denouncing this project in the strongest language, Sir William Harcourt has now assented to it, while making very plain to Parliament and the country his disgust with the whole business. In Supply the vote for British East Africa was carried by a majority of nearly two hundred, and thus the official Liberals have practically shed another of their convictions. Mr. Chamberlain did not neglect this opportunity of attacking the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who is at present the object of the personal aversion which Mr. Chamberlain used to entertain towards Mr. Morley. There is no doubt that the decision about Uganda might have been taken some time ago, and that the moral effect of the vacillation in the interval is bad for the Government. On

another point they have blundered with even less excuse. Before deciding to ask the House to vote the money for a statue of Oliver Cromwell, they might have ascertained not only the feeling of their Irish supporters towards this proposal, but also the feeling of the Opposition. Instead of doing this, they incurred the risk of defeat by a combination of the Irish and the Tories. In the first division on the vote they had a majority of fifteen, but they subsequently found it prudent to announce that they would not press the matter. There was another division all the same, and the statue was rejected by a majority of 137. It cannot be said that any party comes very well out of this business. The Irish, who loathe the memory of Cromwell, might have remembered that the statue was proposed for London and not for Dublin. The Tories might have remembered that it was proposed to honour not Cromwell the regicide, but Cromwell the Lord High Protector, a great ruler who has at least as much right to a monument as Charles II. or George IV., or any other monarch of whom nobody is particularly proud. Mr. Balfour admitted that Cromwell was a great Englishman, who deserved to be commemorated in this way, yet he contended that a statue of Cromwell ought to be raised by subscription and not by a vote of public money. This is manifestly absurd. Mr. John Morley's argument in covering the retreat of the Government was not much better.

ST. LEONARD'S HILL, CLEWER.

For the purposes of attending the Ascot Races, the fine residence of Mr. Francis Tress Barry, M.P., at Clewer, was placed at the disposal of the Prince and Princess of Wales. It is not very far from Windsor Castle, and has every convenience for the royal guests. On Monday afternoon, June 17, the Prince and Princess, with their two daughters, the Duchess of York, the Duke of Cambridge, and Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, left London for Windsor, whence they drove to St. Leonard's Hill. In the evening there was a dinner-party. The way from the house to Ascot race-course lies through very picturesque scenery, and the royal party thoroughly enjoyed their stay in the country.



ST. LEONARD'S HILL, CLEWER, THE SEAT OF MR. F. T. BARRY, M.P., WHERE THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES RESIDED DURING THE ASCOT WEEK.

cancelled. The officer in charge of the *Elbe*, too, neglected to stop or slacken speed when in danger of collision.

The National British Women's Temperance Association, under the presidency of Lady Henry Somerset, held its annual conference, attended by six hundred delegates, on June 17, at the City Temple, Holborn Viaduct.

A steam-boiler explosion, on June 14, at the ironworks of Messrs. Walker and Maynard, at Redcar, North Yorkshire, killed nine of the workmen.

The Emperor of Russia has sent the Order of St. Andrew to M. Faure, President of the French Republic; it was delivered to him on Monday, June 17, at the Elysée Palace, by Baron Mohrenheim, the Russian Ambassador in Paris. In the Senate, a discussion has taken place with regard to some complaints of virtual slavery being still tolerated in the French African dominions of Senegal and the Soudan.

The German Emperor William, before proceeding to Hamburg and Kiel for the opening of the Baltic Ship Canal, has made a flying visit to Munich for the purpose of inspecting the Schack collection of pictures.

The Austrian Ministry of Prince Windischgrätz has resigned, in consequence of Parliamentary difficulties and obstructions.

The building of the Portuguese Chamber of Deputies at Lisbon was entirely destroyed by an accidental fire on June 17, but the Chamber of Peers remained without damage.

The Turkish Government has made its reply to the proposals or demands of England, France, and Russia for administrative reforms and European supervision in the Armenian provinces. These are accepted in principle, but the Porte denies that the Foreign Powers have, under the Treaty of Berlin, a right to demand guarantees which infringe the sovereignty of the Sultan in his own dominions.

The Belgian Government has asked the assent of the Chambers at Brussels to a loan of 5,287,000 f. to be advanced to the Congo Free State. The forces of that

BOILER EXPLOSION NEAR REDCAR.

On June 14 a terrible explosion occurred at the Warrenby Ironworks, Cleveland, by which four men lost their lives immediately, five others subsequently, and others were shockingly injured. The works were erected in 1872, and are the property of Messrs. Walker, Maynard, and Co., of Middlesbrough, who employ more than three hundred men there. Just when the furnaces were being tapped an explosion was heard, followed quickly by the upheaval of a

NEW RIVERSIDE STATION AT LIVERPOOL.

Liverpool has naturally been jubilant over the inauguration on June 12 of the new Riverside Station, by means of which travellers bound for the United States practically alight alongside of their steamer. The city now claims afresh the honourable title of



Photo by Hood, Middlesbrough.

BOILER EXPLOSION AT REDCAR: PORTION OF A DISPLACED BOILER.

great quantity of brickwork. Five of the boilers lie in a heap more than 200 ft. from the chimney stack. Beyond these, two sixty-foot cylindrical boilers were thrown into a field where cattle were grazing. Other portions of boilers were dispersed 400 yards away. Some newly cast pigs of metal were wrenched off from the beds and hurled a long distance. The owners of the works have been much shocked by the occurrence, and are doing all they can to mitigate the distress caused. The damage done is valued at nearly £20,000. A Government inquiry will of course be held to discover, if possible, the cause of the disaster.

being "the Gateway of the West."

On the platform of the new station to receive the first train, which was the ordinary nine o'clock service from London, were several gentlemen interested in the enterprise. The famous firm of Ismay, Imrie, and Co., was represented by Mr. Imrie, Mr. Bruce Ismay, and Mr. James Ismay. Meanwhile all the tugs and Channel boats had left the landing-stage, in order to make way for the White Star liner *Germanic* and the tender *Magnetic*. Then the

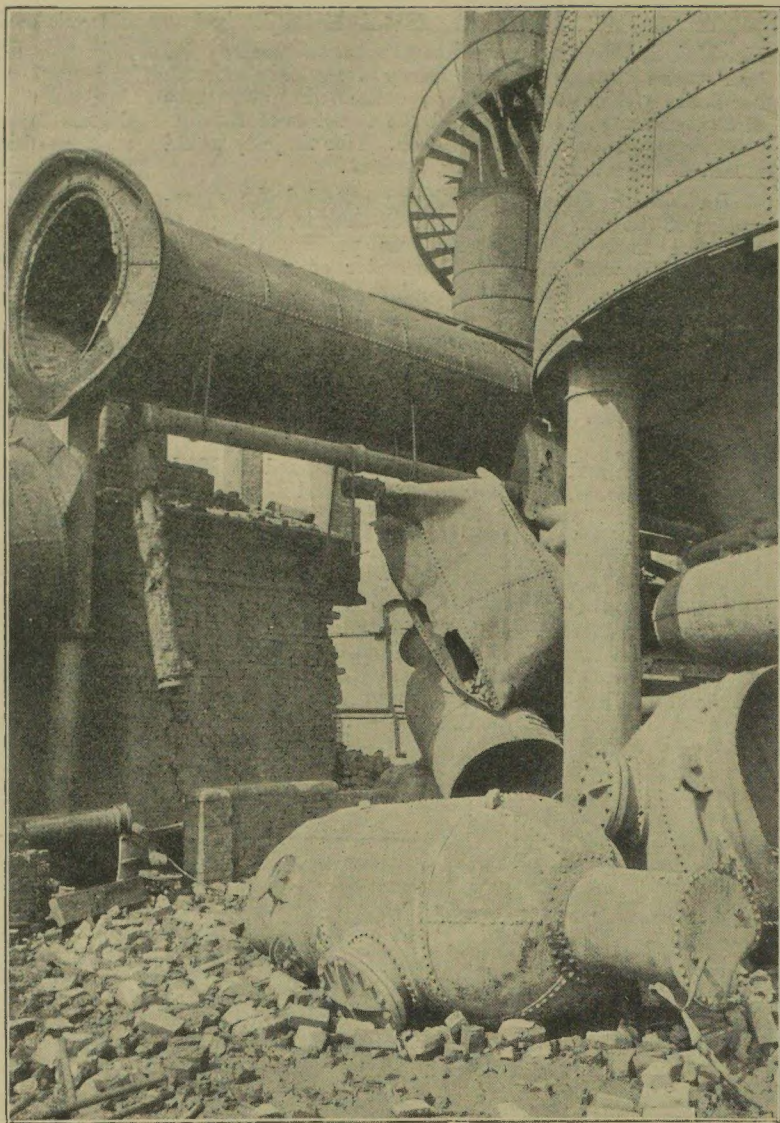


Photo by Hood, Middlesbrough.

BOILER EXPLOSION AT REDCAR: ENDS OF BOILERS BLOWN NEAR FURNACE.

Teutonic arrived, and landed passengers by tender across the deck of the *Germanic*. Next came the Cunard steamer *Catalonia*, to add to the picture. The passengers from the London train reached their steamer with no inconvenience, and thus was the new Riverside Station first used.



THE WHITE STAR R.M.S. "GERMANIC," LYING AT LIVERPOOL LANDING-STAGE, OUTWARD BOUND FOR NEW YORK.



ILLUSTRATED BY A. FORESTIER.

CHAPTER XIII.

Sir Adam sat still in his place and smoked another thick cigarette before he moved. Then he roused himself, got up, sat down at his table, and took a large sheet of paper from a big leather writing-case.

He had no hesitation about what he meant to put down. In a quarter of an hour he had written out a new will, in which he left his whole fortune to his only son Brook, on condition that Brook did not marry Mrs. Crosby. But if he married her before his father's death he was to have nothing, and if he married her afterwards he was to forfeit the whole, to the uttermost farthing. In either of these cases the property was to go to a third person. Sir Adam hesitated a moment, and then wrote the name of one of his sisters as the conditional legatee. His wife had plenty of money of her own, and besides, the will was a mere formality, drawn up and to be executed solely with a view to checking Lady Fan's enthusiasm. He did not sign it, but folded it smoothly and put it into his pocket. He also took his own pen, for he was particular in matters appertaining to the mechanics of writing, and very neat in all he did.

He went out and wandered up and down the terrace in the heat, but no one was there. Then he knocked at his wife's door, and found her absorbed in an interesting conversation with her maid in regard to matters of dress connected with climate. Lady Johnstone at once appealed to him, and the maid eyed him with suspicion, fearing his suggestions. He satisfied her, however, by immediately suggesting that she should go away, whereat she smiled and departed.

Lady Johnstone at once understood that something very serious was in the air. A wonderful good fellowship existed between husband and wife; but they very rarely talked of anything which could not have been discussed, figuratively, on the housetops.

"Brook has got himself into a scrape with that Mrs. Crosby, my dear," said Sir Adam. "What you heard is all more or less true. She has really been to a solicitor, and means to take steps to get a divorce. Of course, she could get it easily enough. If she did, people would say that Brook had let her go that far, telling her that he would marry her, and then had changed his mind and left her to her fate. We can't let that happen, you know."

Lady Johnstone looked at her husband with anxiety while he was speaking, and then was silent for a few seconds.

"Oh, you Johnstones! you Johnstones!" she cried, shaking her head. "You're perfectly incorrigible!"

"Oh, no, my dear!" answered Sir Adam. "Don't forget me, you know."

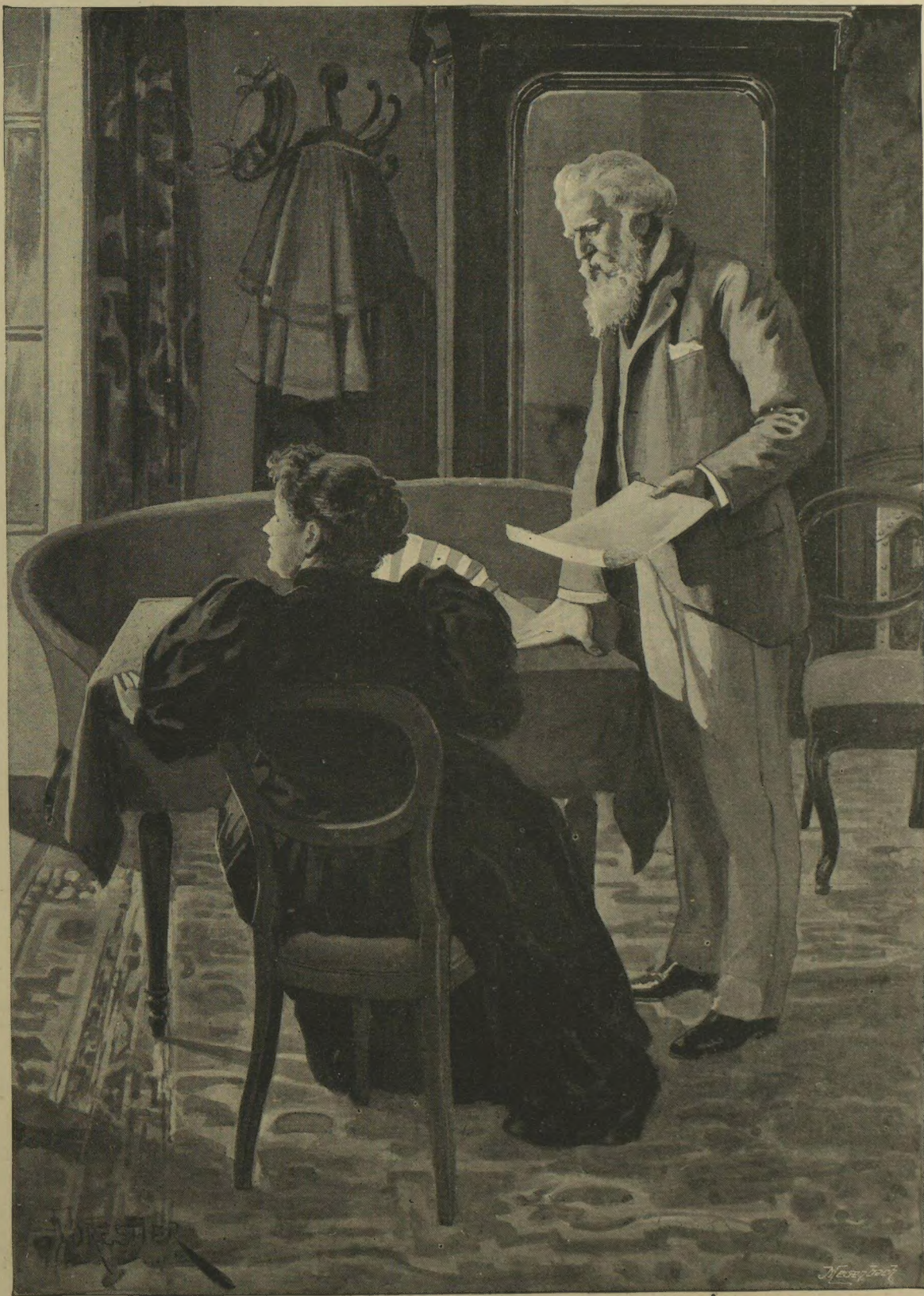
"You, Adam!"

Her tone expressed an extraordinary conflict of varying sentiment—amusement, affection, reproach, a retrospective distrust of what might have been, but could not be, considering Sir Adam's age.

"Never mind me, then," he answered. "I've made a will cutting Brook off with nothing if he marries Mrs. Crosby, and I'm going to send her a copy of it to-day. That will be enough, I fancy."

"Adam!"

"Yes—what? Do you approve? You always say that you are a practical woman, and you generally show



Lady Johnstone leaned back in her chair and slowly turned her head till she could look out of the window.

that you are. Why shouldn't I take the practical method of stopping this woman as soon as possible? She wants my money—she doesn't want my son. A fortune by any other name would smell as sweet."

"Yes—but—"

"But what?"

"I don't know—it seems—somehow—" Lady Johnstone was perplexed to express what she meant just then. "I mean," she added suddenly, "it's treating the woman like a mere adventuress, you know—"

"That's precisely what Mrs. Crosby is, my dear," answered Sir Adam calmly. "The fact that she comes of decent people doesn't alter the case in the least. Nor the fact that she has one rich husband, and wishes to get

wife of a blackguard," said Sir Adam. "However, I'm doing this on my own responsibility. What I want is that you should witness the will."

"And let Mrs. Crosby think I made you do this? No—"

"Nonsense. I sha'n't copy the signatures—"

"Then why do you send them at all?"

"I'm not going to write to her that I've made a will if I haven't," answered Sir Adam. "A will isn't a will unless it's witnessed. I'm not going to lie about it just to frighten her. So I want you and Mrs. Bowring to witness it."

"Mrs. Bowring?"

"Yes—there are no men here, and Brook can't be a

was quite in the wrong about it. I say, now—don't be startled—she's my divorced wife—that's all."

"She! Mrs. Bowring! Oh, Adam—how could you treat her so!"

Lady Johnstone leaned back in her chair and slowly turned her head till she could look out of the window. She was almost rosy with surprise—a change of colour in her sanguine complexion which was equivalent to extreme pallor in other persons. Sir Adam looked at her affectionately.

"What an awfully good woman you are!" he exclaimed, in genuine admiration.

"I! No, I'm not good at all. I was thinking that if you hadn't been such a brute to her I could never have



They went into the reading-room together and he shut the door. In a few words he told her all that he had told his wife about Mrs. Crosby.

another instead. I say that her husband is rich, but I'm very sure he has ruined himself in the last two years, and that she knows it. She is not the woman to leave him as long as he has money, for he lets her do anything she pleases, and pays her well to leave him alone. But he has got into trouble—and rats leave a sinking ship, you know. You may say that I'm cynical, my dear, but I think you'll find that I'm telling you the facts as they are."

"It means an awful insult to the woman to send her a copy of your will," said Lady Johnstone.

"It's an awful insult to you when she tries to get rid of her husband to marry your only son, my dear."

"Oh—but he'd never marry her!"

"I'm not sure. If he thought it would be dishonourable not to marry her, he'd be quite capable of doing it, and of blowing out his brains afterwards."

"That wouldn't improve her position," observed the practical Lady Johnstone.

"She'd be the widow of an honest man instead of the

witness, because he's interested. You and Mrs. Bowring will do very well. But there's another thing—rather an extraordinary thing—and I won't let you sign with her until you know it. It's not a very easy thing to tell you, my dear."

Lady Johnstone shifted her fat hands and folded them again, and her frank blue eyes gazed at her husband for a moment.

"I can guess," she said with a good-natured smile. "You told me you were old friends—I suppose you were in love with her somewhere." She laughed and shook her head. "I don't mind," she added. "It's one more, that's all—one that I didn't know of. She's a very nice woman, and I've taken the greatest fancy to her."

"I'm glad you have," said Sir Adam gravely. "I say, my dear—don't be surprised, you know—I warned you. We knew each other very well—it's not what you think at all, and she was altogether in the right, and I

married you. I don't suppose that is good, is it? But you were a brute, all the same, Adam dear, to hurt such a woman as that!"

"Of course I was! I told you so when I told you the story. But I didn't expect that you'd ever meet."

"No, it is an extraordinary thing. I suppose that if I had any nerves I should faint. It would be an awful thing if I did; you'd have to get those porters to pick me up!" She smiled meditatively. "But I haven't fainted, you see. And, after all, I don't see why it should be so very dreadful, do you? You see, you've rather broken me in to the idea of lots of other people in your life, and I've always pitied her sincerely. I don't see why I should stop pitying her because I've met her and taken such a fancy to her without knowing who she was. Do you?"

"Most women would," observed Sir Adam. "It's lucky that you and she happen to be the two best women in the world. I told Brook so this morning."

"Brook? Have you told him?"

"I had to. He wants to marry her daughter."

"Brook! It's impossible!"

Lady Johnstone's tone betrayed so much more surprise and displeasure than when her husband had told her of Mrs. Bowring's identity that he stared at her in surprise.

"I don't see why it's impossible," he said, "except that she has refused him once. That's nothing. The first time doesn't count."

"He sha'n't!" said the fat lady, whose vivid colour had come back. "He'll make her miserable—just as you—No, I won't say that! But they are not in the least suited to one another—he's far too young; there are fifty reasons."

"Brook won't act as I did, my dear," said Sir Adam. "He's like you in that. He'll make as good a husband as you have been a good wife—"

"Nonsense!" interrupted Lady Johnstone. "You're all alike, you Johnstones! I was talking to him this morning about her—I knew there was the beginning of something—and I told him what I thought. You're all bad, and I love you all; but if you think that Clare Bowring is as practical as I am, you're very much mistaken, Adam dear. She'll break her heart—"

"If she does, I'll shoot him," answered the old man with a grin smile. "I told him so."

"Did you? Well, I am glad you take that view of it," said Lady Johnstone thoughtfully, and not at all realising what she was saying. "I'm glad I'm not a nervous woman," she added, beginning to fan herself. "I should be in my grave, you know."

"No—you are not nervous, my dear, and I'm very glad of it. I suppose it really is rather a trying situation. But if I didn't know you, I wouldn't have told you all this. You've spoiled me, you know—you really have been so tremendously good to me—always, dear."

There was a rough, unwilling tenderness in his voice, and his big bony hand rested gently on the fat lady's shoulder as he spoke. She bent her head to one side, till her large red cheek touched the brown knuckles. It was, in a way, almost grotesque. But there was that something in it which could make youth and beauty and passion ridiculous—the outspoken truthful old rake and the ever-forgiving wife. Who shall say wherein pathos lies? And yet it seems to be something more than a mere hack writer's word, after all. The strangest acts of life sometimes go off in such an oddly quiet humdrum way, and then all at once there is the little quiver in the throat, when one least expects it—and the sad-eyed, faithful, loving angel has passed by quickly, low and soft, his gentle wings just brushing the still sweet waters of our unwept tears.

Sir Adam left his wife to go in search of Mrs. Bowring. He sent a message to her, and she came out and met him in the corridor. They went into the reading-room together and he shut the door. In a few words he told her all that he had told his wife about Mrs. Crosby, and asked her whether she had any objection to signing the document as a witness, merely in order that he might satisfy himself by actually executing it.

"It is high-handed," said Mrs. Bowring. "It is like you—but I suppose you have a right to save your son from such trouble. But there is something else. Do you know what has happened? He has been making love to Clare—he has asked her to marry him, and she has refused. She told me this morning—and I have told her the truth—that you and I were once married."

She paused and watched Sir Adam's furrowed face.

"I'm glad of that," he said. "I'm glad that it has all come out on the same day. He knows everything and he has told me everything. I don't know how it's all going to end, but I want you to believe one thing: if he had guessed the truth he would never have said a word of love to her. He's not that kind of boy. You do believe me, don't you?"

"Yes, I believe you. But the worst of it is that she cares for him too—in a way I can't understand. She has some reason, or she thinks she has, for disliking him, as she calls it. She wouldn't tell me; but she cares for him all the same. She has told him, though she won't tell me. There is something horrible in the idea of our children falling in love with each other."

Mrs. Bowring spoke quietly, but her pale face and nervous mouth told more than her words.

Sir Adam explained to her shortly what had happened on the first evening after Brook's arrival, and how Clare had heard it all, sitting in the shadow just above the platform. Mrs. Bowring listened in silence, covering her eyes with her hands. There was a long pause after he had finished speaking, but still she said nothing.

"I should like him to marry her," said Sir Adam at last, in a low voice.

She started and looked at him uneasily, remembering how well she had once loved him, and how he had broken her heart when she was young. He met her eyes quietly.

"You don't know him," he said. "He loves her, and he will be to her—what I wasn't to you."

"How can you say that he loves her? Three weeks ago he loved that Mrs. Crosby."

"He? He never cared for her—not even at first."

"He was all the more heartless and bad to make her think that he did."

"She never thought so for a moment. She wanted my money, and she thought that she could catch him."

"Perhaps—I saw her, and I did not like her face. She had the look of an adventuress about her. That doesn't change the main facts. Your son and she were—flirting, to say the least of it, three weeks ago. And now he thinks himself in love with my daughter. It would be madness to trust such a man, even if there were not the rest to hinder their marriage. Adam—I told you that I forgave you. I have forgiven you—God knows. But you broke my life at the beginning like a thread. You don't know all there has been to forgive—indeed you don't. And you are asking me to risk Clare's life in your son's hands, as I risked mine in yours. It's too much to ask."

"But you say yourself that she loves him."

"She cares for him—that was what I said. I don't believe in love as I did. You can't expect me to."

She turned her face away from him, but he saw the bitterness in it, and it hurt him. He waited a moment before he answered her.

"Don't visit my sins on your daughter, Lucy," he said at last. "Don't forget that love was a fact before you and I were born, and will be a fact long after we are dead. If these two love each other, let them marry. I hope that Clare is like you, but don't take it for granted that Brook is like me. He's not. He's more like his mother."

"And your wife?" said Mrs. Bowring suddenly. "What would she say to this?"

"My wife," said Sir Adam, "is a practical woman."

"I never was. Still—if I knew that Clare loved him—if I could believe that he could love her faithfully—what could I do? I couldn't forbid her to marry him. I could only pray that she might be happy, or, at least, that she might not break her heart."

"You would probably be heard, if anybody is. And a man must believe in God to explain your existence," added Sir Adam, in a gravely meditative tone. "It's the best argument I know."

(To be Concluded in our Next Number.)

OLD GAMESTERS.

BY ANDREW LANG.

When a man has lost all his money he will still hanker about the tables, watching the luck of others, and trying to borrow a crown. Such was probably the estate of the gentleman who wrote "Authentic Memoirs Relating to the Lives and Adventures of the Most Eminent Gamesters and Sharpers, from the Restoration of King Charles." (London, 1744.) Our author moralises prettily on the folly of gambling, then drops out the remark that he has lost £2000 a year. His son, however, is heir to a fortune: he fears that the lad will inherit an "instinct" for play (heredity is older than Ibsen), so he takes up his pen to warn his offspring.

How this writer got so much information about obscure bullies like Clancy, dead for a century when he wrote, is mysterious. Count Königsmarck was a more conspicuous person, a brother of the famous Aurora. His trial for the murder of Tom Thynne in Pall Mall is accessible, and has been quoted often. We now learn that the Count had earlier won many thousands of pounds from the Duke of Monmouth at the siege of Maestricht—aye, £2500 in one night! Acquitted, to the discredit of justice, for the murder of Mr. Thynne, the Count went to France, where he "made some unmannerly reflections on the Dukes of Devonshire and Monmouth." They challenged him, murderer as he was, to a duel on Calais Sands. He accepted, but never came on the ground. Travelling in Hungary, he cheated at cards, was detected and slain in the broil, dying in 1686. His younger brother it was who perished mysteriously in consequence of an intrigue with the wife of George I. and mother of George II.

Mr. Patrick Hurley, the illegal son of an Irish chambermaid, was much admired for his skill in brag, a kind of poker, wherein you "bluff," or boast, of your hand. At whist he telegraphed to his partner in the manner described by Barry Lyndon. He had also a scheme, difficult to describe, by which his opponent must cut him an honour. This device needs prepared packs, which are "planted in the hands of the waiter" at coffee-houses, and brought "as if from the shop new." Mr. Hurley acquired £100,000, yet he found his way into Bridewell, whence he escaped, and is heard of no more. Richard Bouchier, Esq., was a plasterer's son in Hart's Horn Lane, but by his skill in tennis could easily make £200 a year. Mr. Bouchier, dissatisfied with this modest income, contrived a corner in loaded dice. These he smuggled into France, where he won 15,000 pistoles of Louis XIV., and from the Duc d'Epemon his jewels and a piece of ambergris valued at 20,000 crowns. Bouchier had a kind of generosity, and presented an annuity of £100 to a ruined gentleman who refused to be his confederate. Here our author, by a digression, tells of a Swiss gamester who, in a blasphemous passion, threw his dagger at heaven. The dagger vanished, blood fell on the table, and that piece of furniture is still preserved "to shew the mischiefs, and inconveniences that often attend gaming." In Flanders, Mr. Bouchier won £2500 from the Prince of Orange, then styled King William. From the Elector of Bavaria he

won £15,000, and tossing him double or quits, gained £30,000. The Elector did not pay on the nail, so Mr. Bouchier sent him a present worth £3000. Moved by this reminder, the Elector acted like a person of honour. Unlike many gentleman of fortune, Mr. Bouchier kept his money, and purchased "a very pretty estate near Pershore, in Worcestershire." The Chevalier du Barri Barri had not a grander style than the plasterer's son, who, by the way, had been footman to the Earl of Mulgrave. In these days a king would sit down with anyone to the dice or cards just as now a cricketer will meet anyone, whatever his social rank, in the field.

M. Germain was a tavern-keeper's son in Holland, and came over "at the happy Revolution in 1688," with other Dutch gentlemen. He was the lover of Lady Mordaunt, and acquired fame and fortune by his skill in cheating at Spanish whist, "which is a mere Bite." He died in 1712. Can he have been connected with the mysterious wealth of the Comte de St. Germain, known to Voltaire and to Louis XV.? Mr. Jack Ogle, brother of the Duke of York's mistress, was a gamester who, after a bad night at billiards, calmly went to his sister's and helped himself to "the Duke's cloaths, star and Garter, fine gold watch, and a quantity of guineas." The Duke met him wearing the ducal raiment in Pall Mall. Mr. Ogle's expertness with cards, dice, and the cue became so celebrated that nobody dared to encounter him; he was reduced to cock-fighting, lost all, and died young. Otherwise, he may be reckoned fortunate in the age which he illustrated, for in King Charles's Court "men of spirit were much esteemed and very well received." Guissard, who stabbed Lord Oxford, was noted as a gamester: billiards were his forte. His end was unhappy; but Mr. Jonathan Land, by dint of using a dice-box of peculiar construction and suitable to his ends, won much wealth, married an heiress, and acquired a country seat near Henley. Major-General Macartney, an Irish spark, won above 1590 pistoles (why not 1600?) from Prince Eugène. "He played extraordinarily well at *Beast*, *Bunkafulet*, and *Lanterloo*," but, as we know, became unhappily concerned in the quarrel between the Duke of Hamilton and Lord Mohun; indeed, he is said to have stabbed the Duke, then on the point of marrying one of the first beauties in the kingdom, daughter of my Lord Castlewood. Macartney fled abroad, and is thought to have entered the service of his Danish Majesty.

Of Mr. Robert Weedon the history has a tragic dye, for, having been bred a page to the Duke of Monmouth, he acquired in no vulgar measure the arts of "Dancing, Fencing, Music, and Drawing in Colours to the Life," yet was led astray by ill company. Advancing to a temerity of unbelief, he even "denied that any ghosts or spirits appear after the life is ended on earth." Fortified by such unhappy sentiments, he devoted himself to tennis, bowls, basset, and other dissipations. As he "never played upon the square at any game," the world became indifferent to, or distrustful of, Bob's society, and he died at sea, that element being his sole refuge from the rigours of a jail.

The ladies were no whit less expert than the gentlemen in these days of sport; and the Duchess of Mazarine was as great a proficient as any, of whom it is recorded that she won at basset of Nell Gwynne fourteen hundred guineas in one night. Our beggarly times would cry out on such an event that the money came from the pocket of the taxpayer, but it consoles one to consider that Madame Gwynne may never have paid the foreign lady. From the Duchess of Portsmouth she gained £8000, but to this circumstance the same reflection applies. To Madame de Mazarine it was all one whether she played on the square or on the sharp, hence she was considered a redoubtable opponent. The jollity of the Court being finished by the lamented decease of King Charles, Madame de Mazarine retired to France. The name of Mr. Goodman is cherished by the loyal because he fled and declined to give his evidence against the martyred Sir John Fenwick, whom the rage of his enemies could only reach by way of an oppressive Bill of Attainder. About Mr. Goodman a story is told which, again, is reported nearer our own day of a member of the noble house of Hamilton. When I have mentioned a diamond ring I have said all that a scrupulous modesty permits. Yet, in the anecdote of Mr. Goodman, the corpse, which gives an air so romantic to the other narrative, does not appear. Reduced to indigence, Mr. Goodman sank so far beneath his blood as to become a play actor and even to clip and coin the currency of the realm; yet (as one not wholly lost to honour and duty) he concerned himself in a scheme for taking off that usurper and tyrant the Prince of Orange, wherein, being discovered, he betook himself to foreign parts rather than give evidence against Sir John Fenwick. Of his later adventures we only learn that his skill at the game of ombre must have enabled him to live in a manner becoming his station. I end with Colonel Panton, who out of his winnings built a whole street near Leicester Fields, which still bears his name. There was no game at which he was not an absolute master, either on the square or, if necessary, on the sharp; yet I do not gather from my author that many gamesters have been, on the event, so fortunate as to die rich men, but rather they have perished in hospitals and jails.

THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY AT DARLINGTON.

The Royal Agricultural Society's Show, the fifty-seventh since the establishment of the society, is being held this year at Darlington, where it opens to-day, June 22. The ground for the show has been given by Mr. Arthur Pease, J.P., at his residence of Hummersknott, about two miles to the west of Darlington. Darlington is the headquarters of the Pease family, who for at least three generations have been well known for the interest they have all taken in every philanthropic and benevolent movement. The brothers Edward and Joseph Pease carried on in the

town with a beautiful suburb. It was the brother Edward Pease who, with George Stephenson, projected the Stockton and Darlington railway—the first railway in the country that was intended for the public conveyance of passengers and goods: it was the beginning of our great railway system. This railway was opened to the public on Sept. 27, 1825. George Stephenson was himself the driver of the engine on the occasion. That engine, "Locomotion," is now carefully preserved at the Top Bank Railway Station at Darlington, where it may be seen by anyone walking to the end of the platform. The newspapers spoke with a feeling of wonder at what this engine did at the time; so great was "its velocity that in some parts the speed was frequently twelve miles an hour," and it accomplished "a distance of eight and three-quarter miles in sixty-five minutes." Visitors will no doubt smile at this old, rude machine and its wonderful doings, but they were something to be proud of when Edward Pease and George Stephenson first began railways seventy years ago, and everyone with a love of history regards the engine with interest.

The Royal Agricultural Society, like the railway system, has expanded and grown from small beginnings. At the first show in Oxford, in 1839, the entries of implements were only fifty-four, and for live-stock there were 247. This may be contrasted with the numbers at Cambridge last year, where the entries for implements were 6031 and the live-stock were 1684. At some of the shows the numbers were even greater than these. In 1879 at Kilburn, when the Prince of Wales was president for the year, the implements were 11,878 and the live-stock 2879. On the jubilee year of the society, at Windsor, when her Majesty was president, the implements were 7446 and the live-stock 3976. The accommodation for such a quantity of machines and

beasts requires a large space of ground, and quite a city of sheds, as well as other erections, to cover and protect them while the show lasts. The erection, as well as the removal, of the sheds each year is the duty of Mr. Wilson Bennison, the surveyor to the society, who is kept busy, for as soon as he is finished with one show he has to move on to the ground for the next year's work and begin anew. Mr. Bennison designed and constructed the structures for the South Kensington Exhibitions, the "Fisheries," the "Colonial," etc., and he is an authority on all such erections. The show, opening on June 22, will continue until June 28. Darlington is excellently drained and lighted, while its water-supply is likewise good. The works are owned by the corporation. Its cattle-market was built in 1878, and will doubtless be visited by many of the agriculturists who are less acquainted with the



THE NEW BRIDGE, DARLINGTON.



Photo by W. M. Leish.

MR. HENRY FELL PEASE, M.P., MAYOR OF DARLINGTON.

early part of the century a large woollen manufacturing business at Darlington—they being the third generation of the same name and family to whom it had descended—and the family still continue this, combined with other branches of industry. The prosperity of Darlington may be said to have resulted from the prosperity of the Pease family. It was a small place, without trade or business of any importance, and it is only within the present century that it has grown into a large



THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY'S SHOW, DARLINGTON.

markets of the North than those in the South. There is one rather humorous circumstance in connection with the workhouse, which is the reconstructed version of the old palace of the Bishops. For it was at Darlington that the Bishops of Durham had their residence for many years. St. Cuthbert's Church was founded in the eleventh century by William de Carilef, who then occupied the see of Durham. It is a fine structure, partly Norman and partly Early English in design. The central tower, with spire, is one hundred and eighty feet high. This ancient church was restored and enlarged by Sir Gilbert Scott, who commenced his work in 1862, and finished it three years later, at a total cost of £10,000. Let the visitor not fail to admire the carved stone stalls and splendid western door. Ten years ago the church was entirely re-seated. The public spirit of Darlington is undeniable, as is shown by the numerous useful and philanthropic institutions which it possesses. For forty-five years it has enjoyed public baths; there is a school of art, a free library, and a literary and scientific institution. The population of the municipal borough approaches forty thousand. Darlington is represented in Parliament by that staunch Liberal politician, Sir Theodore Fry, Bart., who had, however, at the last election a majority of only fifty-six over his Unionist opponent, Mr. Arthur Pease.

The population of the town is keenly interested in the show, and, given a continuation of the good weather with which we have been lately favoured, it will be safe to prophesy that the Royal Agricultural Society of England will not regret the choice of Darlington as the scene of their operations this year. The hospitality for which the North has a high reputation will certainly not be of a meagre description.



HUMMERKNOTT, DARLINGTON, RESIDENCE OF MR. ARTHUR PEASE, WITH PART OF THE SHOW.



FIRST ENGINE USED ON THE DARLINGTON RAILWAY.



Photo by Passingham.

MR. WILSON BENNISON,
SURVEYOR TO THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.



MR. F. T. STEAVENSON, TOWN CLERK OF DARLINGTON.



DARLINGTON HIGH ROW.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

I have enjoyed a whole week of abstention from newspapers, and am, therefore, utterly ignorant of those items of European news which generally constitute the foundation of this column. Part of that week was spent in two peaceful spots indeed, from which newspapers are not excluded, but where records of the past leave the visitor no time or inclination to worry about the present, and where the present itself often appears surrounded with a halo of the past. I allude to the Hague and its adjacent Scheveningen, whither I went, first, to get a few days' rest; secondly, to secure quarters for a possibly forthcoming holiday in the autumn.

Not without serious misgivings as to the cost of such a holiday, for though I had been in the Hague once many years ago, I did not get further than that, and in those days the expense of a fortnight's stay at the historical fishing village was a matter of common comment. Only the great ones of this earth could afford it, and they, in fact, had made the village their annual rendezvous. From all I heard and saw during the last week

proved a success—in witness whereof I may quote that at Scarborough and the one at Blackpool, conducted on somewhat more popular lines. Devonshire Park at Eastbourne and the Pavilion at Brighton do not belong to the same category of institutions, but I feel certain that these two have fulfilled their mission, which is simply this: To prevent the visitors from going to bed at an unearthly hour because there is no amusement provided for them.

The eagerly accepted excuse for this neglect to provide suitable recreation is based on the theory that the hard-worked man of business and professional and their wives and grown-up children do not want concerts, theatrical performances, dances, and displays of fireworks, after a day spent in the open air; the real cause of that neglect is the jealousy with which the Puritanical element in England view any and every attempt to brighten people's lives here below. "The English survey the path to Heaven through a hole in a victualler's license," said a witty Austrian to me a few years ago, while we were sitting one night in "Kroll's Gardens" in Berlin; "and Continental nations have as yet not made the spoil-sports and wet blankets a power in the State."

by the horse tramcar, is in itself a delight worth a special journey to Holland.

And a journey to Holland nowadays, if the weather be fine, is a thing to be remembered, if only for its contrast to the journeys of yore on the *Batavier* with genial Captain Smith, who kept afterwards a tobacconist's shop close to the Lyceum, but who, genial as he was, could not rob the voyage of some of its terrors. The Great Eastern Railway Company has succeeded in doing this. The *Berlin*, on which I went, and the *Amsterdam*, by which I returned, are literally floating palaces, and I am told there are several other vessels just as luxuriously appointed. On the journey out we were kept for five hours at the Hook owing to the fog. No one seemed to mind the delay. "We are perfectly comfortable, Captain Robinson," remarked several passengers. It was this gentleman's reward for his careful seamanship.

A YOUNG PRINCE'S FIRST TIGER.

Our Illustration represents his Highness Prince Bughwan Singh, eldest son and heir of H.H. the Maharaj Rana of Dholpore, sitting over his first tiger. This young lad, who



Photo by Mr. J. Cowell.

THE FIRST TIGER SHOT BY PRINCE BUGHWAN SINGH, AGED TWELVE.

Scheveningen has not degenerated in the latter respect, but there is no longer a reason why the moderately well-to-do should keep away.

On the contrary, there are many reasons why people should go, for I know of no other seaside place in Europe which is half so picturesque. The peace of the Hague and Scheveningen is peace, and not solitude and dullness. I have seen a score of living pictures in as many hours which would absolutely gladden the heart and eyes of the most famous artists in Europe, and every individual picture owed its main charm to the human element in it, the human element in question presenting itself in a variety of garb, the supply of which, in England at any rate, is left to the costumier. A man need not be an Israels, a Feyen-Perrin, a Jules Breton, or a François Millet to welcome in real life a diversion from the rules imposed by the Parisian milliner and dressmaker and the Bond Street hatter and tailor.

And though loving England, one is apt to get weary of the English seaside resort, with its generally inferior brass band at the end of a pier which may be a marvel of construction, but which does not advantageously replace the Continental Kurhaus as a centre of attraction. Wherever such a Spa has been built among us, it has invariably

The spoil-sports and wet blankets are decidedly in a minority in Holland, and they have not succeeded as yet in sending people forcibly to bed at eleven o'clock in the provincial centres. I went to a concert in the Zoological Gardens at the Hague, and thence to supper at one of the principal cafés. The waiters did not begin to worry us at a quarter to eleven, and by half-past twelve, when we left, the streets were still alive with people. Alive, not noisy, for the sense of the founder of the Dutch Republic appears to have been inherited by the nation generally, and by the Hagenaars especially. William the Silent, two of whose effigies adorn the royal residence, was neither silent nor taciturn, in spite of the adjectives tacked to his name. He was simply mindful of the saying of Lycurgus: "He who knows how to speak, knows when to speak," an admirable rule of conduct for a man who had four wives. The Dutch are neither silent nor taciturn; they are reasonable, and nowhere in Holland has this reasonableness borne better fruit than in the Hague, which is as delightful as Dresden, and less noisy; as historically interesting as Versailles, though not dead, like the latter; as picturesque and sylvan as Leamington, which, except Warwick Castle, has no records of the past and no amusements. The Hague has, moreover, the advantage over all three towns by reason of its juxtaposition to that lovely Scheveningen, the journey to which, either on foot or

has not yet attained his twelfth birthday, has inherited the sporting proclivities of his father, who ranks first as a shot, rider, and pig-sticker among the chiefs of India. The Maharaj Rana has won every one of the pig-sticking trophies in India, and thereby holds the championship. The young Prince formed one of a party with his father after big game last month, and with a .360-bore shot his tiger through the heart. Perfectly indifferent to the hazard which envelops the vicinity of a wounded tiger, he seemed to feel that he had given him his quietus in that single shot; and as the beast rolled over into the thicket he plunged in after him, and when found was sitting on a rock with his feet on his victim, calling out to the beaters to ask his Highness the Maharaj Rana to come on.

The Shahzada or Afghan Prince, Nasrullah Khan, was at Liverpool till Thursday, June 13, when he went on to Glasgow, was there received by the Lord Provost and City magistracy, inspected the Fairfield ship-building establishment on the Clyde, and left Glasgow on Saturday. His Highness inspected at Siloth, on the Cumberland coast, the great-gun ranges and artillery targets belonging to Sir William Armstrong, Mitchell, and Co., whose works at Elswick, Newcastle-on-Tyne, he has since visited; thence he went to Leeds for three days before returning to London.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Vicar of Leeds, Dr. Talbot, defends the canvassing for the Margaret Professorship at Oxford as against the objections of Canon Medd. He doubts whether Canon Medd's method of names sent in by anybody, with an inevitable contest to follow, would be a good one. Manysided issues are apt to be introduced into contests of this kind when they are started, and it is no small happiness in any particular case to avoid this and to discover early that a large and preponderating opinion in the electorate, including men of various sorts, was united in favour of a single candidate.

The Rev. Charles Daman, who died on June 12, was the most distinguished Oxford man of his year, 1834. He was Fellow and tutor of Oriel in its great days, and remained in Oxford many years both as tutor of Oriel and as private tutor, in which latter capacity he was remarkably successful, most of his pupils gaining a First Class. One of his friends says: "If I were asked whose was the most exemplary life of any of my contemporaries, I think I should single out his." Indeed, I think I should hardly know what class of fault to attribute to him. His unwillingness to believe harm of anyone amounted almost to a defect. Once when a shrewder observer of men was suspicious of certain young graduates who were at some distance from us, he only remarked: "What if they should turn out to be H— and B—, men who would have been above suspicion of harm?"

It is proposed to get up a national testimonial for Dr. Barnardo, the well-known philanthropist. Dr. Barnardo has been suffering severely from insomnia.

The *Guardian* says: "At a special service held in the Palace Chapel, Ilandaff, the Rev. John Russell and the Rev. William Mortimer Morris, ex-Baptist ministers, formally renounced their errors and were received by the bishop into the communion of the Church."

"Peter Lombard," who has an intelligible interest in Dickens, prints in the *Church Times* a handbill which probably suggested Mr. Squeers' advertisement of Dotheboys Hall. The advertiser is William Gripdal, Master of the Free Grammar School at Lartington, near Barnard Castle, and the terms



ST. MARY'S HOSPITAL, PADDINGTON.



IN A WARD OF ST. MARY'S HOSPITAL.

profession, which, he said, was the most influential force that touched the life of civilised man. A profession which could, and constantly did, produce men capable in these days of Mammon-worship of quiet refreshing adherence to duty lifted the standard of human nature and commanded the admiration of mankind.

The unwarranted report in a daily paper that Mr. Hugh Price Hughes was resigning the superintendency of the West London Mission gave that gentleman a great increase to his ordinarily heavy correspondence. It also suggested to the *Globe* some spiteful remarks about Mr. Hughes's activity in political matters. Probably the majority of clergymen take as deep an interest in politics, and spend as much or as little time in disseminating political principles, as Nonconformist ministers.

The degree of D.D. has been conferred on the Rev. H. C. G. Moule, of Cambridge. V.

ST. MARY'S HOSPITAL, PADDINGTON.

In aid of the funds of that very excellent institution, St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington, a grand bazaar is to be held at the Portman Rooms on June 27, 28, and 29. The Queen has consented to be the patron of the bazaar, which will also enjoy royal favour in the presence of the Princess of Wales, who performs the opening ceremony at one o'clock on June 27. The Duke and Duchess of York also hope to be present during some part of the proceedings. The illustrations which we give of the hospital may further stimulate public interest in the forthcoming bazaar, which it is sincerely hoped will add a goodly sum to the exchequer of the institution. All London hospitals feel the depression of trade and the consequent decrease in subscriptions, but such refuges for the sick as St. Mary's Hospital has proved are especially in need of generous support. Various entertainments, arranged by Mr. George Alexander, Mr. Yorke Stephens, Mr. Wilhelm Ganz, and Mrs. B. Hannen, will serve as attractions to the bazaar.

are fourteen guineas per annum not exceeding ten years of age; if above, fifteen guineas. "Peter Lombard" thinks he knows who Dombey was, and that, if his suspicions are correct, Dombey still lives, some years over ninety.

Upwards of £400 has been received towards a testimonial for Dean Farrar. The presentation, which will take the form of a purse of money, with in all probability a piece of plate, setting forth the circumstances under which it is given, will be handed to Dr. Farrar at a public meeting in the Westminster Town Hall.

Lady Sophia Palmer is preparing memorials of her father, Lord Selborne.

Every incumbent in the two rural deaneries of Oxford and Reading has signed a letter to the Bishop of Oxford asking him to use his influence in the House of Lords and elsewhere to relieve the benefited clergy from the grievance of being required by law to lend their churches for the remarriage of divorced persons.

The Primitive Methodists have been holding their annual assembly at Edinburgh. Much kindly interest has been taken in their proceedings by the Presbyterian churches.

"Hospital Sunday" on June 16 had the advantage of a very sunny day. The afternoon service at St. Paul's Cathedral was attended by several of the judges and by the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs in State. A very thoughtful and sympathetic sermon was preached by the Bishop of Stepney, who knows exactly how to pitch his voice in the Cathedral, and the collections during the day realised £280. This is not an extraordinary sum when one considers the great wealth of many of those who were present. At Westminster Abbey one was glad to see that the Dean, who preached in the morning, had recovered from his recent illness. Dr. Bradley was quite vigorous in his discourse. In the afternoon the preacher was Canon Wilberforce, who always commends the medical



IN A WARD OF ST. MARY'S HOSPITAL.



Reproduced from a photograph by the Photographic Union, Munich.

SUMMER BLOSSOMS.

By E. Eismann-Sonnenberg.

LITERATURE.

SIR JAMES FITZJAMES STEPHEN.

Life of Sir James Fitzjames Stephen, Bart., K.C.S.I. By his brother, Leslie Stephen. With two portraits. (London: Smith, Elder, and Co.)—The welcome given to Mr. Leslie Stephen's life of his brother, the Judge, is due in large measure to the excellence of the book as a book. One of its most competent critics has said that it must be placed "among the half-dozen biographies of the first order which have appeared in the last twenty years." Allowing himself a little more courage, he might have said that if the merits of the biographer are to be the test, apart from the interest of the subject-matter, this piece of work must rank as high as any of the first half-dozen. There is a genius of biography as well as of other things the product of mind and hand. Without it John Sterling's life would have made but a barren record; under the fine illuminations of Carlyle's genius for biography it made one of the best books of its kind that ever were written in English. Mr. Leslie Stephen has a large share of this peculiar genius—all of its more substantial qualities and most of its finer ones; and it is served by a style which, by all acknowledgment, is beautifully clear, simple, strong, and sympathetic.

These merits come out most remarkably in the first chapter, which is the history of the Stephen family for a hundred years before Fitzjames was born. And yet it is less a history than a portrait-gallery, after the manner of the Holbein drawings at Windsor: no colouring, not a touch of elaboration, plain drawing in few lines and one warm tint, and yet portraiture with all the complexity of the original brought into it. Though expressed in a very different and less striking way, there is something of Carlyle's wonderful skill in these portraits; which, delightful in themselves, have the additional merit of explaining Fitzjames Stephen very remarkably. It was a fine character—a strong and supremely honest mind; and one in which Stephen himself took an interest that was vivid and unceasing without being in the least degree egotistic. He lived to think and to do—to ply his forces to the utmost in the better way; and this interest in them that I speak of sprang from a sense of obligation to keep his mind clear, unhampered, and in the full swing of its independent powers. That he worshipped force overmuch has been charged against him with abundant plausibility; but his fault was, I think, not that he valued force overmuch, considering the flabby times in which his later years were cast, but that he too carefully concealed or even repressed a natural tenderness that was no less Fitzjames Stephen than was his just and massive intellect. "You should keep your love locked up as I do," he said to his elder brother at the age of four; and there is no difficulty in understanding, I suppose, that love may be kept locked up, not in a hard, curmudgeonly spirit, but from a sense of its sacredness; or from dread of self-display and hatred of everything that may be construed into gushing weakness. Stephen's weakness—and it exposed him to constant misinterpretation—was an innate resolve never to be taken for "a man of feeling"; whereas, feeling was as strong in him as any other quality. And not only the grander feeling, such as we attribute to friends of humanity and the avenger of the oppressed, but feeling even the most gentle. I remember many evidences of it. I remember a walk with him one summer night from Wimbledon to Kensington, when, coming to a long stretch of lane by a park wall with overhanging trees, place and time reminded him of "thirty years ago"; whereupon, as a great ship in harbour might launch itself upon a moonlit sea for love of it, he drifted into a monologue on youth, and what comes and goes with youth, beautiful enough in its sweetness and dignity for any poet to have uttered. Clough, Arnold, and the author of "Maud," all together, would not have bettered it, in prose; and that is no exaggeration. Toying with a walking-stick of mine as he pounded up and down my room, sketching out a series of articles which he proposed to write, the stick suddenly snapped in his powerful hands. Now, he happened to know that this stick was a bit of laurel (value two shillings or thereabout), brought to me from the south of France by a brother who was now dead; and the instant recollection of this fact threw a look of pain into his face which nothing in my own regretful sensations matched. He went away, and two or three hours afterward came another stick—not laurel (no laurel to be got), but olive; and with it a letter which no man could have written unpossessed of the deepest and tenderest sensibility. These are but two signs from the depths of a nature which, open to all who really know Stephen, keep him as well remembered by affection as by respect.

One story which Mr. Leslie Stephen tells in evidence of his brother's fullness and sincerity of character is also evidence of its capability of strong emotion; and I think, too, that it goes far to justify the opinion that though the religious sentiment in him was cut down to the root, the root remained beyond disturbance. This is the story of the way in which a certain article on the funeral of Lord Palmerston was written: literally with prayer and tears. The story is told in Mr. Stephen's pages at quite sufficient length for the purpose of its introduction, but it will bear telling in fuller detail.

In those times—we are talking of years so far back as 1865—there was no such freedom of the Press as we revel in now. Law allowed the same license, but public opinion (which, change as it may, is never wrong) would not have tolerated a tenth part of the liberty we now allow ourselves in the display of crime and the discussion of manners, morals, and religion. Stephen came down to the *Pall Mall Gazette* office one morning; as he did on most mornings when he was not on circuit, and was soon pacing the room in evident disturbance of mind. Palmerston was to be buried that day; and then in view of all Christendom great dignitaries of the Church and keepers of her conscience would gather about the grave of one of the worldliest of men, to declare their sure and certain hope of joyful resurrection. The sincerity of it? The right and wrong of it?—deep and serious questions—delicate matter to discuss in print before sundown on the day of the great man's burial. However, the writing of the article was assented to, and Stephen

went to a little room, thinly partitioned from my own, in which to write it. Presently he reappeared in the doorway to ask in the lowest tones ever heard from his lips whether a Bible could be had. The Bible supplied, he turned back again, and the scribbling began. A little while afterwards, hearing the sound of his deep voice rising and falling (a new thing in those circumstances) I smiled at the thought of Stephen trolling out his periods unaware as he set them down. A mistake: this was the prayer. By-and-by "Jacob Omnium" came in, to make another. At the moment that he entered, Stephen stood again in the little side doorway wiping his pen on the lapel of his coat; and "Hullo, Stephen," said Higgins, "got a cold?"

FREDERICK GREENWOOD.

SIR EDWARD HAMLEY.

The Life of General Sir Edward Hamley, K.C.B. and K.C.M.G. By Alexander Innes Shand. Two vols. (William Blackwood and Sons.)—Such a varied and stirring career as Sir Edward Hamley's might well furnish material for an interesting biography. His active military career began when, as an artillery officer of promise, he was at thirty appointed adjutant to Sir Richard Dacres, who commanded a division of artillery in the Crimean campaigns. Hamley distinguished himself before Sebastopol, notably at the battle of Inkerman, when an artillery movement which he improvised on the spur of the moment—a critical one—was so successful that it received a detailed description from Kinglake in his history of the Crimean War. He returned home a lieutenant-colonel. He was skilful with pen as well as with sword. His admirable sketch, "The Story of the Campaign of Sebastopol," doubtless contributed to his appointment as Professor of Military History in the Staff College at Sandhurst. He proved his fitness for the post by producing his work on "The Operations of War," which was commended by von Moltke, and is the standard English book on the strategy and tactics of modern warfare. Thrice he was selected to discharge very difficult and delicate duties, and to make long and arduous journeys as British Commissioner for the delimitation, first, of the frontier between Turkey and Bulgaria, next of that between Turkish and Russian Armenia, and last between Turkey and the Greece which had been enlarged by the Treaty of Berlin. He was a major-general when he was invited by Lord—then Sir Garnet—Wolseley to command the Second Division of the Egyptian expeditionary force, and to that division, led by Hamley to the assault, the successful storming of Tel-el-Kebir was greatly due. His active military career over, he was made a K.C.B., and as Conservative member for Birkenhead he entered the House of Commons, thenceforth in speeches and articles strenuously urging the improvement of the national defences and the claims of the Volunteer force. At intervals he wrote much and well. He was the author of a very successful novel, "Lady Lee's Widowhood," and contributed many articles to *Blackwood's Magazine*, among them a searching study on Carlyle, and though he was a staunch Conservative, a pungent article on Lord Beaconsfield's "Lothair." For the Blackwoods he also wrote, and in a liberal spirit, a commendable little biography of Voltaire. Though reserved and somewhat imperious, Hamley was a warm-hearted man, and enjoyed the friendship of many of his distinguished contemporaries.

With General Hamley's letters and diaries to work on, Mr. Shand has performed his biographical task, not brilliantly and rather redundantly, but sympathetically and instructively. In these volumes Hamley stands before us all that a British officer ought to be, and one who with more sustained literary ambition might have gained a

permanent position in authorship, not merely as a novelist and an essayist, but as a military historian and biographer. Specially interesting are the diaries kept by General Hamley during his journeys as a Boundary Commissioner in the East, where he had to deal with Russian astuteness on the one side and Turkish obstinacy, backed by Turkish procrastination, on the other. Such a passage as the following, written nearly fifteen years ago, has a peculiar interest at the present moment—

The difference in the lot of the Armenian subjects of the two States (Turkey and Russia) is very striking. On the Turkish side they are never secure either of life or property, and they never become wealthy; either the State impoverishes them by its exactions or it leaves them unprotected from the raids of Kurds and other robbers, or it sends to them as protectors Turkish soldiers who, having no pay, fasten upon them as permanent and legalised robbers. On the Russian side they are secure; and, developing their native talent for business, often become wealthy. Therefore the Armenian population, without loving Russian rule, greatly prefer it to that of the Turks.

Mr. Shand has devoted much of his space to what General Hamley regarded as the injustice done to him by Lord Wolseley and the War-Secretary in ignoring his share in the storming of Tel-el-Kebir. But in the verse of Tennyson, a record more lasting than any official dispatch, Sir Edward Hamley will go down to posterity, as with Lord Wolseley, one of the victors of Tel-el-Kebir. Mr. Shand would have done well to quote the "Prologue to General Hamley" prefixed to the "Charge of the Heavy Brigade," or, at least, the closing lines of the late Laureate's apostrophe to Hamley—

When in the vanished year
You saw the league-long rampart-fire
Flare from Tel-el-Kebir
Through darkness; and the foe was driven,
And Wolseley overthrew
Arabi, and the stars in heaven
Paled and the glory grew.

FRANCIS ESPINASSE.

A LITERARY LETTER.

A firm which is quite new to me, Messrs. T. C. and E. C. Jack, of Edinburgh, promises us a new edition of Burns, to be called "The Centenary Burns." It will be in four volumes, and will be edited by Mr. W. E. Henley and Mr. T. F. Henderson. The editors in their prospectus announce that "it is notorious that Burns has been monstrously over-edited"—a very frank way of commencing to continue the operation. The lack of success which attached to Mr. Pattison's very elaborate edition of Burns might, one would have thought, have deterred other publishers, but Mr. Henley's name is a power to conjure with. The book will be issued in two forms—a library edition of 750 copies, and a popular edition, with a number of etchings by Mr. William Hole.

Some very touching tributes to the memory of the late Mr. James Dykes Campbell have appeared in the *Athenaeum*, one by Canon Ainger, and another by Mr. Leslie Stephen. I have, however, seen no reference anywhere to the fact that Mr. Campbell was responsible for three books precious in the eyes of the collectors. One of these was a privately printed volume of Coleridge annotations, a reprint of some of those wonderful marginalia to which Charles Lamb referred when he expressed his distrust of the marking of books, excepting only the books marked by "S. T. C." A second volume was of some rare and comparatively unknown Addison material, while the third was a little volume of Tennyson's poems, which Mr. Campbell had printed in Canada, and which contained a great many poems which the late Laureate was anxious should be buried in oblivion. It will be remembered that Lord Tennyson's two earlier volumes were only reprinted in part, whereas Mr. Campbell has preserved for those of us who possess his little book the remaining poems of the early period.

In 1862 there was a very interesting law case arising out of Mr. Campbell's Tennyson book. Quite against the editor's wishes and intentions, some copies came into the hands of Mr. John Camden Hotten, then a well-known bookseller and publisher. The sale of a copy in his shop gave Tennyson his opportunity, and the case of Tennyson v. Hotten was the result. It was set forth that the poet did not desire that his cancelled poems of 1830 and 1832 should see the light again, and Mr. Hotten's obvious infringement of copyright lost him the case, the defendant "making a most humble apology, paying one hundred pounds, and delivering up all copies in his possession or power." Nothing was said about Mr. Campbell during the trial, and naturally so. It was one thing for a literary enthusiast to edit a Tennyson volume for his personal friends from the island of Mauritius, and another thing for such a book to be on sale in London. Meanwhile, only a few of us know Lord Tennyson in "The 'How' and the 'Why,'" "To Juliet," "The Grasshopper," and so on.

A knowledge of history is not supposed to be part of the equipment of a legislator, notwithstanding Mr. Freeman's insistence upon the intimate relation of the politics of the past to the politics of the present. It is not therefore, surprising to note the lack of distinction which characterised the debate upon the question "Shall Cromwell have a statue?"—a question, by-the-way, which Carlyle, with all his love for Cromwell, emphatically answered in the negative. The Irishmen, both in the House and out, have dwelt upon the iniquities practised by Cromwell upon their country and its people, apparently ignorant of the fact that the victims of Cromwell's massacres at Drogheda and Wexford were English settlers of the time of James I. and Charles. It may be safely stated that few, if any, men and women of Irish blood were massacred by the soldiers of the Commonwealth.

Mr. George Gissing is writing a series of stories for the *English Illustrated Magazine*, to be called "Great Men in Little Worlds." They will deal with provincial middle-class life.

C. K. S.



THE BULUWAYO SPRING HANDICAP CHALLENGE CUP.
PRESENTED BY THE RIGHT HON. CECIL J. RHODES.

This cup is of Early English or goblet form, decorated with the leaves of the acanthus and various water-plants. Around the upper part of the body a bas-relief, beautifully executed in repoussé, represents a horse-racing scene, whilst the handles are formed by extremely well modelled heads of African elephants. The cover is surmounted by a horse and jockey in full racing panoply. The black ebony plinth upon which the cup rests is enriched by two figures, one being a model of a gold-miner, and the other a Cape rifleman; these figures are cast and chased in solid silver. The cup is manufactured by Elkington and Co., Limited, of Birmingham.

THE DUC D'AOSTA'S MARRIAGE WITH PRINCESS HÉLÈNE OF ORLEANS

The approaching wedding in England of two members of foreign royal families has naturally excited a good deal of interest. But owing to the death, not many months ago, of the Comte de Paris, father of the bride, the ceremony will be conducted in a comparatively quiet fashion. Of the Princess whom the Duc d'Aosta is about to lead to the altar, all that is known is to the effect that she is a very charming young lady, well fitted to adorn the position to which she is soon to attain. A sketch of Princess Hélène appears in this column, and is written by one who has had exceptional opportunity of observation. The arrangements for the wedding are still under consideration, but it is understood that it will be celebrated at 10 a.m. on June 25 in the Countess of Mexborough's private Roman Catholic church of St. Raphael's at Kingston. All Frenchmen will be heartily welcomed, although few formal invitations will be issued, and the capacity of the church is not great. It is highly probable that Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg will be among the royal guests. On the evening of the wedding the Duc d'Orleans will give a banquet at the Hôtel Métropole in honour of his sister's wedding.

THE BRIDE'S BIRTH AND PARENTAGE.

Princess Hélène Louise Henriette of Orleans is the third child and second daughter of the Comte and Comtesse de Paris, and was born at Twickenham on June 13, 1871. She is therefore just twenty-four years of age.

Philippe, Comte de Paris, was a grandson of King Louis Philippe. Two years after his return from America, where he served in the Federal Army, he married his cousin, the Princess Marie Isabelle Françoise d'Assisi Antonia Louisa Ferdinanda, the eldest daughter of the Duc de Montpensier, by whom he had two sons and three daughters. The Comte de Paris was never an active Pretender. His hopes of a restoration of the French monarchy were so long delayed that in the end he became resigned, and, to use his own remarkable words on the day of his final exile from France, "Resignation makes saints, but does not make kings."

The Comte de Paris was a student and a soldier. He combined with a life of activity a keen love of literary

the beautiful untenanted estates which stretch inland from the white cliffs of Normandy, and cover many hundred rich acres of fertile meadow-land and dense forest.

"You can say what few others are able to," he remarked with a smile: "that you have been through the gates of Eu after they had closed behind me." Perhaps the most pathetic testimony to the loneliness which shadows the old home of the Orleans family was that of M. Gilliot, the resident agent, who told me that a hare, attracted by the quiet, had reared her young on the lawn skirted by the carriage-drive which forms the main approach. The entrance to the Château is from the Place du Marché; two handsome gateways and a high ornamental railing separating the house from the market-place.

The Château itself is full of interesting historical memories. It is a handsome pile of brick, topped with numberless pointed roofs of slate, and stretching its graceful façade along the noted terraces which front on to the rose-garden. Here, in the summer months, thousands of blossoms bloom, scatter their petals, and die unseen. I noticed the Comtesse de Paris' favourite rose, "La France," growing in its full luxuriance. Past the rose-garden and the wooded glade, from which a beautiful view of the house is obtained, the

pavilion of Mademoiselle de Montpensier is reached. Ugly as this structure is in outline, it is full of historical and romantic interest. Here Mademoiselle entrenched herself and defied the King, and from these windows she watched for her faithless lover de Lauzun, who never came.

Within the house luxuriant furniture, works of art, and costly decoration meet the eye on every side. Exquisite carvings, bronze bas-reliefs, ceiling decorations by Vauchelet, stained glass from Sèvres, and

Photo by Mr. Fowler.



PORTION OF THE CHÂTEAU D'EU.

pursuits. His nobility of character and gentleness of disposition earned for him the respect of all who knew him. In the family circle he was a devoted husband, a loving father, and a kindly master. To the outer world he ever appeared a man of the highest ideals and absolute integrity, a courteous opponent, and a steadfast friend.

The Comtesse de Paris is a woman of marked personality. Throughout her husband's chequered career she has shared his sorrows and faced his difficulties with a fearlessness and strength of purpose which are the heritage of a daughter of kings. From her Princess Hélène inherits her activity and keen love of sport, as well as much of her graciousness, wit, and vivacity of temperament. To her mother the Princess also owes, to a large extent, the fuller developments of her artistic tastes and studies and the advantages of her religious training.

CHILDHOOD AT EU.

In 1872 the National Assembly at Versailles decreed the restitution of the property of the Orleans family, so that the early childhood of Princess Hélène was passed, not in exile, but at the Château d'Eu, where the Comte and Comtesse de Paris and their children were living happily on their own estates, honoured and beloved. Of the Château d'Eu I am able to speak with no uncertain knowledge; for through the kindness of the late Comte de Paris I was allowed to visit the house and grounds, which had been closed to the public ever since the exile of the royal family in 1886. The last time I saw the Comte de Paris I expressed to him my admiration for

paintings by Gosse and Jehannot embellish every corner of this truly princely residence, upon every detail of which Louis Philippe, and subsequently the late Comte de Paris, spent unlimited care and large sums of money. The rooms occupied by her Majesty the Queen and the late Prince Consort are still shown with pride. Besides accommodation for three hundred guests at a time, there is stabling for one hundred and thirty horses, and standing-room in the coach-houses for sixty carriages. The large state carriage in which the Queen and Prince Consort drove from the landing-place at Le Tréport to the Château, on the occasion of their visit to King Louis Philippe, is still preserved here by the Orleans family.

In this beautiful home her Royal Highness Princess Hélène lived a happy country

life, varied by trips to Randan, the Comtesse de Paris' estate in Auvergne, and to Villamanrique, near Seville, until just after her fifteenth birthday, in June 1886, when, a pretext having been found in the brilliant marriage of



Photo by Russell and Sons.

PRINCESS HÉLÈNE D'ORLEANS.

the Comte de Paris' eldest daughter to the King of Portugal, the law of exile was passed by the French Government, by which direct claimants to the French throne, and their heirs, were banished from the country.

It was at the Château d'Eu, on June 23, 1886, that the news of their exile first reached the royal family. "We were seated together after dinner," one who was present told me, "when the telegram came. The Comte de Paris read it aloud. He alone remained calm. Within four days we left France for ever."

A welcome awaited the family in England, and for



Photo by Russell and Sons.

STOWE HOUSE: A WALK IN THE GROUNDS.

several years they have found a retreat at Stowe House, the seat of the Dukes of Buckingham and Chandos. But, although the life at Stowe was a quiet and uneventful one, the sorrow of the empty home in France has always overshadowed the royal exiles.

THE PRINCESS'S LIFE AT STOWE.

The life led by Princess Hélène of Orleans at Stowe has been that of an English girl: plenty of sport and outdoor exercise, varied by occasional house parties and trips abroad. Those who possess no knowledge of country-house life in France have some difficulty in realising how closely the routine of a French château resembles that of an English hall or manor. I remember a conversation I had on this very subject with the late Comte de Paris on the last occasion on which I met him.

We were talking of Eu, its stately house and forest, and of that sport of kings—the wild-boar hunt—when the Comte de Paris remarked, with a distinct appreciation of the joke, that his English neighbours were at first uneasy at his advent among them. I ventured to ask why.

"Oh," he replied, "they think Frenchman know nothing of sport, and are not to be trusted with foxes!"

Princess Hélène, like her mother, is a clever horse-woman, and was always well to the forefront in the hunting-field during her residence in Buckinghamshire, often going out with the Woodnorton Harriers, kept by the Comtesse de Paris. During the latter months of the Comte de Paris' lifetime, he was in the habit of riding in the park at Stowe, accompanied by his children, Princess Hélène, with her bright personality and witty conversation, being a very favourite companion on these occasions.

The banqueting-hall at Stowe is of such vast proportions (over seventy-five feet in length) that the family usually had dinner served in the smaller dining-room which adjoins it. This room is also rich in tapestries—duplicates of which were presented to the famous Duke of Marlborough by Lord Cobham, whose portrait adorns the room. The private apartments of the royal family are, French fashion, on the ground floor; Princess Hélène having dignified her pretty rooms with the title of "Japon." The evenings after dinner were usually spent in the great marble hall, where smoking was permitted.



BANQUETING-HALL, STOWE HOUSE.

Photo by Russell and Sons.

bright, affectionate, unselfish companion and loving daughter.

THE BRIDEGROOM.

One may rightly imagine that the proverb "Happy is the nation which has no history" holds good in the case of royal personages, especially those of the age of the Duc d'Aosta. His life has been so far uneventful; really, the chief point in his career is his betrothal, which is just about to be followed by his "promotion," as a certain English novelist termed marriage. The Duc is the eldest son of the late Prince Amedeo, Duc d'Aosta, and consequently is a nephew of the King of Italy. He was born on Jan. 13, 1869, and after his education had been completed he joined the army. The Duc has three younger brothers—the Count of Turin, the Duc d'Abruzzi, and the Count of Salemi. The father of these boys died on Jan. 18, 1890. The young Duc, who is three years older than his bride, was, we believe, regarded with affection by the late Comte de Paris.

general effect than those who depend more exclusively upon tone and quality for effect. To indicate those who deserve the most attention, Mr. C. E. Holloway's sketches round the coast from Dover to Yarmouth, Mr. Thomas Pyne's Essex and Suffolk studies, Mr. T. Huson's windings of Welsh rivers, Mr. R. B. Nisbet's Scotch moor and mountains, and Mr. J. W. Whymper's and Mr. E. M. Wimperis' notes from Hampshire, Derbyshire, East Anglia, and the Highlands—are full of pleasant suggestions and memories.

In the Central Gallery the pictures are more finished, and would have more appropriately found their place in the ordinary exhibition of the Royal Institute. Among the most noteworthy are the President's "Cynthia," a fair face in a pretty setting; Mr. Edwin Hayes' "Fishing Smacks leaving Yarmouth Harbour," Mr. John Fulleylove's bright and sunny "Place de la Concorde"; and Mr. R. B. Nisbet's poetical study in charcoal and colour of "A Stony Moorland" (289). A melancholy interest attaches itself to some of the earlier works of the late Mr. H. G. Hine, who found among the Sussex Downs so many spots of beauty which but for him would be passed without notice. Mr. Charles Green's "Troopers" are, as a rule, full of character, and the horses carefully drawn; and the collection altogether has a freshness too often absent from the laboriously completed pictures of other exhibitions.



THE COMTESSE DE PARIS IN SHOOTING COSTUME.

Photo taken in the Grounds at the Château d'Eu.

The Duc d'Orleans, M. Camille Dupuy (private secretary), and others, were not slow to avail themselves of this freedom; while other members of the party sat about in groups, or played billiards in the adjoining room. Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales has joined this pleasant home gathering at Stowe when the restrictions of a more elaborate entertainment would have palled upon her. It is no secret that the Princess of Wales has always had a tender place in her heart for Princess Hélène of Orleans, from the first day when, at a birthday party at Sandringham, the young girl made her début. On a second occasion, at the garden party at Marlborough House, two years ago, everyone present followed with interest and admiration the slight girlish figure in its simple pink dress. No one who saw Princess Hélène on that day is ever likely to forget the charm and grace and buoyancy of her manner, or the lovely laughing face, with its beautiful pair of blue eyes. Those who know her intimately can speak of her goodness of character and unchangeable amiability, and it is difficult to realise how her place will ever be filled in the home circle, where she has been a

departure, fully justified by the results. Two out of the three galleries are occupied by sketches grouped according to their authorship, which enable one to judge pretty accurately the methods upon which these artists severally rely for the production of their finished work. In some cases it is merely a scheme of colour, in others an effect of light on land or sea, and in others again it is the posing of individual figures before their final grouping. It may be an open question how far it is prudent to lay bare the workings of various brains, but there is no doubt that the exhibition is instructive as well as interesting.

Many who promptly recognise certain painters by their finished work would find themselves fairly puzzled when placed before these sketches in their embryonic stage. Mr. James Orrock and Mr. Thomas Pyne, Mr. Cotman and Mr. Harry Hine are absolutely unmistakable apart; but in many instances we can recognise how steadily they all adhere to the fundamental rules of picture-making. It would seem, moreover, that those whose work, when completed, is most highly finished have passed through the initiatory stages with even more regard to

WATER COLOURS AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTE.

The exhibition of studies and sketches by members of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours is a new



Photo by E. Hagdon.

CATHEDRAL OF EU, CONTAINING CRYPT OF ORLEANS PRINCES, EXACTLY OPPOSITE THE CHÂTEAU GATES.



"ALEXANDRA NURSES," FOR WHICH THE PRINCESS OF WALES GAVE A SPECIAL PRIZE.



MRS. BERNARD'S PONY AND TRAP.



THE ROYAL PARTY AT THE FETE.



SIR WALTER GILBEY'S PONY.



MR. GARFORD'S MAIL CART.

CHILDREN'S FLORAL FÊTE AT THE ROYAL BOTANICAL SOCIETY'S GARDENS, REGENT'S PARK.

From Photographs by Russell and Sons, Baker Street.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

By one of those curious coincidences which crop up in the history of one's affairs and which are explained by superstitious persons (when relating to other topics than scientific notes and queries) as depending on certain esoteric and supernatural conditions, the idea of protecting humanity against snake-bite by utilising the powers of serpent-venom itself, was receiving a new and important confirmation as I wrote the article of last week. At the ordinary meeting of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, Professor T. R. Fraser, of the University of Edinburgh, Sir R. Christison's successor in the chair of Materia Medica, made an important communication on the above subject. It seems that since 1889 Dr. Fraser has been experimenting in the direction of discovering if immunity from snake-bite could be conferred on animals by inoculating them with snake-venom. This was the topic I referred to in my last article when I noted the opinions of Dr. Cartwright Reed, of South Africa, regarding the subsequent safety which had apparently been conferred on two dogs bitten by snakes, and also on a negro who had recovered from a first bite.

Remarking that poisonous snakes must frequently be bitten by their neighbours, and that they seem to be endowed with a power of resisting the action of the venom, Professor Fraser assumes that the serpents must possess some protective quality or other, such as it might be desirable to discover for the possible benefit of mankind. There is, of course, no method or plan of discovering such qualities, save by experiment on animals. Accordingly, Dr. Fraser employed rabbits, guinea-pigs, cats, white rats, and the horse, by way of testing, through a wide range of animal constitution, the effects of the venom. Bearing in mind the fact that the snake-venom of different serpents may, and probably does, vary in character, Dr. Fraser experimented with the virus of snakes from different quarters of the globe. The venom of the Indian cobra was that chiefly employed. First, fixing the minimum dose which produced a fatal effect, the animals had administered to them non-fatal amounts, those quantities being gradually increased. One important result occurred from the experiments. Rabbits, at last, were inoculated with doses exceeding the minimum fatal amounts by ten, twenty, thirty, and even fifty times, without exhibiting any signs of poisoning at all. They did not lose but gained in weight and remained lively and well.

I need not say that this is altogether an interesting and extraordinary result. The fact that an animal which succumbs with a slight or infinitesimal amount of snake-poison should resist a dose such as would kill fifty non-protected and non-inoculated animals of the same size, is surely most striking and noteworthy. How long the protection lasts has still to be determined, I believe. Presuming that it is the serum or fluid of the blood which is the medium affected by the inoculation, Professor Fraser next directed his attention to an examination of the powers and properties which the blood-liquid might be presumed to have acquired. The inoculation with the toxin (or poison) of the venom in this case might be assumed to have developed in the serum some substance (or anti-toxin) fatal to the poison itself. This is the principle which the diphtheria-cure of modern days also illustrates. The serum of the horse, with its contained anti-toxin, destroys and protects against the germs of diphtheria. In the case of snake-bite poison, Dr. Fraser found that the serum of the animals which had been protected against large doses of serpent-poison could prevent death in non-protected animals from snake-bite, and this even when the most powerful venom was used. This last feature of the experiments, I need not say, is a most important one, for it suggests the obvious application of the experiments to the protection of man against the serpent's attack, and concurrently to the probable cure of that otherwise fatal accident by the employment of the anti-toxin in the manner above noted. Of course, Dr. Fraser's researches are not yet concluded. But the provisional information we have received regarding them may lead us to hope that a reliable remedy for a very serious form of injury has at last been discovered. When the annual death-roll from snake-bite is scrutinised, the immense boon to humanity which such a remedy would represent may be realised by everyone—rabid objectors to physiological experimentation always excepted.

A correspondent writes to inquire whether I can afford him any explanation of the "water-divining rod," which, held in the hand of the water-seeker, is believed to indicate the presence of water by its movements. I believe the latest accounts of this marvel hold that the rod itself has little or nothing to do with the discoveries in question; in which event, the rod, so long celebrated in folk-lore, must retire from the field of discussion. It is the individual himself, as I understand the new argument, who is affected by the near but hidden presence of water. He experiences a shivering where running water is beneath him, and I hear that even a piece of iron wire will serve whatever function the rod was supposed to discharge. I know the water-finding faculty has been made the topic of much discussion, but I have no details on which any argument can be founded *pro* or *con* the matter. All I can say is that, personally, I am inclined to be sceptical when special faculties are claimed for individuals, and used theoretically to explain what chance or coincidence may as rationally account for. Still, one must always be open to conviction, and I am therefore ready to receive testimony for examination.

May I venture to say a word here on behalf of that most excellent charity the Home of Peace for the Dying? Subscriptions may be sent to Miss Davidson, the honorary secretary, Friedenheim, Upper Avenue Road, Swiss Cottage, London, N.W. The Home was founded in 1885, and its new premises opened in 1892. It is entirely unsectarian, and no letters of recommendation are needed. Surely a peaceful home for the otherwise homeless, in which the "mortal coil" can be parted from and the last hours of those to whom ordinary hospitals are closed soothed and carefully tended, is an institution fully deserving of support.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

H D (Whittington).—The problem is neat, but rather too simple. There is not enough "stuff" in it for a two-mover.
C W (Sunbury).—We hope the emendation will prove satisfactory.
G F Scott (Brisbane).—Thanks for your consideration. We shall give the new problems our careful attention.
C M K L (Richmond).—What is the use of the White Pawn at B 5th in your last two-move problem?
F Waller (Luton).—We must ask for your problems to be sent on diagrams.
CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2664 received from R. Miller (Nanaimo, B.C.); of No. 2666 from R. G. Fitzgerald (Dayton, Ohio) and A. A. Bowden (California); of No. 2668 from J. W. Shaw (Montreal), Evans (Port Hope), A. P. (St. John, N.B.), C. Field jun. (Athol, Mass.), and C. Butcher (Cheltenham); of No. 2669 from W. D. Mead, W. W. Strickland (Italy), F. W. Bovington, F. Leete (Sudbury), and M. A. Eyre (Chalkestone); of No. 2670 from J. Bailey (Newark), Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth), and Albert C. F. Morgan.
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2671 received from W. R. B. (Clifton), Fr. Fernando (Glasgow), J. D. Tucker (Leeds), R. H. Brooks, W. Wright, G. Douglas Angus, E. Loudon, Professor Charles Wagner (Vienna), R. Worters (Canterbury), H. H. (Peterborough), W. d'A. Barnard (Uppingham), Alpha, Miss Marie S. Priestley (Bangor, Co. Down), T. Roberts, B. Copland (Chelmsford), F. Waller (Luton), J. S. Wesley, Oliver Ieigla, C. E. Perugini, Sorrento, T. G. (Ware), W. P. Hind, Dr. Waltz (Heidelberg), A. Newman, J. F. Moon, F. A. Carter (Maldon), Albert Wolff, H. S. Brandreth, J. S. Martin (Kidderminster), A. B. (Jersey), F. Fuller (Manchester), Dr. F. St. Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), F. Leete (Sudbury), M. G. D., L. Desanges, W. R. Raillem, and Shadforth.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2670.—By P. H. WILLIAMS.

WHITE.

1. Q to B 2nd
2. Q to Q 4th (ch)
3. Q mates.

If Black play 1. K to Kt 3rd, then 2. Q to Q B 5th (ch), and Kt mates next move.

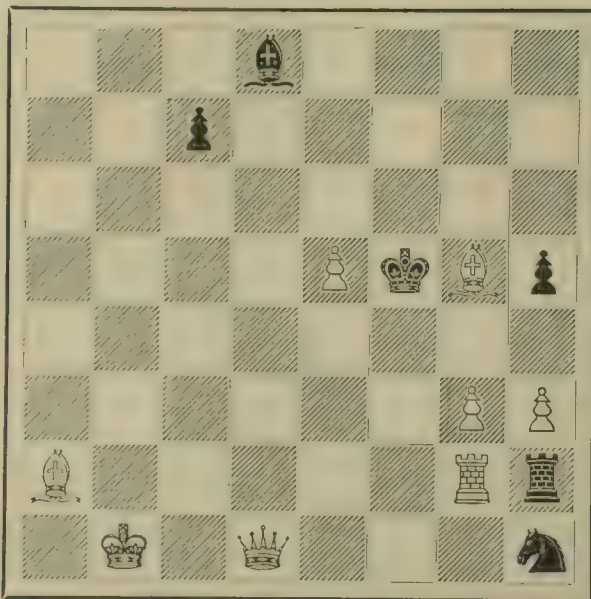
BLACK.

K takes Kt
K moves

PROBLEM No. 2673.

By W. T. PIERCE.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN THE CITY.

One of Mr. LASKER'S simultaneous games, his opponent being Mr. MACLAREN.
(Irregular Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. L.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. L.)	WHITE (Mr. M.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	9. B to Q 3rd	Kt to R 4th (ch)
2. Kt to Q B 3rd	B to B 4th	A bold venture, which deserved a better fate.	
3. Kt to B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	10. K takes Kt	P to Q 4 (dis ch)
4. B to Kt 5th	Kt to B 3rd	Q to K B 3rd, holding the check in reserve for the moment, appears more telling. White now gets clear off, with a piece to the good, and wins. Of course, he will not take the second Knight.	
The position now assumes a form of the Ruy Lopez, except that Black has his B at B 4th instead, perhaps, of at K 2nd.			
5. Kt takes K P		11. K to B 3rd	Q to B 3rd (ch)
Usually an effective move in similar positions. White really gains nothing in material if the continuation is correct, but obtains freedom, which is perhaps more important.			
6. K takes B	Kt takes Kt	12. K to K 3rd	Q to B 5th (ch)
7. P to Q 4th	Kt (at K 4th) to Kt 5th (ch)	13. K to K 2nd	Kt to Kt 6th (ch)
8. K to Kt 3rd	P to B 3rd	Very clever, because if P takes Kt, B to Kt 5th (ch) follows, and the Queen is lost after Black's Q takes P (ch). Black very nearly won this interesting game.	
	B takes P (ch)	14. K to K sq	Q to R 5th
Not good, as afterwards White's file becomes free for the Rook. The piece should simply be retaken.			
6. K takes B	Kt takes Kt	15. P takes Kt	Q takes R (ch)
7. P to Q 4th	Kt (at K 4th) to Kt 5th (ch)	16. K to B 2nd	Q takes Q
8. K to Kt 3rd	P to B 3rd	17. Kt takes Q, and wins.	

CHESS IN COPENHAGEN.

Game played between Messrs. ROSENDALE and KRAUSE.
(Danish Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. R.)	BLACK (Mr. K.)	WHITE (Mr. R.)	BLACK (Mr. K.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	19. Kt to B 5th	Q to B 3rd
2. P to Q 4th	P takes Q P	20. Kt takes K P	K to B 2nd
3. P to Q B 3rd	P takes B P	21. R takes B	K R to K sq
4. B to Q B 4th	P takes Kt P	22. Q to R 5th (ch)	
The safety of this capture is questionable. Most authorities prefer a developing move.			
5. B takes P	P to Q 3rd	Finely played. Black cannot safely take the Bishop.	
6. Kt to K B 3rd	Q Kt to Q 2nd	23. Q to Kt 4th	K to Kt sq
7. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to Q B 4th	24. B to Kt 2nd	P to K Kt 3rd
8. Kt to Q 4th	Kt to Q B 4th	25. Q to Kt 5th	P to Q 5th
The opposing Kt is, as White sees, too strongly posted at B 4th; but it is going to K 3rd presently for defensive purposes.			
9. Q to Q B 2nd	B to K 3rd	26. Q to B 6th	R takes Kt
10. Q takes B	B takes B	27. Q takes R (ch)	Q takes Q
11. Castles (K R)	Kt to K 3rd	28. R takes Q	R to Q B sq
12. Q R to Q sq	P to Q B 3rd	29. P to K Kt 3rd	P to Q 6th
13. Kt to Q 4th	Kt to K B 3rd	30. R to Q 6th	R to B 7th
14. P takes P	P to Q 4th	31. B to K 5th	
Some pretty play is here possible. If now B. Kt takes P, White can reply Kt takes B P; if Q takes P, Kt takes Kt, Q takes Q; 16. Kt to B 7th (ch). K to K 2nd; 17. B to R 3rd (ch), and wins.			
15. Q to K 2nd	Q to Q 2nd	32. K to Kt 2nd	P to Q 7th
16. K R to K sq	B to Kt 5th	33. B to K B 4th	R takes R P
17. Kt takes Kt	P takes Kt	34. R takes Q P	P to Q Kt 4th
18. B takes Kt	B takes R	35. B to R 6th	R to R 5th
Not very good, but if now P takes R, Q and White wins.			

Mr. F. R. Gittins, of Birmingham, proposes to issue a volume of autobiographical sketches with portraits of English problem-composers. Several promises of support have already been received.

The Foundling Hospital has always had a warm place in the hearts of Londoners. On Sunday, June 16, the Duke of Cambridge, who is president, paid his annual visit after morning service, and presented good-conduct medals won by eighteen pupils who had attained the age of twenty-one during the last year.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

Gowns in preparation for Ascot have been making the milliners' shops and dressmakers' "studios" like the summer parterres. Never has dress been so bright, not to say glaring. Amid the over-stress of colour in town this season the Princess of Wales is moving in her black dress, looking so quiet and restful, though it is always so well designed and so pleasantly trimmed with diaphanous chiffons and touches of jet as to be deprived of any sense of heaviness. She is going about a great deal in London, and, notwithstanding her mourning, she is always one of the most charming figures present—indeed, the black is a welcome relief to the surrounding colours. On one occasion the Duchess of Fife, who wore a heliotrope crêpon dress and a hat that was a perfect flower-garden of pink, white, heliotrope, and yellow, sat beside her mother; the Princess of Wales wore a black bonnet trimmed only with fans of accordion-pleated black net and a jet aigrette; with this she had a black satin mantle, trimmed round the shoulders with a frill of pleated black chiffon, a full puff of the same encircling the throat, and a single red rose pinned in to give the one note of colour; and nothing could have been more dainty than the entire appearance. The Princess of Wales has visited, among other popular shows, the display of ladies' pet dogs organised by the energetic Ladies' Kennel Association, where her Royal Highness allowed her own pleasant and wise-looking favourite collies to be exhibited; and the pretty Children's Floral Parade at the Royal Botanical Gardens, where she handed the banners of honour to the prize-winners. Perhaps the most original among these was a lad in armour of flowers, riding on a bedecked pony; and the most striking group a flower-adorned palanquin with dusky-stained boy bearers, and a fairy inmate with golden hair and forget-me-not covered dress.

Among the Ascot dresses, fancy silks decidedly have taken the foremost place, chené and patterned muslins coming next. In these, some of the lightest colours and most brilliant mixtures have found favour. Fancy a dress of white silk muslin through which gleams an amber silk foundation, and a bodice with a yoke of pleated yellow chiffon having lines of passementerie of gold and many-coloured beads laid down it, beneath which comes a full drooping front of open-work black net through which are run tiny white and yellow ribbons, alternating; a hat of white fancy straw with the biggest "blow-aways" that ever entered into imagination, and fans of yellow tulle and a white aigrette completed this costume. Think of a blue glacé patterned with pink rosebuds and having shoulder-cape of white satin piped with pink, and a violet satin waist and neck band, worn with a toque of green and violet crinkled straw trimmed with shaded pink roses and shot pink and green bows! Think of a skirt and sleeves of magenta silk striped narrowly with black lines, having the skirt trimmed with bands of steel-sequined net and the bodice being half of a similar net, partly veiled with a white muslin and lace fichu, and half of a brilliant geranium faille; above this put on in the mental eye a large hat of white straw trimmed with scarlet poppies, white feathers, grey tulle, and paste brooches. In your mind's eye next contemplate a buttercup yellow faille skirt with a blouse of pink and white striped silk of the glacé variety, having a deep shoulder trimming of white lawn and narrow Valenciennes insertion, and a pleated collar-band of lawn, with four rosettes of pink satin set in it at intervals. Then comes a tartan, a dark blue, with fine green, bright yellow, and white narrow lines marking off the squares, made with a box-pleated front of the same, decorated with paste buttons, and a frill of Valenciennes edging down either side of the centre and passing into a big square collar over the shoulders; the bonnet of blue straw, trimmed with cherries, stalks, and leaves, and white muslin fans. Finally, among these ultra-showy gowns, take a costume of shot green and red taffeta, with deep belt and shoulder-straps of passementerie, having a multitude of tiny "diamonds" worked on a silver-wire ground, and bishop sleeves, trimmed down from shoulder to cuffs with three rows of the same showy decoration; the bonnet of silver wire, trimmed with puffs of diamond-studded tulle, and with big clusters of geraniums with their leaves, to combine the tones of the shot of the silk.

It was a relief to the eye to turn to the more really becoming reserve of better tastes. Among these may be cited a pale pink silk with the bodice covered with accordion-pleated white silk muslin, held down by belt and braces of steel-worked grey satin. A black and green shot taffetas skirt with a fichu of white muslin on an apple-green glacé bodice, the sleeves of the dark shot. A sapphire-blue bengaline with bands of black grenadine on the skirt, and with the bodice veiled in black grenadine worked with a multitude of tiniest moonlight beads, and finished with a deep white collar of pointed guipure. A white alpaca, with white satin vest, the box-pleat of satin edged with pink, and fastened with four pink enamel buttons. A dress of Pekin striped pink and white, the paler stripe patterned with Louis bouquets of roses, and a blouse of white silk with plain pink sleeves and deep folded belt and collar of the patterned silk; a white hat with pink roses and plenty of their foliage. A blue alpaca made with a coat opening over a white lace vest and having a very deep shoulder-cape of lace over blue satin. A biscuit-coloured crêpon, making skirt and sleeves, with a white centre to the bodice partly trimmed with black point-d'esprit net, and provided with a little cape of the same net veiling white satin; hat of corn-coloured straw trimmed with black ostrich-feathers and buttercups and cornflowers mingled with white satin bows. A dainty little dress was of pale green crêpon with black and white check blouse and a deep square collar of white satin piped alternately with black and green in four narrow lines all round. Another simple one was in a grey and white pin stripe glacé with a bodice of yellow satin covered with palest yellow silk muslin toned down by a yoke and full-pleated frill over the shoulders of black silk muslin, lightened by rosettes of the yellow on collar and bust. A pale blue on white chené silk skirt worn with a full bodice of blue glacé veiled with white, the sleeves of the chené, and belt and braces of many-coloured beads on lace. Well may Ascot dresses be considered the high-water mark of smartness of the Season.

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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Aug. 7, 1894) of Mr. William Cunliffe Gosling, of 19, Fleet Street, banker, who died on March 15, was proved on June 7 by Herbert Gosling, Colonel George Gosling, and Frederick Hamlyn, the brothers, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £140,951. The testator gives the Botley estate, Surrey, with all the furniture, wines, horses, carriages, live and dead farming stock, and effects to his brother Herbert; his dwelling-house at Oakham, Rutlandshire, with his personal chattels and effects, to his brother George: £10,000 each, free of legacy duty, to his sisters Georgina Lady Clarke, Mrs. Vere Penrhyn, Mrs. Louisa Wilbraham, Mrs. Eleanor Hotham, Miss Harriet Gosling, and Miss Mary Gosling; and £20 each to the ten senior clerks, £15 each to the junior clerks, and £5 each to the porters in his banking firm of Messrs. Goslings and Sharpe. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his three brothers, Herbert Gosling, George Gosling, and Frederick Hamlyn, in equal shares.

The will (dated April 13, 1893), with three codicils (dated May 26 and Aug. 16, 1894, and April 19, 1895), of Major Frederick Barclay Chapman, late 14th King's Hussars, of Stonehouse, Gloucestershire, and King Street Chambers, King Street, St. James's, who died on April 23, was proved on June 4 by Charles Colman Rogers and Walter Percy Norton, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £140,181. The testator gives £400 per annum to his son Claude Francis Guy, for life; £3500 to his son Wilfred Constantine; £500 each to his son Gerard David Ernle, and his daughters, Dorothy Margaret and Muriel Augusta; one of his freehold cottages at Stonehouse to his son Wilfred Constantine, and the other to his son Gerard David Ernle; £250 to his executor Mr. W. P. Norton; £100 to his old friend Henry Elland Norton, to purchase a ring or other remembrance of him; an annuity of £50 to his valet, Francis Smith; legacies to other of his servants, and one or two specific bequests. As to the residue of his real and personal estate, he leaves one moiety to his son Wilfred Constantine, and the other moiety to his son Gerard David Ernle; and he states that he has already amply provided for his two daughters.

The will of Mr. William Carswell Lade, formerly a member of the firm of Messrs. Bulloch, Lade, and Co., distillers, Glasgow, late of 17, Lancaster Gate, Hyde Park, who died on March 25 at Nice, was proved on May 28 by John Somervail Clerk, the nephew, and Robert Henry Meyricke, two of the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to £98,161. The testator bequeaths £500 each to the Glasgow Royal Infirmary and the Western Infirmary of Glasgow; £1000 to be divided, at the discretion of his trustees, among charities having their offices in London, but not less than £200 to be given to any one charity; and legacies to sisters, friend, and servants. The residue of his property is divided among nephews and nieces.

The will (dated May 28, 1894) of Mr. Robert Leonard Trollope, of 17, Eaton Square, who died on March 8, was proved on June 8 by Robert Gerald Trollope and John Reginald Trollope, the sons, and Robert Browne, the

executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £97,171. The testator bequeaths £500 and all his furniture, effects, horses and carriages to his wife, Mrs. Harriette Trollope. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves upon trust during the life of his wife to pay £2000 per annum to her, and to permit her to use and enjoy his residence in Eaton Square; but if she shall desire to give up the said residence, to pay her £2500 per annum; £250 per annum each to his daughters, Alice Mary, Blanche, and Mabel Frances; and the remainder of the income to his sons in the proportion of two-thirds to Robert Gerald and one-third to John Reginald. On the death of his wife he gives £15,000, or such part of the residue as when set apart will produce £500 per annum, each upon trust for his three daughters, and the ultimate residue as to two-thirds for his son Robert Gerald, and one-third for his son John Reginald.

The will (dated March 13, 1895) of Dame Harriet Martha Rose Robinson (widow of Major Sir George Abercrombie Robinson, Bart.), of 6, Alexandra Terrace, Madron, Cornwall, who died on March 27, was proved on May 28 by the Rev. Frederick Peel Yates, the great-nephew, and George Ley Bodilly, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £73,263. The testatrix bequeaths £15,000 to the vicar of the parish

of St. Mary's, Penzance, the Mayor of Penzance, the superintendent Wesleyan minister of the Penzance Circuit, and the officiating priest of the Roman Catholic church of St. Mary's, Penzance, for the time being, upon trust, to invest same and to pay or apply the income to or for the benefit of such blind persons being inhabitants of Penzance or of the towns of Redruth and Camborne, or of any of the parishes of Saint Erth, Madron, Gulval, Paul, Sancreed, Saint Just, Saint Burian, Saint Levan, Sennen, and Ludgvan, and in such proportions, manner, and form, as they shall from time to time direct; the charity is to be called "The Dowager Lady Robinson's Fund for the Blind," and the trustees have full power given to them to make rules and regulations for the management and administration of the trust and to revoke or vary same. She also bequeaths £5000, upon trust, to invest same, and to pay the income to Captain Markland Barnard, the son of her deceased sister, Emma Terry Barnard, for life, and at his death the capital to go with the said sum of £15,000; £5000 to the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals; £1000 to the Penzance branch of the same society; £1000 each to the Shipwrecked Fishermen and Mariners' Benevolent Society, and the Protestant Blind Society (Southwark Bridge Road); £600 to the Royal National Life-Boat Institution; £500 to the Royal Hospital for Incurables; £500 to the Vicar of St. Mary's, Penzance, to be called the "Penzance Dole Fund," upon trust to invest same, the income to be paid or applied at his discretion at Christmas in each year, for the poor of the parish; and there is a similar legacy of £500 to the Vicar of St. Peter's, Newlyn; £300 to the Society for Granting Annuities to the Blind; £5400 to the Rev. Daniel Young; £15,000, and all her furniture and effects, to the said Frederick Peel Yates; and some other legacies. The residue of her real and personal estate she gives to General Henry Peel Yates.

The will (dated Sept. 1, 1894), with two codicils (dated respectively Sept. 25, 1894, and Feb. 2, 1895), of Mr. George Francis Trollope, of 1, Sloane Gardens, S.W., and Streatham, Surrey, who died at 96, Marina, St. Leonards-on-Sea, on March 13, 1895, was proved on May 17, 1895, by Mr. George Haward Trollope and Mr. Henry Charles Trollope, sons, the acting executors, the gross value of the personal estate amounting to £61,845. The testator gives to his executors and to his daughters and daughters-in-law pecuniary legacies, and in addition, by one of the codicils, gives directions to his executors to apply a sum of £500 in making his daughter-in-law Florence Trollope a Life Governor of the Westminster Hospital, the St. George's Hospital, or other hospital for the poor, or any school or society in connection with the Church of England as she may select. He gives directions as to the keeping up of his house, 1, Sloane Gardens, for three months after his death; and bequeaths all his plate, furniture, and other personal effects to his children equally, giving them a right to select articles in order of seniority. He makes provision for the education of the children of his daughters, Marion Elizabeth Kitson and Annie Beatrice Game; and after various legacies and annuities to his respective sons



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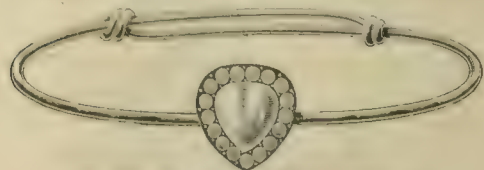
The Association of Conservative Clubs, under the presidency of the Marquis of Salisbury, has recently presented for competition among the clubs affiliated to the association a Billiard Challenge Shield, of which the above is an illustration. At the first competition the Walthamstow Conservative Club was successful, and retains the shield for the year. The trophy was designed and manufactured by Messrs. Mappin Brothers, of 220, Regent Street, London, W.; and 66, Cheapside, E.C.

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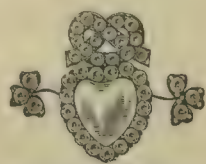
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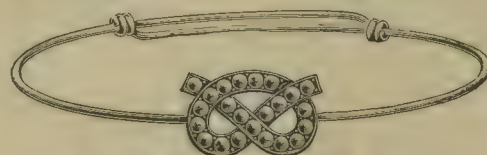


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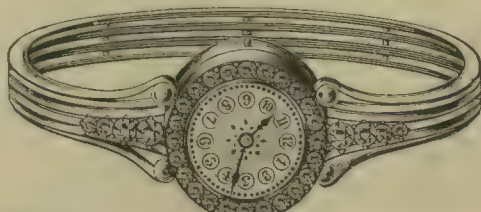


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The "Coupling" Brooch, in
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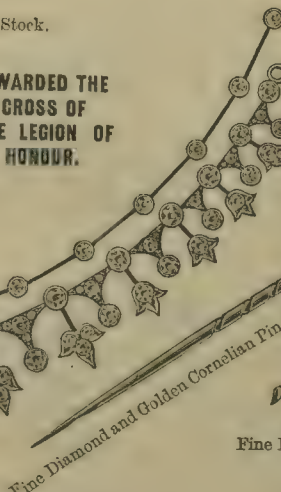
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Fine Diamond and Pearl Half-hoop Bracelet, £50.
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and daughters, he gives the residue of his real and personal estate to his sons, William Stapleton Trollope, John Evelyn Trollope, Henry Charles Trollope, and Andrew Harvey Trollope. The late Mr. George Francis Trollope retired about twenty years ago from the senior partnership in Messrs. George Trollope and Sons, a firm established at 15, Parliament Street, Westminster, in 1778, by his great-grandfather, Mr. Thomas Trollope, who came to reside in London from South Lincolnshire a few years previously.

The will (dated March 5, 1894) of Mr. John Phillips Nunn, J.P., of Royston, Cambridgeshire, who died on Jan. 5, was proved on June 6 by Joseph Phillips Nunn, the brother, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £35,696. The testator gives the Park estate, some houses and lands and certain railway stocks, and a mortgage security to his sister, Miss Mary Isabella Nunn; £8000 each to his brothers, Thomas William Nunn and Edmund Brooke Nunn, and the residue of his real and personal estate to his brother, Joseph Phillips Nunn.

The will (dated March 1, 1894), with a codicil (dated Feb. 27, 1895), of Mr. Basil Edwood Arthur Cochrane, D.L., of St. Peter's Hill, Grantham, Lincolnshire, who died on March 24, was proved on June 6 by Captain Basil Edward Cochrane, R.N., the son, and Henry Edward Burgess, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £24,697. The testator gives the Langley estate, Durham, to his son Basil Edward; thirty shares in the Hetton Colliery each to his sons William Edward and Charles Fitzgerald Thomas; one share in the North Hetton Colliery and one in the Seaton Colliery to his son Blair Hamilton; all his furniture, effects, horses, carriages, farming and garden stock to his daughter Helen Frances; and legacies to daughters and others. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his three sons Basil Edward, William Edward, and Charles Fitzgerald Thomas equally.

The will (dated July 20, 1877) of Mr. Robert Pate, formerly of Wisbeach, Cambridgeshire, afterwards of Hobart Town, Tasmania, and late of Broughton, Ross Road, South Norwood, who died on Feb. 6, was proved on April 8 by Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Pate, the widow and sole

executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to £22,464. The testator gives, devises, and bequeaths all his estate and effects whatsoever and wheresoever, whether real or personal, to his wife absolutely. The deceased was the man who at the end of May 1850, within a month of the birth of the Duke of Connaught, struck the Queen with a stick a sharp blow in the face, crushing the bonnet she wore and inflicting a severe bruise and a slight wound on the forehead. The Queen had driven out about six o'clock in the evening to inquire for her uncle, the Duke of Cambridge, then in his last illness, and the assault took place as her carriage drove out of Cambridge House, while it was slowly turning the corner into the road. Pate had formerly held a commission in the army, from which he had been requested to retire on account of some eccentricities. He was tried in the following July and sentenced to seven years' transportation, the jury refusing to accept a plea of insanity.

The will (dated April 24, 1890), with a codicil (dated Oct. 5, 1893), of the Hon. Mrs. Frances Allen, of 24, Matheson Road, West Kensington, who died on March 4, was proved on April 8 by Thomas Somers Vernon Cocks, and Stafford Francis Still, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £17,317. The testatrix bequeaths £450 to her daughter Christabel Kerr; her furniture and effects, except jewellery specifically bequeathed, to her son, Walter Harding Allen; her residence, upon trust, for her grandchildren, Sybil Christabel Allen, and Olive Ethel Allen; and some other legacies. As to the residue of her property, she leaves one sixth each to or upon trust for her children, William Cocks Allen, Walter Harding Allen, Jane Somers Mary Carlotta Gretton, Marion Allen, and Christabel Kerr; and one sixth to her grandson, Reginald Arthur Sinclair Allen.

The will of Miss Sarah Nolloth, of No. 1, Peckham Road, Camberwell, was proved on June 5 by the Rev. Henry Edward Nolloth and the Rev. Charles Frederick Nolloth, the nephews, the executors. The testatrix bequeaths £100 each to the Church Missionary Society, the British and Foreign Bible Society, the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews, the Society

for Irish Church Missions to Roman Catholics, the Shipwrecked Fishermen and Mariners' Royal Benevolent Society, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, Miss Rye's Home for Destitute Little Girls, and the Surrey Association for the Welfare of the Blind; £50 to the Camberwell Provident Dispensary, and £25 each to Brae's School, Portree, Isle of Skye, the Metropolitan Drinking Fountains Association, the Scripture Readers' Association, the Royal Alfred Aged Merchant Seamen's Institution, the London City Mission, and the Camberwell Ladies' Provident Society (late Mrs. Kemble).

NEWHAVEN AND DIEPPE ROUTE, LONDON TO PARIS AND THE CONTINENT.

The Brighton Railway are announcing that on and from Monday July 1 next, the Day Special Express Service by this route through the charming scenery of Normandy to and from the Paris terminus near the Madeleine, now leaving London for Paris 9 a.m. every week-day and Sunday, will not leave until 10 a.m., and will be accelerated to arrive in Paris 6.55 p.m., and the similar Day Special Express Service now leaving Paris for London 9.30 a.m. every week-day and Sunday morning will leave at 10 a.m., and be accelerated to arrive in London the same time as at present, 7 p.m.

Mr. Sims Reeves has lately sustained a severe bereavement by the death of his wife, who shared his musical sympathies in no small degree. Mrs. Sims Reeves was an excellent teacher of singing, and several of her pupils are now before the public.

Mr. J. C. Warner, M.P., has recently adopted in a modified way the principle of the referendum by asking delegates from all parts of his constituency to signify how he should vote on the Local Veto Bill. He said that he looked upon the matter as a tactical business rather than an immediate question of law-making. A resolution in favour of Mr. Warner's vote being given for the Bill was carried by a substantial majority. By this means the honourable member has managed to discover the general feeling of his leading supporters.

THE FAVOURITE PRESCRIPTION OF DOCTORS FOR INSOMNIA, NEURALGIA, NERVE HEADACHE, OVERWORK, LANGUOR, WORRY, AND DEBILITY.

NERVOUS DEPRESSION.

"I feel so greatly improved in general health since my doctor prescribed me 'Coca-Tonic' (Laurent-Perrier) that I cannot refrain from writing to say how good it is. I have quite lost that feeling of languor and depression since I have taken this wine at lunch or dinner, and I find it most delicious."

(One of the hundreds of letters received.)

"BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL," dated Dec. 2, 1893—"Coca-Tonic" Champagne realises a very important and hitherto unfulfilled desideratum. The heavily loaded sweet wines which are often used in the making of Coca wines are here substituted by an excellent natural champagne of high class, which proves on examination to be a pure wine."

The properties of the Coca Plant serve to recuperate the system during and after unusual mental or bodily fatigue. Coca united with Laurent-Perrier's Pure Natural Champagne is a delightful Tonic, charming to the palate, a complete restorative to the nervous system, and possessing none of the disadvantages of strong, sweet alcoholic beverages. It is light and pleasant, with immediate bracing effect on Nerves, Brain, and Muscle. Invaluable to all those whose looks or constitution suffer from the exertions and excitement of a London Season or overwork.

Sold by all Wine Merchants at 24s. and 45s. per doz., and by Chemists and all the Stores in single bottles at 2s. (half-pint) and 3s. 9d. (pint), or delivered at these prices direct from the Sole Consignees, HERTZ and COLLINGWOOD, 4, SUSSEX PLACE, LONDON, E.C.



INSOMNIA.

"Please send me another case of quarter-bottles of your invaluable 'Coca-Tonic' Champagne. I find it the only thing that enables me to get sound, refreshing sleep, although I have tried most things recommended for such cases."

"Kindly send me at once another dozen half-bottles 'Coca-Tonic' Champagne, the last having proved very beneficial to my patient. You will be interested to hear that this patient has tried to take Coca in various wines prior to consulting me, but has always previously found it to disagree with her. The result of your Champagne ('Coca-Tonic') has been most satisfactory. I think it only right to let you know that in this and many other cases it has served me well."

(Extract from Doctor's letter, dated April 22, 1895.)

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& Cold Cream.

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SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS. WHOLESALE DEPOT: 67 HOLBORN VIADUCT

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KEEPS THE SKIN COOL AND REFRESHED IN THE HOTTEST WEATHER.

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THE QUEEN OF TOILET PREPARATIONS FOR ALL SEASONS.

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For Preserving the Complexion from the Effects of the

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IT ENTIRELY REMOVES AND PREVENTS ALL

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SOFT, SMOOTH, AND WHITE.

The wonderfully Cooling Properties of the CUCUMBER JUICE render it delightfully refreshing and soothing if applied after being out in the Hot Sun,

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It allays all Irritation from the Bites and Stings of Insects. It is the most perfect Emollient Milk for the Skin ever produced, and being perfectly harmless, is INVALUABLE for the TOILET and the NURSERY. Bottles, 1s. and 2s. 6d., of all Chemists. Free for 3d. extra by the Makers,

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MARVELLOUS PREPARATION.

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Invaluable for Toilet Purposes.

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Removes Stains and Grease Spots from Clothing.

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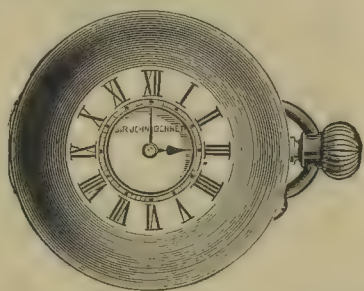
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LESS 3-PLATE HALF-CHRONOMETER
WATCH, accurately timed for all climates. Jewelled in
thirteen actions. In massive 18-carat case, with Monogram
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£20, £30, £40 Presentation Watches.
Arms and Inscription embossed to order.

£25 Hall Clock, to Chime on 8 Bells.
In oak or mahogany. With bracket and Shield, Three
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£10.—In return for £10 NOTE,
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KEYLESS WATCH, perfect for time, beauty, and work-
manship, with keyless action, air, damp, and dust tight.

SILVER WATCHES, from £2.

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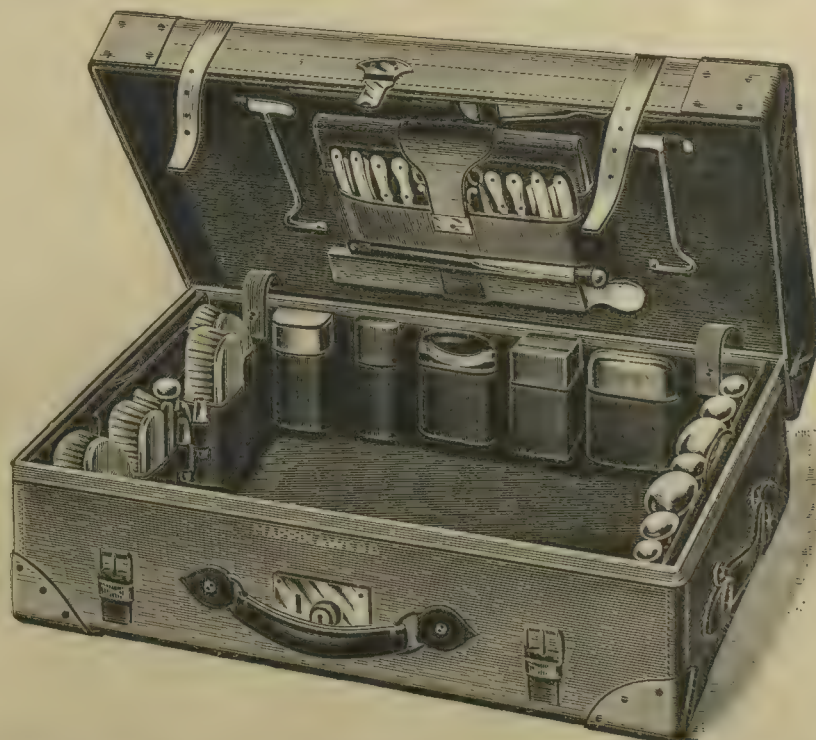
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£5.—SILVER KEYLESS ENGLISH
LEVER WATCH. A fine 3-plate English
Keyless Lever, jewelled, chronometer balance, crystal glass.
The CHEAPEST WATCH EVER PRODUCED. Air, damp, and
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JEWELLERY OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

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the tired body or the
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BISHOP'S
Citrate of Caffeine,
she would have instantly
cured her headache. Of all
chemists and stores at 1/1,
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has always been a favourite
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ART NOTES.

Mr. John Varley's water-colour drawings of French rivers and Italian lakes (Japanese Gallery, Bond Street) and Mr. A. D. McCormick's pictures of the Alps (St. George's Gallery, Grafton Street) suggest thoughts of emancipation from the restraints and turmoil of London life. If Mr. Varley is the more distinguished artist, we must admit that Mr. McCormick is the more intrepid climber, and apportion our admiration accordingly. Mr. McCormick was the companion of that distinguished mountaineer and art authority, Mr. W. M. Conway, on whom—in one or other capacity—the honour of knighthood will be formally bestowed on her Majesty's return to Windsor. These sketches are intended to illustrate the "art-climber's" long-promised book, "The Alps from End to End," which has met with such wide appreciation. This is not the place to raise questions whether the book altogether fulfils the promise of its title; but we may remark that Mr. McCormick's drawings deal chiefly with the Alps of the Monte Viso district, those on the south and east of Mont Blanc, the Aletsch and Viescher approaches to the Bernese Oberland, the Tödi range above Schwyz, and some of the groups of the Tyrolean Alps—a very fair stretch of country almost wholly given up to snow-fields and glaciers, and affording abundant opportunities for those risks and dangers which add so much charm to Swiss mountaineering. Mr. McCormick's powers as a draughtsman are incontestable, and whether or not he has called to his aid the useful "Kodak" or other similar *vade mecum*

of the ordinary traveller, he has succeeded in bringing away accurate ideas of the spots of interest where he and others have come face to face with the high Alps. There is necessarily a certain sameness in the artistic treatment of stretches of snow and ice broken only by ragged rocks; but Mr. McCormick often shows much artistic power in his rendering of the gradations of light upon the wide glittering snow-fields and semi-transparent *seracs* among which he transports us.

Mr. John Varley's work in Normandy and Picardy and among the Italian lakes is altogether worthy of his previous successes in more distant countries. The north-west of France is sufficiently exposed to the sea to produce an atmosphere, although more sunny, as variable and susceptible as our own. He has found admirable subjects for his brush among the cathedrals and châteaux which render wayside and city life so interesting to all sorts and conditions of tourists, especially in the summer-time. Caen, Mantes, Amiens, and Laon represent various phases of architecture of which, happily, many traces remain; and their surroundings, although not equally picturesque, are never devoid of interest or of associations. Of these Mr. Varley has taken full advantage, and in the delicacy of his colouring and softness of his outline one recognises the painter who is in thorough sympathy with his surroundings. Artistically, these French studies are the best things Mr. John Varley has yet done, and while, in fealty to family traditions, he maintains a classical

respect for topical correctness, he is so far ready to concede to the claims of the modernists as to recognise the fact that the "setting" of a subject is scarcely of less importance in a picture than the subject itself.

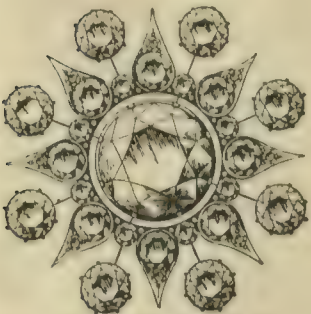
After a summer in Northern France Mr. Varley seems to have started for the Italian lakes, where during the winter months—when snow was often on the ground even at Pallanza and Luino, and clouds were often hanging on the mountain-sides—he found beauties in nature which are unknown to those who can only take their holidays in summer and autumn. These outlying Alpine districts, with an almost tropical vegetation, are especially interesting in winter, for then they become more amenable to the painter's efforts. The rich and dazzling colours, which are not always producible on paper or camera, become subdued, and the white winding-sheet and grey pall in which nature is wrapped reveal beauties of which Mr. Varley has seized the secret, and transferred to paper with a skilful brush.

Sportsmen will be interested in Mr. G. E. Lewis's annual Catalogue of Guns, which is valuable as consisting of a list of guns actually in stock at his well-known establishment in Birmingham. There are full details as to all the guns and useful information about cleaning them. From the catalogue, which has nearly two hundred pages, anyone can select what he wants, and he will find himself in good hands.

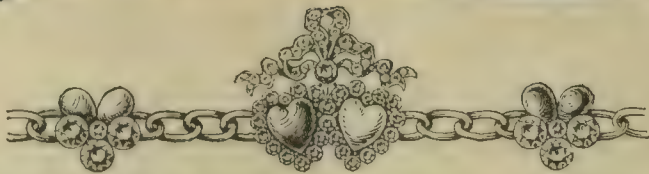
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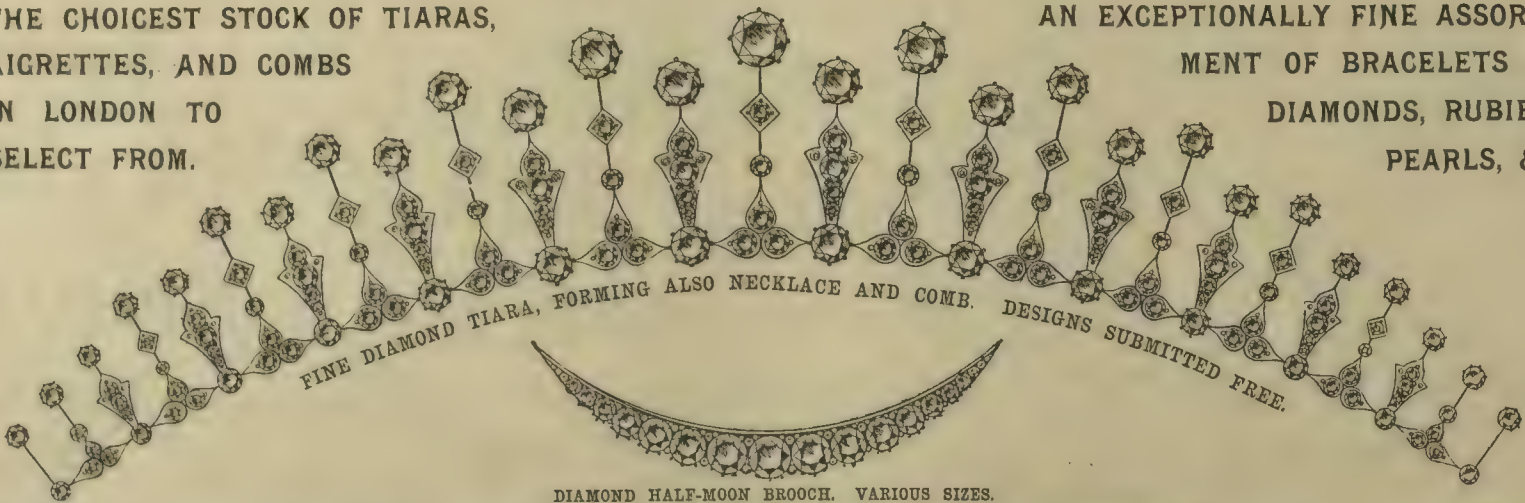
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MISCELLANEOUS.

The Three Choirs' Festival will take place this year at Gloucester, and the dates fixed for this delightful means of hearing oratorios under the happiest conditions are Sept. 10, 11, 12, and 13. A strong list of soloists has been arranged, and three at least of them have a natural right to sing in the county of their birth. It is anticipated that the festival will attract an even larger gathering than was the case when it was last held in the beautiful cathedral of Gloucester. The city has always made visitors so welcome that it is not surprising that its hospitality is much appreciated.

There was a very large attendance of visitors, despite the attractions of Ascot, at Wellington College on its prize

day. Allusion was naturally made to the loss sustained through the death of Mr. John Walter, a generous and kindly friend of the college. The Master expressed a wish that the classical side of the college should be strengthened.

The Biennial Convention of the World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union—further an ugly title for however estimable a body—has been meeting in London. The chief speakers have been Lady Henry Somerset, Miss Willard, Mrs. Chant, and Mrs. Stewart.

Three daily newspapers are now appealing to the public purse. The *Daily Telegraph* led off with the Grace testimonial, which, up to the time of going to press, exceeded 30,000 shillings. The *Daily News* followed with the

Armenian Relief Fund, and soon received £600 for purchase of bread and seed corn. Lastly, the *Daily Chronicle* wants to supply the nation with a statue of Cromwell, on the failure of the Government to do so.

Mr. J. F. Torr, who was recently appointed a Recorder, has resigned his seat on the London County Council, where he represented the north-eastern division of Bethnal Green. The Council is still much agitated about the water companies.

A great Unionist banquet is being arranged to take place at Manchester shortly. The chairman will be Mr. A. J. Balfour, one of the members of the city, and his chief supporters will be Mr. Chamberlain and Sir Henry James, who has happily recovered from his illness, and was able to be present at the Bar meeting.

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Box Office (Mr. J. Hurst) open 10 till 5, and during the performance.
Seats also booked by letter or telegram.

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for JULY contains the beginning of a new SERIAL STORY
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and Adventures;
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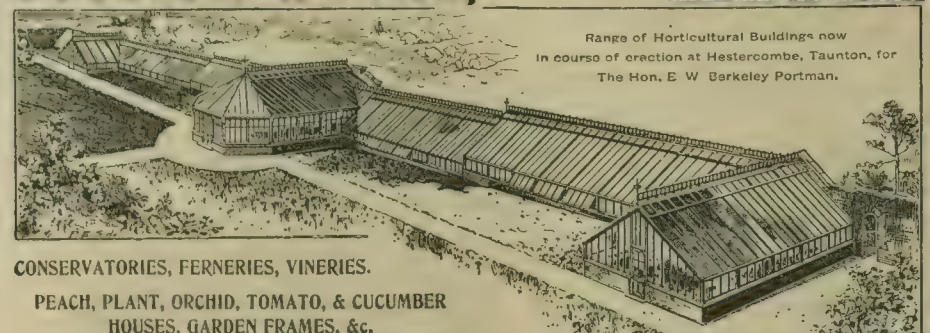
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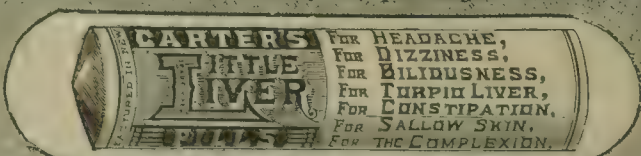
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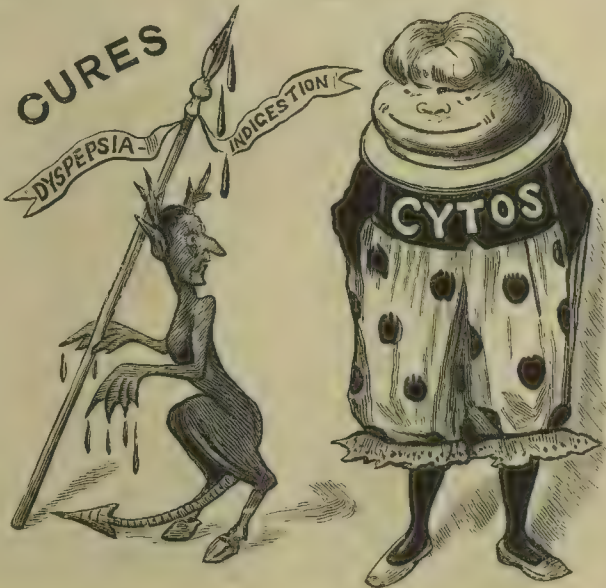
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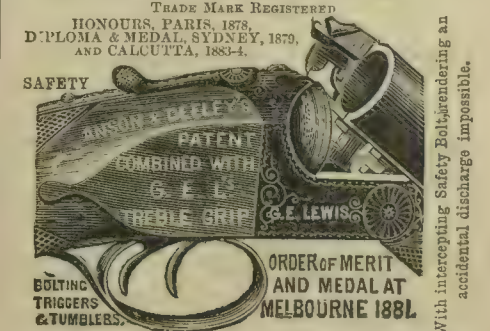
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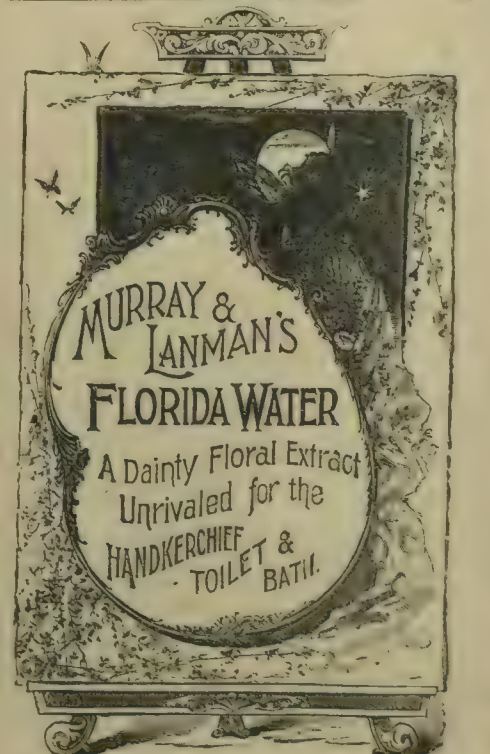
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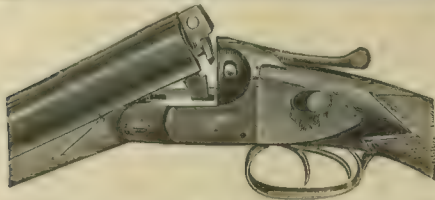
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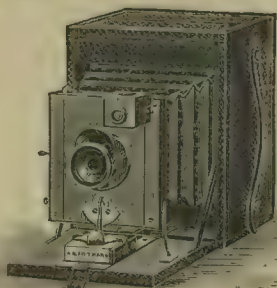
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 a friend of mine who passed through
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PRINCESS CHARMING.

By H. J. Thaddens.

A SONG OF SUMMER.

*Midsummer Month! O Royal June,
What days are thine of deep delight!—
The golden morn, the golden noon,
And, ah! the crowning golden night!
A perfect verse with perfect rhyme
Each day is, dawn and close and prime.*

*The hours move on from love to love,
The glorious round is never done:
The Lark, a sun of song, above
Soars, singing to his brother Sun;
Anon his lyric liltng fails,
Then rouse the Romeo nightingales.—*

*Now is high noon: In this green shade,
Among the roses let us lie,
Where, underneath a briery braid,
A low-voiced brooklet prattles by,
Sending innumerable crystal calls
From thousand tiny waterfalls.*



*Dusk humble-bees, about the grass
(Anacreons of field and hill),
Drown with their droning double-bass
The dragon-flies' soprano shrill,
And small winds touch melodious stops
In whispering wood and murmurous copse.*

*To music of this fair demesne,
O sun-kissed Hebe, young, divine,
Pour, pour "the blusful Hippocrene"—
The poet's and the lover's wine—
And o'er these flutes and hautboys raise
A song to Love and Summer Days!*

*A health to thee, O Royal June,
That queen of all thy sisters art!
A health to Love, the world's one boon
That makes midsummer in the heart!—
Sing, throats; sound, pipes; let all folk hear
How sweet is Summer, Love how dear!*

W. A. MACKENZIE.

Toxin

by Ouida

ILLUSTRATED BY A. FORESTIER.

"OH! my necklace!" cried a fair woman as she leaned over the side of her gondola.

A string of opals, linked and set in gold, had been loosened from her throat, and had slid down into the water of the lagoon, midway between the Lido and the city of Venice. But the gondola was moving swiftly under the impulsion of a rower fore and aft, and, though they stopped a few moments after at her cry, the spot where it had fallen was already passed and left behind. She was vexed and provoked. She had many jewels, but the opal necklace was an heirloom, and of fine and curious workmanship. The gondoliers did their best to find it, but in vain. They were in the deeper water of the sailing roads, which were marked out by the lines of poles, and the necklace, a slight thing, had been borne away by the current setting in from the open sea.

It was a pale afternoon in late summer; the heat was still great; the skies and the waters were of the same soft, dreamy, silvery hue, and the same transparency and ethereality were on the distant horizons of the hills, west and east. The only colour there was came from the ruddy painted sails of some fruit-laden market-boats which were passing to leeward.

Neither of the men could swim; many Venetians cannot; but they got over the side and waded up to their waists in the water, and with their oars struck and sounded the sandy bottom, while she encouraged them with praise and extravagant promise of reward. Their efforts were of no avail. The lagoon, which has been the grave of so many, kept the drowned opals.

"We will go back and send divers," she said to her men, who, wet to their waists, were well content to turn the head of the gondola back to the city.

"I am glad you have lost them," replied her friend. "They are stones of misfortune."

"Nonsense! They were beautiful, and they were Ninetta Zaranegra's, poor Carlo's great-great-grandmother; they were one of her nuptial presents a hundred and twenty years ago. I must have the men dive and dredge till they are found. The water is so shallow. I cannot think how the collar can have vanished so completely in such a moment of time."

She ascended her palace steps, and dismissed her gondoliers with a gesture, as she paused in the entrance-hall to tell her major-domo of her loss, and consult him as to the best means to recover the necklace. The hall was painted in fresco, with beautiful Moorish windows, and a groined and gilded ceiling, and a wide staircase of white marble, uncarpeted. Opposite the entrance was a latticed door, through which was seen the bright green of acacias, crataegus, and laurel growing in a garden.

On the morrow, when it was known through Venice that the rich and generous Countess Zaranegra had lost her jewels, all the best divers hurried to the place where the opals had dropped, and worked sedulously from daybreak to find it, sailors and fishermen and boatmen all joining in the search, in hope to merit the reward she promised. But no one of them succeeded. Their efforts were useless. The

Ca' Zaranegra were more fortunate; they could sit round the great bronze brazier in the hall of their lady's house, and the gondola was laid up high and dry to await the spring, and their wages were paid with regularity and liberality by the silent and austere major-domo who reigned in the forsaken palace, for their lady was away on warmer shores than the wind-beaten, surge-drowned sea-walls of their city.

The winter was hard: snow lay long on the Istrian hills and on the Paduan pastures; there was ice on the rigging of the Greek brigs in the Giudecca; and the huge ocean steamers from the east looked like uncouth prehistoric beasts, black and gigantic, as they loomed through the fogs, moving slowly towards the docks under cautious pilotage. There were laughter and warmth in the theatres, and the sounds of music came from some of the palaces; but in the Calle, in the fishermen's quarters, on the islands, on board the poor rough sailing craft, and among the maritime population generally, there were great suffering and much want; and by the bar of Malamocco and off the coast of Chioggia there were wrecks which strewed the waters with broken timbers and dashed drowning sailors like seaweed on to the wooden piles. Stout boats were broken like shells, and strong seafaring men were washed to and fro like driftwood. But the frail opal



"Oh! my necklace!" cried a fair woman, as she leaned over the side of her gondola.

They wore white clothes with red sashes and red ribbons round their straw hats: they were in her private service. They steered quickly home again over the calm water-way, and in and out the crowded craft by the Schiavone, past the Customs House, and S. Giorgio, and the Salvatore, until they reached a palace on the Grand Canal, which was their mistress's residence, with poles painted red and white, with coronets on their tops, marking the landing-stairs in the old Venetian fashion.

"I have lost my opals in the water!" she cried to a friend who was on one of the balconies of the first floor.

tenacious water would not yield up its prey. The opals were gone, like spindrift.

II.

The winter came and went, wrapping Venice in its mists, driving the sea-birds into the inland canals, making the pigeons sit ruffled and sad on the parapets of the palaces, and leaving many a gondolier unemployed, to warm his hands over little fires of driftwood under the snow-sprinkled rafters and naked vine-branches of his traghetto. The gondoliers of the

necklace of the Countess Zaranegra was safe in the midst of the strife: it had fallen into a hollow in a sunken pile and lay there, unharmed, while above it the stormy tides rose and fell, and the winds churned the cream of the surf. There it lay, all through the rough winter weather, while the silvery gulls died of hunger, and the sea-swallows were hurled by the hurricane on to the lanterns of lighthouses and against the timbers of vessels.

It weathered many storms, this frail toy, made to lie on the warm breasts of women, while the storm kings drew down to their death the breadwinners for

whom wife and children vainly prayed on shore, and the daring mariners for whom the deep had had no terrors.

In the hollow of the old oak pile the opals remained all winter long, lying like birds' eggs in a nest, while the restless waters washed and swirled above its sanctuary. The worn stump of the wood had kept its place for centuries, and many a corpse had drifted past it outward to the sea in days when the white marbles of St. Mark's city had run red with blood. It had once been the base of a sea-shrine, of a Madonna of the waters to whom the boatmen passing had invoked the Stella Maris Virgine, so dear to fishermen and sailors.

But the painted shrine had long disappeared, and only the piece of timber, down underneath the waters, rooted in the sand among the ribbon-weed and mussels, had had power to resist the forces of tide and tempest.

All the winter long the old wood kept the opals safe and sound. When the cold passed, and the blasts from the Dolomite glaciers softened, and the orchards of the fruit islands were in bud, the opals were still in their hollow, covered from the sea by the bend of the wood above them, so that, though often wet, they were never washed away.

But one day, when the peach and pear and plum trees had in turn burst into blossom on the isles, and the flocks of gulls who had survived the stress of famine and frost had returned to their feeding-places on the outer lagoons, a large iron ship coming from the Black Sea gave a rude shock in passing to the old oak pile; the top of it under the blow parted and fell asunder; the necklace was washed out of its hiding-place, and, carried in the heavy trough of the steamer's path, was floated nearer to the isles, farther from the city. It became entangled with some algae, and, rocked on the weed as on a little raft, was borne to and fro by a strong wind rushing from the north-east, and so was driven round past San Cristoforo and Burano, and was finally carried ashore up the creeks into the long grasses and reeds beneath the Devil's Bridge at Torcello. The yellow water-iris was then flowering, and two little reed-warblers were nestling among the flags, as the opals were drifted up under some hemlock-leaves, and there rested.

"I think they are eggs, but they are all strung together," said the warbler to his mate.

"They look more like the spawn of a fish," said the little winged lady, with scorn.

A water-rat came up and smelt at them, then went away disdainfully; they were not good to eat. For birds and beasts do not care for jewels: it is only humanity, which thinks itself superior to them, which sees any value in stones, and calls such toys precious.

III.

The devil is credited with building many bridges on the earth; it is hard to know why he should have done so, since waters, however wide, cannot possibly have been an obstacle in his own path.

But Devil's Bridges there are, from the Hebrides to the Isles of Greece.



The winter came and went, wrapping Venice in its mists.



The gondoliers of the *Cu' Zaranegra* were more fortunate; they could sit round the great bronze brazier in the hall of their lady's house. . . . Their wages were paid with regularity and liberality by the silent and austere major-domo.

The Devil's Bridge at Torcello has been so called from the height and breadth of its one arch, but there is nothing diabolical or infernal in its appearance: it is of old brick made beautiful in its hues by age, and has many seeding grasses and weeds growing in its crevices. Its banks are rich in grass, in flags, in sea-lavender, and about it grow hazel-trees and pear-trees.

There is nowhere in the world any grass richer than that of Torcello; and forget-me-nots, honeysuckle, and wild roses grow down to the water's edge and around the hoary stones of the deserted isle.

"What a God-forgotten place!" said a young man as he sprang from a boat on to the bank by the bridge.

"Torcello was the mother of Venice; the daughter has slain her," replied an older man as he laid down his oars in the boat and prepared to follow his companion.

His foot trod among the hemlock-leaves and was entangled by them. He stooped, and his eyes, which were very keen, caught sight of the string of opals.

"A woman's necklace!" he said, as he drew it out from under the salt seaweed and the dewy dock-leaves. It was discoloured, and had sand and mud on it, and bore little traces of its former beauty; but he recognised that it was a jewel of worth; he perceived, even dulled as they were, that the stones were opals.

"What have you there?" cried the younger man from above on the bank. "The skull of an Archimandrite?"

The other threw the necklace up on to the grass.

"You would have been a fitter finder of a woman's collar than I am."

"Opals! The stones of sorrow!" said the younger man, gravely, as he raised it and brushed off the sand. "It has been beautiful," he added. "It will be so again. It is not really hurt, only a little bruised and tarnished."

The necklace interested him; he examined it minutely as the sun shone on the links of dimmed gold. It awakened in him an image of the woman who might have possessed and worn it.

"What will you do with it?" he said to his companion, who had mounted on to the bank after securing the boat.

"What does one always do with things found? Send them to the police, I believe."

"Oh, you Goth!" said the younger. "Let us spend our lives in discovering the owner."

"You can spend yours so if you like, prince. Mine is already in bond to a severer mistress."

"Lend me your glass," said the younger man. The glass was of strong magnifying power; when it was handed to him he looked through it at some little marks on the back of the clasp of the opal collar. "*Zaranegra*, 1770," he read aloud. "*Zaranegra* is a Venetian name."

There was an inscription so minute that to the unaided eye it was invisible; through the glass it was possible to read it. It was this—

NINA DELLA LUCEDIA
CONTESSA ZARANEGRA
Capo d'Anno
1770.

"Zaranegra!" repeated the younger man. "That is a Venetian name."

Lucedia is a name of the Marches of Ancona. There is a Ca' Zaranegra on the Grand Canal. It is next to the Loredân. You admired its Moorish windows on the second storey this morning. Carlo Zaranegra died young; he left a widow, who is only twenty now. She is a daughter of the Duke of Monfalcone—a family of the Trentino, but pure Italians in blood. Their place is in the mountains above Gorizia. It must be she who owns this necklace—an heirloom probably."

"Take it to her," said the finder of it with indifference; "I cede you my rights."

The younger laughed.

"Ah! who knows what they may become?"

They entered first of all the old church of S. Fosca. The younger man went straight to the altar, with uncovered head, and knelt before it—a soft and serious look upon his face as his lips moved.

The elder cast a glance, contemptuous and derisive, on him, and turned to look at the five arcades, with their columns, so precious to those who understand the laws of architecture.

He was learned in many things; and architecture and archæology were the studies which were to him pastimes in the rare hours of recreation which he allowed himself.

"Have you prayed to find the mistress of the opals?" he said to the younger man, who, risen from his knees, approached him, a red light of the late

advanced and the sun was setting without beyond the world of waters.

Two peasant women were saying their Aves before low burning lamps. The scent of the grass and the smell of the sea came in through the open door. A cat walked noiselessly across the altar. As the church was now, so it had been a thousand years earlier.

"Does this place say nothing to you?" asked the younger man.

"Nothing," replied the other. "What should it say?"

IV.

When the young Sicilian Prince Lionello Adrianis, head



"Lend me your glass," said the younger man. The glass was of strong magnifying power; when it was handed to him he looked through it at some little marks on the back of the clasp of the opal collar.

"Whatever they may become they are yours. I do not appreciate that kind of reward."

"Really?" said the younger man. "If so I pity you!"

"Nay, I pity you," said the elder.

The young man still stood with the opals in his hands. With a wisp of grass he had cleared the sand in a measure off them; the pearly softness and the roseate flame of the stones began to show here and there. Two alone of their number were missing.

"Come," said his companion with impatience. "Put that broken rubbish in your pocket and let us go and see the Cathedral and S. Fosca, for it will soon grow dark."

They walked along the dyke of turf which traverses the isle, past the low fruit-trees and the humble cabins of the few peasants who dwell there; the grass was long and full of ox-eyed daisies and purple loosestrife and pink campion. They soon reached the green and quiet place where the sacred buildings of S. Maria and S. Fosca stand in the solitude of field and sea.

afternoon slanting in from an upper window in the apse, and falling on his bright hair and beautiful classic face.

The young man coloured.

"I prayed that the stones may bring us no evil," he said with ingenuous simplicity. "Laugh as you will, a prayer can never do harm; and you know opals are stones of sorrow."

"I know you are a credulous child—a superstitious peasant—though you are twenty-four years old and have royal and noble blood in your veins."

"If you had not saved my life, I would throw you into the sea," replied the other, half in jest, half in anger. "Leave my faiths alone. Lead your own barren life as you choose, but do not cut down flowers in the garden of others."

"Life is only a garden for you," said the elder man, with a touch of envy in the tone of his voice.

It was dusk in S. Fosca, for the day was far

of an ancient Hispano-Italian family, had met with a hunting accident, and the tusks of an old boar had brought him near to death, an English surgeon, by name Frederic Damer, who was then in Palermo, did for him what none of the Italian surgeons dared to do; and, so far as the phrase can ever be correct of human action, saved his life. A year had passed since then; the splendid vitality of the Sicilian had returned to all its natural vigour; he was only twenty-four years of age, and naturally strong as a young oak in the woods of Etna. But he had a mother who loved him, and was anxious; she begged the Englishman to remain awhile near him; the Sicilian laughed but submitted; he and Damer had travelled together in Egypt and India during several months, and were now about in another month to part company; the Sicilian to return to his own people, the Englishman to occupy a chair of physiology in a town of northern Europe.

Their lives had been briefly united by accident, and

would have parted in peace: a collar of opals was by chance washed up amongst the flags and burdocks of Torcello and the shape of their fate was altered.

With such trifles do the gods play when they stake the lives of men on the game.

Damer was the son of a country physician, but his father had been poor, the family numerous, and he, a third son, had been sent out into the world with only his education as his capital. He practised surgery to live; he practised physiology to reach through it that power and celebrity for which his nature craved and his mental capacity fitted him. But at every step his narrow means galled and fretted him, and he had been a demonstrator, an assistant, a professor in schools, when his vast ability and relentless will fitted him for the position of a Helmholtz or a Virchow in that new priesthood which has arisen to claim the rule of mankind, and sacrifices to itself all sentient races.

In Adrianis he saw all the powers of youth and of wealth concentrated in one who merely used them for a careless enjoyment and a thoughtless good-nature, which seemed, to himself, as senseless as the dance in the sun of an amorous negro.

Adrianis and the whole of his family had shown him the utmost gratitude, liberality, and consideration, and the young prince bore from him good-humouredly sarcasms and satires which he would not have supported from an emperor; but Damer in his turn felt for the Sicilian and his people nothing but the contempt of the great intellect for the uncultured mind, the irritation of the wise man who sees a child gaily making a kite to divert itself out of the parchments of a treatise in an unknown tongue which, studied, might have yielded up to the student the secret of perished creeds and of lost nations. There is no pride so arrogant, no supremacy so unbending, as those of the intellect. It may stand, like Belisarius, a beggar at the gate; but, like Belisarius, it deems itself the superior of all the crowds who drop their alms to it, and while it stretches out its hand to them its lips curse them.

V.

They went, without visiting the basilica, back to Venice in the twilight, which deepened into night as they drew near the city; the moon was high and the air still. They dined in the spacious rooms set aside in the hotel for the young prince. When the dinner was over Adrianis rose.

"Will you come?" he asked.

"Where?" asked Damer.

"To the Ca' Zaranegra," he replied, with a boyish laugh.

"Not I," replied Damer.

"A *riederei*, then," said Adrianis.

But he lingered a moment.

"It will not be fair to you," he said, "for me to take the credit of having found this necklace."

"Whatever honour there may be in the salvage I cede it, I tell you, willingly."

"Of course I shall tell her that it was you."

"There is no need to do so: I am not a squire of dames. She will prefer a Sicilian prince to a plain man of science. However, you must find the lady first. The true owner lies under some moss-grown slab in some chapel crypt, no doubt."

"Why will you speak of death? I hate it."

"Hate it as you may, it will overtake you. Alexander hated it, but still—! When we shall have found the secret of life we may, perhaps, find the antidote to death. But that time is not yet."

He looked at his companion as he spoke, and thought what he did not speak—

"Yes; strong as you are, and young as you are, and fortunate as you are, you, too, will die like the pauper and the cripple and the beggar!"

The reflection gratified him; for of the youth, of the beauty, of the fortune he was envious, and with all his scorn of higher intellect, he despised the childlike, happy, amorous temperament, and the uncultured mind which went with them.

"If I had only his wealth," he thought often. "Or if he only had my knowledge!"

"When we shall have penetrated the secret of life, we shall perhaps be able to defy death," repeated Adrianis. "What use would that be? You would soon have the world so full that there would be no standing-room; and what would you do with the choking multitudes?"

"I never knew you so logical," said the elder man, contemptuously. "But have no fear. We are far enough off the discovery; when it is made it will remain in the hands of the wise. The immortality of fools will never be contemplated by science."

"The wise will not refuse to sell the secret to the wealthy fools," thought his companion, but he forbore to say so. He was generous of temper, and knew that his companion had both wisdom and poverty.

A few seconds later the splash of the canal water beneath the balcony told the other that the gondola was moving.

"What a child!" thought Damer, with impatient contempt; he turned up the light of his reading-lamp, opened a number of the French *Journal de Physiologie*, and began to read, not heeding the beauty of the moonlit marbles of the Salvatore in front of him, or listening to the song from "Mignon" which a sweet-voiced lad was singing in a boat below. He read on thus in solitude for three hours; the great tapestried and gilded room behind him, the gliding water below; the beautiful church in front of his balcony, the laughter, the music, the swish of oars, the thrill of lutes and guitars, all the evening movement on the canal as the crowds went to

to her. She had a duenna with her. It was all solemn and correct. She was enchanted to find her necklace. It was an heirloom which Zaranegra gave her. He was killed in a duel, as I told you, two years ago. She is very beautiful and looks twenty years old—even less. I was very honest; I told her that an Englishman who was travelling with me had enjoyed the honour of finding the opals, and she wishes to see you to-morrow. I promised to take you *in prima sera*; you surely ought to be grateful."

Damer shrugged his shoulders and looked regretfully at his papers and pencils.

"Women only disturb one," he said ungraciously.

Adrianis laughed.

"It is that disturbance which perfumes our life and shakes the rose-leaves over it. But I remember, to attract you a woman must be lying, dead or alive, on an operating-table."

"Alive by preference," said Damer. "The dead are little use to us; their nervous system is still, like a stopped clock."

"A creature must suffer to interest you?"

"Certainly."

Adrianis shuddered slightly.

"Why did you save me?"

Damer smiled.

"My dear prince, it is my duty to save where I can. I should have preferred to let you alone, and study your natural powers of resistance in conflict with the destruction which was menacing them. But I could not follow my preferences. I was called in to assist your natural powers by affording them artificial resistance, and I was bound to do so."

Adrianis made a grimace which signified disappointment and distaste.

"If my mother knew you looked at it in that way she would not adore you, my friend, as she does."

"The princess exaggerates," said Damer, putting out his lamp. "Mothers always do; I do not think I ever said anything to lead her to deceive herself with regard to me. She knows what my interests and my pursuits are."

"But," said Adrianis, wistfully, "surely there are many men of science, many surgeons, whose desire is to console, to amend, who care for the poor human material on which they work?"

"There are some," replied Damer, "but they are not in the front ranks of their profession, nor will science ever owe much to them."

The young man was silent; he felt in his moral nature as he had sometimes felt in his physical, when a chill icy wind had risen and passed through the sunshine of a balmy day. He shook off the impression with the mutability of a happy temper.

"*Eh, via!*" he cried. "You make me feel cold in the marrow of my bones. Good-night. I am tired, and I go to dream of the lady of the opals. Like you, I prefer living women to dead ones, but I do not wish them to suffer. I wish them to enjoy—for my sake and their own!"

Damer, left alone, relit his lamp, took up his papers and books, went into the room, for the night was fresh, and remained reading and writing until daybreak.

VI.

Veronica Zaranegra was charmed to find her necklace; she was still more charmed to find an adventure through it.

This beautiful youth, with his starry eyes, soft with admiration, who had brought her back the opals, looked like a knight out of fairyland. She was young; she was weary of the seclusion of her widowhood; she was kept in close constraint by those who had authority over her; she was ready to re-enter life in its enjoyments, its amusements, its affections, its

desires. The tragic end of her husband had impressed and saddened her, but she had recovered from its shock. The marriage had been arranged by their respective families, and the hearts of neither had been consulted. Zaranegra, however, had become much in love with her, and had left her all which it was in his power to leave, and that had been much.

She was like a picture of Caterina Cornaro as she stood on the balcony of her house; her golden hair was enclosed in a pearl-sown net; she had some crimson carnations at her throat, and her cloak of red satin, lined with sables, lay on her shoulders and fell to her feet like the robes of a Dogressa.

The balcony was filled with spiræa, whose white blossoms were like snow about her in the starlight and lamplight as the gondola which brought the Sicilian prince and his companion to her palace paused below at the water-stairs.

"How clever it was of you to see my opals under



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and fro the Piazza, not disturbing him from his studies, of which every now and then he made a note in pencil in a pocket-book.

It was twelve o'clock when into the empty, brilliantly lighted room Adrianis entered and came across it to where Damer sat on the balcony.

"I have found her!" he said, with a joyous triumph. The moonlight shone on his dark, starry eyes, his laughing mouth, his tall figure, full of grace and strength like the form of the Greek Hermes in the Vatican.

Damer laid aside his papers with impatience.

"And she has welcomed you, apparently? It is midnight, and you look victorious."

Adrianis made a gesture of vexed protestation.

"Pray do not suspect such things. I sent in my card and begged her major-domo to say that I had found her necklace. She sent word for me to go upstairs that she might thank me. Of course, my name was known

the grass and the sand!" she said a few moments later, as Adrianis presented Damer in the long, dim room, hung with tapestries and rich in bronzes, marbles, pictures, and mosaics.

She threw her cloak on a couch as she spoke; she was dressed in black, but the gauze sleeves of the gown showed her fair arms, and the bodice was

"Sight is a matter of training; I use my eyes. Most people do not use theirs."

She looked at him curiously and laughed. The answer seemed to her very droll.

"Everybody sees except the blind," she said, somewhat puzzled.

"And the purblind," added Damer.

below applauded. Damer sat in the shadow, and listened, and looked at them. Music said little or nothing to him; he had scarcely any comprehension of it; but something in the sound of those blended voices touched a chord in his nature; made him feel vaguely sad, restlessly desirous, foolishly irritated. The light fell on the handsome head of the youth, on the carnations



There was a mandoline lying on the grand piano; he took it up and sang to it a Sicilian love-song; she took it from him and sang Venetian barcarolle and stornelli. . . . Damer sat in the shadow, and listened, and looked at them.

slightly open on her bosom; her face was bright like a rose above the deep shadow of the gown; her hair had been a little ruffled by the wind of the evening as she had stood on the balcony.

"Madame," said Damer, as he bowed to her with a strange and unwelcome sense of embarrassment, "Prince Adrianis should not have told you that I had such good fortune. I am no fit squire of dames: he is."

"But how came you to see them, all dull and muddy as they were?"

She did not catch his meaning. She turned from him a little impatiently and addressed Adrianis.

She spoke of music. Adrianis was accomplished in that art; there was a mandoline lying on the grand piano; he took it up and sang to it a Sicilian love-song; she took it from him and sang Venetian barcarolle and stornelli; then they sang together, and their clear, youthful voices blent melodiously. People passing on the canal stopped their gondolas under the balcony to listen; some Venetian professional musicians in a boat

at the lady's throat, on the rings on their hands, which touched as they took the mandoline one from the other; behind them were the open casement, the balcony with its white flowers, the lighted frontage of a palace on the opposite side of the canal.

As they ceased to sing, the people below on the water applauded again, and cried, "Brava! brava! Bis, bis!"

Adrianis laughed and rose, and, going out on to the balcony, threw some money to the boatload of

ambulant musicians who had left off their playing and singing to listen.

"Those artists below are very kind to us amateurs," said Adrianis, with a little branch of spiræa in his hand, which he proceeded to fasten in his button-hole as he came back into the light of the room.

"You are more than an amateur."

"Oh! all Sicilians sing. The syrens teach us."

"Prince Adrianis is a poet," said Damer, with a harsh tone in his voice.

"Who never wrote a verse," said Adrianis, as he handed a cup of coffee to his hostess.

"Shut the windows," said the Countess Zaranegra to her servants, who brought on coffee and wine, lemonade and syrups.

Through the closed windows the sound of a chorus sung by the strolling singers below came faintly and muffled into the room; the lamplight shone on the white spray of the spiræa in his coat, which looked like a crystal of snow.

"If I had found the opals I should have been inspired by them," he added. "As it is, I am dumb and unhappy."

Veronica Zaranegra smiled.

"If you are dumb, so was Orpheus."

"And if you are unhappy, so was Prince Fortunatus," added Damer. "You are only sad out of wantonness, because the gods have given you too many gifts."

"Or because he has stolen a piece of spiræa!"

"I may keep my theft?" asked Adrianis.

"Yes. For you brought back the opals, though you did not find them."

Soon after they both took their leave of her, and went down to the waiting gondola. The boatload of musicians had drifted upwards towards Rialto, the colours of their paper lanterns glowing through the dark. There was no moon. They did not speak to each other in the few minutes which carried them to their hotel. When they reached it they parted with a brief good-night. Neither asked the other what his impressions of the lady and of the evening had been.

The night was dark. Mists obscured the stars. The lights at the Dogana and of the lamps along the Schiavone were shining brightly, and many other lights gleamed here and there, where they shone in gondolas, or boats, or at the mastsheads of vessels anchored in the dock of St. Mark. The hour was still early; eleven o'clock, and the canal was not yet deserted. There was the liquid sound of parting water as people went to and fro on its surface. At such an hour Venice is still what it was in the days of Paul Veronese, or of Virginia di Leyva.

Adrianis sat by the sea-wall of the hotel garden and looked absently down the dark expanse studded with lights like diamonds, and thought exclusively of the woman he had quitted. He saw her golden hair shining in the lamplight, the red of the knot of carnations at her throat, the slender, jewelled hand on the mandoline, the smiling, rose-like mouth; he heard the clear, fresh, unstrained voice rising and falling with his own, while her eyes smiled and her eyes met his.

"Stones of sorrow! stones of sorrow!" he thought. "No, no. They shall be jewels of joy to me, to her. Love is born of a glance, of a note, of a murmur. It is the wonder-flower of life. It blossoms full-grown in an instant. It needs neither time nor reflection."

His heart beat gladly in him; his nerves were thrilled and throbbing; his welcome of a new and profound emotion was without fear.

In such a mood the merest trifle has eloquence. He was sorry when he looked down on the spray of spiræa in his coat, and saw that all the little starry flowers of it had fallen off and vanished, as though it had indeed been snow which had melted at a breath of scirocco.

VII.

Two weeks passed and brought the month of May. On the many island banks long sprays of dog-rose and honeysuckle hung down over the water, and the narrow canals which ran through them were tunnels of blossom and verdure; on the sunny shallows thousands of white-winged gulls were fishing and bathing all the day long; and in the churches azaleas and lilies and arums were grouped round the altars under the dark-winged angels of Tintoretto and the golden-haired cherubim of Tiepolo.

The nights were still cold, but the days were warm, were at noontide even hot; and Veronica Zaranegra passed almost all her time on the water. There was a little orchard island which belonged to the family out beyond Mazzorbo. In the previous century a small summer-house or pavilion, with a red-tiled dome like a beehive, had been erected on it and was still there; a pretty toy still, though its frescoed walls were faded, and its marble landing-steps eaten away by the incessant washing of the sea; it was embowered in peach and plum and pear trees, and looked westward. Here she came often for breakfast, or for afternoon tea, or the evening *merenda* of fruit, sweetmeats, and wine, and here she was often accompanied by a gay party of Venetians of her own years and by the two strangers who had given her back her opals. The weather was rainless and radiant; the gondolas glided like swallows over the lagoons; she was rich, childlike, fond of pleasure; she tried to bring back the life of the eighteenth century, and amused herself with reviving

its customs, its costumes, its comedies, as they had been before the storms of revolution and the smoke of war had rolled over the Alps, and Arcole and Marengo had silenced the laughter of Italy.

"I wish I had lived when this collar was new," she said, when her jewellers returned to her the opals restored to their pristine brilliancy. "Life in Venice was one long festa then; I have read of it. It was all masque, and serenade, and courtship, and magnificence. People were not philosophical about life then: they lived. Nina Zaranegra was a beautiful woman. They have her portrait in the Belle Arti. She holds a rose to her lips and laughs. She was killed by her husband for an amour. She had these opals on her throat when he drove the stiletto through it. At least, so Carlo used to tell me. But perhaps it was not true."

"Do not wear them," said Adrianis, to whom she was speaking. "Do not wear them if they are blood-stained. You know they are stones of sorrow."

She laughed.

"You Sicilians are superstitious. We northerners are not. I like to wear them for that very reason of their tragedy."

She took up the necklace and clasped it round her throat; some tendrils of her hair caught in the clasp; she gave an involuntary little cry of pain. Adrianis hastened to release her hair from the clasp. His hand trembled; their eyes met, and said much to each other. Damer, who was near, drew nearer.

"I have seen the portrait in the Belle Arti," he said. "The Countess Nina symbolises silence with her rose, but she has the face of a woman who would not keep even her own secrets. Indeed, a charming woman is always *bavarde comme les pies*, as the French say."

"You despise women," said Veronica Zaranegra, with vexation.

"Oh, no. But I should not give them my confidence any more than I should give a delicate scientific instrument to a child."

"Not even to a woman whom you loved?"

"Still less to a woman whom I loved."

"You are a mysterious sage," she said, a little impatiently. "You regard us as if we were children indeed, incapable of any comprehension."

Damer did not dispute the accusation.

"Did I hear you say," he asked, "that the lovely original of that portrait was murdered by her husband?"

"Yes, and he would not even allow her Christian burial, but had her body carried out on to the Orfano Canal, and thrown into the water, with a great stone tied to her feet."

"He was primitive," said Damer. "Those are rough, rude ways of vengeance."

"What would you have done?"

"I hardly know; but I should not have so stupidly wasted such a beautiful organism. Besides, the end was too swift to be any great punishment."

She was silent, looking at him with that mixture of curiosity, interest, and vague apprehension which he always aroused in her. She was not very intelligent, but she had quick susceptibilities; there was that in him which alarmed them and yet fascinated them.

"He awes me," she said later in the day to Adrianis. "So often one cannot follow his meaning, but one always feels his reserve of power."

It was a grave speech for a light-hearted lover of pleasure. Adrianis heard it with vexation, but he was loyal to the man who, as he considered, had saved his life.

"He is a person of great intellect," he answered; "we are pigmies beside him. But—"

"But what?"

"He used his brains to cure my body. So I must not dispute the virtue of his use of them. Yet sometimes I fancy that he has no heart. I think all the forces in him have only nourished his mind, which is immense. But his heart, perhaps, has withered away, getting no nourishment. He would say I talk nonsense; but I think you will understand what I mean."

"I think I understand," said Veronica, thoughtfully.

She had thought very little in her careless young life; she had begun to think more since these two men had come into it.

"Adrianis merits better treatment than you give him," said her duenna to her that day. "How long will you keep him in suspense? You ought to remember 'what hell it is in waiting to abide.'"

"A hell?" said Veronica, with the colour in her face. "You mean a paradise!"

"A fool's paradise, I fear," replied the elder woman.

"And what does that other man do here? He told me he was due at some university in Germany."

"How can I tell why either of them stays?" said Veronica, disingenuously, as her conscience told her. "Venice allures many people, especially in her spring season."

"So does a woman in her spring," said the elder lady drily, with an impatient gesture.

"You are angry with me," said Veronica, mournfully.

"No, my dear. It is as useless to be angry with you as to be angry with a young cat because in its gambols it breaks a vase of which it knows nothing of the preciousness."

Veronica Zaranegra did not resent or reply. She knew the vase was precious; she did not mean to break it, but she wanted to be free awhile longer. Mutual

love was sweet, but it was not freedom. And what she felt ashamed of was a certain reluctance which moved her to allow Damer to see or know that she loved a man of so little intellectual force as Adrianis, a man who had nothing but his physical beauty and his gay, glad temper and kind heart.

"Do you want nothing more than these?" the gaze of Damer seemed in her imagination to say to her.

She was angered with herself for thinking of him or of his opinion; he was not of her world or of her station; he was a professional man, a worker, a teacher; natural pride of lineage and habit made her regard him as in no way privileged to be considered by her. And yet she could not help being influenced by that disdain of the mental powers of others which he had never uttered, but which he continually showed. Indecision is the greatest bane of women; obstinacy costs them much, but indecision costs them more. The will of Veronica flickered like a candle in the wind, veered hither and thither like a fallen leaf in a gust of wind and rain.

Adrianis was delightful to her; his beauty, his gaiety, and his homage were all sympathetic to her. She knew that he loved her, but she prevented him telling her so: she liked her lately acquired liberty; she did not want a declaration which would force her to decide in one way or another what to do with her future. And she was affected without being aware of it by the scarcely disguised contempt which his companion had for him. It was seldom outspoken; but it was visible in every word of Damer, in every glance.

"He is beautiful—yes," he said once to her. "So is an animal."

"Do you not like animals?"

"I do not like or dislike them. The geologist does not like or dislike the stones he breaks up, the metallurgist does not like or dislike the ore he fuses."

She did not venture to ask him what he meant; she had a vague conception of his meaning, and it gave her a chill as such replies gave to Adrianis; a chill such as the north wind, when it comes down from the first snows on the Dolomite peaks, gives to the honeysuckle flowers hanging over the sea-walls. She was not clever or much educated, but she had seen a good deal of the world, and she had heard men talk of science, of its pretensions and its methods, its self-worship and its tyrannies. She had put her rosy fingers in her ears and run away when they had so spoken, but some things she had heard and now remembered.

"You are what they call a physiologist?" she said once, suddenly.

"I am," replied Damer.

She looked at him under her long silky lashes as a child looks at what it fears in the dusk of a fading day. He attracted her and repelled her, as when she had herself been a little child she had been at once charmed and frightened by the great ghostly figures on the tapestries, and the white and grey busts of gods and sages on the grand staircase of her father's house in the Trentino. She would have liked to ask him many things, things of mystery and of horror, but she was afraid. After all, how much better were the sea, the sunshine, the dog-rose, the barcarolle, the laughter, the lute!

She turned to Adrianis, who at that moment came along the sands of the beach, his hands filled with spoils from the blossoming hedges; turned to him as when, a little child on the staircase in the dusk, she had run to reach the shelter of a warmed and lighted room. He was of her own country, her own age, her own temperament; he carried about him a sense of gladness, an atmosphere of youth; he was of her own rank; he was as rich as she, and richer. There was no leaven of self-seeking in the love he bore her; the passion she had roused in him was pure of any alloy; it was the love of the poets and the singers. If she accepted it, her path, from youth to age, would be like one of those flowering meadows of his own Sicily, which fill the cloudless day with perfume.

She knew that; her foot was ready to tread the narcissus-filled grass, but by an unaccountable indecision and caprice she would not let him invite her thither. She continually evaded or eluded the final words which would have united them or parted them.

Again and again, when that moment of decision could not have been postponed, the sombre shadow of Damer had appeared, as in the moment when the clasp of the necklace had been entangled in the little curls at the back of her throat.

It might be chance, it might be premeditation; but he was always there in those moments when the heart of Adrianis leaped to his eyes and lips and called to hers.

VIII.

In the evening she was usually at home. She did not as yet go to balls or theatres; the aristocratic society of Venice flocked to her rooms, and what was best in the foreign element. In the evenings neither Adrianis nor Damer saw her alone; but in the daytime, on the island or in the water excursions, sometimes one or the other was beside her for a few minutes with no listener near.

Adrianis eagerly sought such occasions; Damer never seemed to seek them. He was often in her palace and on her island, but appeared to be so chiefly because he went where Adrianis went. No one could have told that he took pleasure in doing so.



MEADOW - SWEET.

By Charles E. Wilson.

But Adrianis, somewhat surprised at his lingering so long, thought to himself: "He was to be in Gothenburg by the tenth of May, and it is now the twenty-third."

"Have you given up your appointment?" he asked once, directly.

Damer merely answered, "No." He did not offer any explanation; but he continued to stay on in Venice, though he had removed from the fine apartments occupied by his friend to a house on the Fondamenti Nuovi, where he had hired two chambers.

Adrianis, who was very generous and had always a grateful and uneasy sense of unrepaid obligation, vainly urged him to remain at his hotel. But Damer, somewhat rudely, refused.

"I cannot pursue any studies there," he replied.

The house he had chosen was obscure and uninviting, standing amidst the clang of coppersmiths' hammers and the stench of iron-foundries in what was once the most patrician and beautiful garden-quarter of Venice, but which is now befouled, blackened, filled with smoke and clamour and vileness, where once the rose-terraces and the clematis-covered pergole ran down to the lagoon, and the marble stairs were white as snow under silken awnings.

"What do you do there?" Veronica Zaranegra wished to ask him; but she never did so. She felt vaguely afraid, as a woman of the Middle Ages would have feared to ask a magician what he did with his alembics and his spheres.

Although the eyes of lovers are proverbially washed by the collyrium of jealousy, those of Adrianis were blind to the passion which Damer, like himself, had conceived. The reserve and power of self-restraint in Damer were extreme, and served to screen his secret from the not very discerning mind of his companion. Moreover, the pride of race which was born and bred in Adrianis rendered it impossible for him to suspect that he possessed a rival in one who was, however mentally superior, so far socially inferior to himself and to the woman he loved.

That a man who was going to receive a stipend as a teacher in a German university could lift his eyes to Veronica Zaranegra would have seemed wholly impossible to one who had been reared in patrician and conservative tenets. He never noticed the fires which slumbered in the cold wide-opened eyes of his friend and monitor. He never observed how frequently Damer watched him and her when they were together, listened from afar to their conversation, and invariably interrupted them at any moment when their words verged on more tender or familiar themes. He was himself tenderly, passionately, romantically enamoured; his temper was full of a romance to which he could not often give adequate expression; his love for her had the timidity of all sincere and nascent passion; he was pained and chafed by the manner in which she avoided his definite declaration of it, but he did not for a moment trace it to its right cause, the magnetic influence which the Englishman had upon her, the hesitation which was given her by vague hypnotic suggestion. If any looker-on had warned him, he would have laughed and said that the days of magic were past.

He himself only counted time by the hours which brought him into her presence on the water, on the island, or in the evening receptions in the palace. He made water-festivals and pleasure-cruises to please her; he had sent for his own sailing-yacht from Palermo. The long, light days of late spring and earliest summer passed in a series of ingenious amusements of which the sole scope was to obtain a smile from her. Often she did smile, the radiance of youth and of a woman's willingness to be worshipped shining on her fair countenance as the sun shone on the sea. Sometimes, also, the smile ceased suddenly when, from a distance, her eyes encountered those of Damer.

All that was most delightful in life offered itself to her in the homage of Adrianis: his mother's welcome, his southern clime, his great love, his infinite tenderness and sweetness of temper, his great physical beauty. She longed to accept these great gifts; she longed to feel his arms folded about her and his cheek against hers; and yet she hesitated, she delayed, she avoided, because in the eyes of another man, whom she disliked and feared, she read mockery, disdain, and superiority. She could not have said what it was that she felt any more than the young spaniel could tell what moves it as it looks up into human eyes and reads authority in them, and crouches, trembling.

Why did he stay here? she asked herself, this cold, still, irresponsible man, who had nothing in him which was not alien to the youthful and pleasure-loving society in which he found himself, and who was by his own admission already overdue at the university to which he had been appointed.

"Are you not losing time?" she said once to him; "we are so frivolous, so ignorant, so unlike you."

"I never lose time," replied Damer. "An amœba in a pool on the sand is companion enough for me."

Seeing that she had no idea of what he meant, he added—

"A man of science is like an artist: his art is everywhere, wherever natural forms exist."

"Or like a sportsman," said Adrianis, who was listening; "his sport is everywhere, wherever there are living things to kill."

"Put it so, if you please," said Damer. But he was annoyed; he disliked being answered intelligently and sarcastically by one whom he considered a fool.

Whatever Adrianis said irritated him, though it was almost perpetually courteous and simple, as was the nature of the speaker.

Damer read the young man's heart like an open book, and he knew that it was wholly filled with the image of Veronica. He had never liked Adrianis; he had no liking for youth or for physical beauty, or for kindness and sweetness and simplicity of character. Such qualities were not in tune with him.

He had saved the life of Adrianis because it had interested and recompensed him to do so; he had travelled with him for a year because it suited him financially to do so. But he had never liked him; he had never been touched by any one of the many generous and delicate acts of the young man, nor by the trust which the mother of Adrianis continually expressed in her letters to himself. Where jealousy sits on the threshold of the soul, goodness and kindness and faith knock in vain for admittance. Envy is hatred in embryo, and only waits in the womb of time for birth.

IX.

One day Veronica asked him to go and see an old servant of the Zaranegra household who was very ill and in hospital; they had begged him not to go to the hospital, but he had wished to do so, and had been allowed to fulfil his wish. Damer went to visit him. He found the man at death's door with cancer of the food and air passages.

"If he be not operated on he will die in a week," said the Englishman.

None of the hospital surgeons dared perform such an operation.

"I will operate if you consent," said Damer.

The surgeons acquiesced.

"Will Biancon recover?" asked Veronica, when he returned and told her on what they had decided.

"In his present state he cannot live a week," replied Damer, evasively.

"Does he wish for the operation?"

"He can be no judge. He cannot know his own condition. He cannot take his own prognosis."

"But it will be frightful suffering."

"He will be under anæsthetics."

"But will he recover?"

"Madame, I am not the master of Fate."

"But what is probable?"

"What is certain is that the man will die if left as he is."

He performed the operation next day. The man ceased to breathe as it was ended; the shock to the nervous system had killed him.

When she heard that he was dead she burst into tears.

"Oh! why, oh! why," she said passionately to Damer later in the day, "why, if you knew he must die, did you torture him in his last moments?"

"I gave him a chance," he replied indifferently. "Anyhow, he would never have survived the operation more than a few weeks."

"Why did you torture him with it, then?" said Veronica, indignantly.

"It was a rare and almost unique opportunity. I have solved by it a doubt which has never been solved before, and never could have been without a human subject."

She shrank from him in horror.

"You are a wicked man!" she said faintly. "Oh, how I wish, how I wish I had never asked you to see my poor Biancon! He might have lived!"

"He would most certainly have died," said Damer, unmoved. "The life of a man at sixty is not an especially valuable thing, and I believe he did nothing all his life except polish your palace floors with beeswax or oil; I forget which it is they use in Venice."

She looked at him with a mixture of horror and fear.

"But you have killed him—and you can jest!"

"I did not kill him. His disease killed him," replied Damer, with calm indifference. "And his end has been a source of knowledge. I should wish my own end to be as fruitful."

She shuddered, and motioned to him to leave her.

"Go away, go away, you have no heart, and no conscience."

Damer smiled slightly.

"I have a scientific conscience; it is as good as a moral one, and does better work."

"Why did you bring that man to Venice?" she said to Adrianis some hours later. "He has killed my poor Biancon, and he cares nothing."

"Why do you receive him?" said Adrianis, feeling the reproach unjust. "Cease to receive him. That is very simple. If you banish him he is proud; he will not persist."

"He would not, perhaps, persist, but he would be revenged," she thought, but she did not say so. Though her life was short, she had learned in it that men are like detonators, which you cannot throw against each other without explosion.

Adrianis began to desire the exile of his companion, though his loyalty withheld him from trying to obtain it by any unfair means or unjust attack. He was mortified and disquieted. Why had he not had patience, and waited to carry the opals to the Ca' Zaranegra until the Englishman had been safe on the sea on his way to Trieste? He began to perceive that Damer had an influence on the Countess Veronica which was

contrary to his own, and adverse to his interests. He did not attach importance to it, because he saw that it was purely intellectual; but he would have preferred that it had not existed. So would she.

It was such an influence as the confessor obtains over the devotee, against which husband, lover, children, all natural ties, struggle altogether in vain.

It is not love; it is alien to love, but it is frequently stronger than love, and casts down the winged god maimed and helpless.

"*Pierres de malheur! Pierres de malheur!*" she said, as she looked at the opals that night, "Why did you bring that cruel man into my life?"

She might banish him as Adrianis had said, but she felt that she would never have courage to do it. Damer awed her. She felt something of what the poor women in the Salpêtrière had felt when he had hypnotised them, and made them believe that they clasped their hands on red-hot iron, or were being dragged by ropes to the scaffold. She strove to resist and conquer the impression, but she was subjugated by it against her will.

She buried her poor old servant that night, and followed the coffin in its gondola in her own, with her men in mourning and the torches burning at the prow.

From the casement of his high tower on the north of the city, which looked over the lagoon towards that island which is now the cemetery of Venice, with its tall mosque-like Campanile and its high sea-walls, Damer saw and recognised her on that errand of respect to the humble dead. He saw also the long boat of the yacht of Adrianis, laden with flowers, following her gondola at a little distance, as though its owner were timid and uncertain of welcome. He recognised them both in the evening light, and through his binocular could discern their features, their hands, their garlands, as the torches flamed, and the water, roughened by wind, broke against the black sides of her gondola and the white sides of the boat.

"Two children," he thought, "made for each other, with their flowers and fables and follies! I should do best to leave them together."

Then he shut his window and turned from the sight of the silver water, the evening skies, the gliding vessels.

His work awaited him. Bound on a plank lay a young sheepdog which he had bought from a peasant of Mazzorbo for a franc. It was living; he reckoned it would live in its mute and unpitied agony for twelve hours more—long enough for the experiment which he was about to make.

These were the studies for which he had come to the tower on the Fondamenti.

The clang of hammers and the roar of furnaces drowned the cries of animals which it was not convenient to make aphone; and the people of the quarter were too engrossed in their labours to notice when he flung down into the water dead or half-dead mutilated creatures.

X.

After the death of the serving-man Biancon the name of the English scientist and surgeon became known and revered among the persons of his own profession in Venice. The poor man had died certainly from the shock to the nerves, but that was of small moment. The operation had been eminently successful, as science counts success. It had been admirably performed, and had, as he had said to Veronica, cleared up a doubt which could not, without a human subject, have been satisfactorily dissipated. His skill, his manual dexterity, his courage, were themes of universal praise, and more than one rich person of the Veneto entreated his examination, and submitted to his treatment.

Adrianis saw but little of him in the daytime, but most evenings in *prima sera* they met in the Palazzo Zaranegra. There Damer spoke little, but he spoke with effect; and when he was silent it seemed to the young mistress of the house that his silence was odiously eloquent, for it appeared always to say to her: "What a mindless creature you are! What a mindless creature you love!"

Sometimes it seemed to her to say more; to say across the length of the lighted, perfumed, flower-filled salon, "And if I forbid your mutual passion? If I prevent its fruition?"

Out of his presence she ridiculed these ideas, but in his presence they were realities to her, and realities which alarmed and haunted her.

"How I wish you had never brought him here—oh, how I wish it!" she said once to Adrianis.

They were in the Piazza of St. Mark; it was late in the evening; the gay summer crowd was all around them; the band was playing; the full moon was above in all her glory; laughter and gay chatter mingled with the lapping of the water and the splash of oars. In the blaze of light under the colonnades people were supping and flirting and jesting, as though they were still in the days of Goldoni.

"Are you not a little unjust to me?" said Adrianis, gently. "I could not do otherwise, in common honesty, than tell you that it was not I who had found your opals, and you wished to see and to thank the person who had done so."

"Oh, I know! I know!" she said with an impatient sigh. "Such things are always one's own fault. But he killed Biancon, and his very presence now is painful to me."



AN ORCHARD IDYLL.

Photo by Lafayette, Dublin.

"Tell him so."

"I dare not."

"Shall I tell him for you?"

She looked at him with the wistful, alarmed gaze of a frightened child.

"Oh, no, no! He would be offended. He might quarrel with you. No! Pray do not do that."

"His anger has no terrors for me," he said with a smile. "But, you know, what you wish is my law, for silence as for speech."

"Limonate? Fragolone? Gelato? Confetti?" sang a boy, pushing against them with his tray of summer drinks, ices, fruits, and sweetmeats.

"Let us go; it is late, and the crowd grows noisy," said her duenna.

Adrianis accompanied them to their gondola, which was in waiting beyond the pillars. He did not venture to offer to accompany them, for the hour was late, and the elder lady, herself a Zaranegra, was rigid in her construction and observance of etiquette. He watched the gondola drift away among the many others waiting there, and then turned back to the Piazza as the two Vulcans on the clock-tower beat out on their anvil with their hammers the twelve strokes of midnight. He saw among the crowd the pale and thoughtful countenance of Damer. Had he heard what the young Countess had said of him? It was impossible to tell from his expression; he was looking up at the four bronze horses, as he sat, with an evening paper on his knee, at one of the little tables, an untouched lemonade standing at his elbow.

"I did not know you were here," said Adrianis. "It is too frivolous a scene for you. Are you longing to dissect the horses of St. Mark's?"

Damer smiled slightly.

"I fear I should find their anatomy faulty. I am no artist, or art critic either, or I should venture to say that I object to their attitude. Arrested motion is a thing too momentary to perpetuate in metal or in stone."

Adrianis looked up at the rearing coursers.

"Surely we might as well object to the statue of Colleone because he sits erect and motionless through centuries?"

"No, that is quite another matter. Colleone is at rest. The horses yonder are leaping violently."

"You are too subtle for me! I can only admire. I am an ignorant, you know. Have you been here long?"

"Half an hour."

Had he heard? Adrianis wondered. It was impossible to tell.

"I seldom see you now," he added. "You have become very unsociable."

"I was not aware that I was ever sociable. People much occupied cannot be so. You see, I have a newspaper and I do not read it; I have a *bevanda* and I do not drink it. I have seen the Contessa Zaranegra and I have not spoken to her."

It seemed that the reply, which was longer and more jesting than was the wont of the speaker, was made with intention.

Adrianis was silent. He wished to tell Damer that his presence was unwelcome to the lady of whom he spoke, but he hesitated; he was afraid to compromise her, to seem to boast of some confidence from her.

"Did you know," he asked in a low tone, "that her poor serving-man would die under the knife?"

Damer gave him a cold, contemptuous glance.

"I do not speak on professional subjects to laymen," he said curtly.

"I do not ask you," replied Adrianis, "from the professional point of view. I ask you from that of humanity."

"Humanity does not enter into the question," said Damer, slightly. "I hope you will not regard it as offensive if I ask you to limit yourself to speaking of what you understand."

The blood rose into the cheek of Adrianis, and anger leapt to his lips. He restrained it with effort from utterance. The boundless scorn which Damer never scrupled to show for him was at times very chafing and provocative.

"You know yourself nothing of sculpture, you admit," he said, controlling his personal feeling, "and yet you venture to criticise the horses of Lysippus."

"My criticism is sound, and they are not the horses of Lysippus."

"They may not be. But my criticism is sound too, I think, on your want of humanity towards poor Biancon."

Damer cast an evil and disdainful glance at him.

"With regard," he replied, "to the man Biancon, there could be no question of either cruelty or kindness. These terms do not enter into surgical vocabularies. You are well aware that on the stage no actor could act who felt in any manner the real emotions of his part. In like degree no surgeon could operate who was unnerved by what you call 'humanity' with regard to his patient. There is no more of feeling, or want of feeling, in the operator than in the actor. Is it impossible for you to comprehend that? As for yourself, you do not care the least for the dead *faccino*; you only care because a fair woman who is dear to you has wept."

He spoke with insolence, but with apparently entire indifference. Adrianis coloured with displeasure and self-consciousness. It was the first time that the name of the Countess Zaranegra had been mentioned between

them when out of her presence. It seemed to him an intolerable presumption in Damer to speak of her. But he scarcely knew how to reply. With a man of his own rank he would have quarrelled in such a manner that a sabre duel on the pastures by the Brenta River would have followed in the morning. But Damer was not socially his equal, and was a man to whom, a year before, he had owed, or had thought that he owed, his restoration to health and life.

"I should prefer that you left the name of that lady out of our discourse," he said in a low tone, but with hauteur. "In my world we do not venture to speak of women whom we respect."

Damer understood the reproof and the lesson so conveyed.

"I am not of your world," he said slightly. "I have no such pretensions. And women are to me but subjects of investigation, like cats—in their bodies, I mean: of their minds and hearts I have no knowledge. I leave such studies to Paul Bourget and you."

Then he rose and walked away towards the end of the Piazza, where the opening of the goldsmiths' street of the Merceria leads to the back of the clock-tower and the network of narrow passages beyond it.

Adrianis did not detain him, but went himself to his gondola and was taken the short distance which parted St. Mark's from his hotel. Sometimes he slept on board his yacht, but sometimes at the hotel, because it was nearer to the Ca' Zaranegra, which he could not see from his windows, but which he knew was there on the bend of the canal towards Rialto.

However, he reflected with consolation, in a week or two more Veronica would go to her father's villa in the mountains of the Trentino, and she had given him to understand that she would tell the Duke to invite him. Thither it would be impossible for Damer to go, even if he should desire to do so, which was improbable. For Adrianis never suspected the existence of any passion in Damer except the desire of command, the pleasure which the exercise of a strong will over weaker ones gave him from its sense of intellectual dominion.

The words of Damer seemed to him insolent; but he was used to his insolence, and he did not attribute them to any other feeling than that coldness of heart which was not new to him in the speaker.

To all interference in, or interrogation concerning, his scientific or surgical actions and purposes the Englishman had always replied with the same refusal to permit those whom he called laymen to judge either the deeds or the motives of his priesthood. It was precisely the same kind of arrogance and of inflexible secrecy to which Adrianis had been used in the ecclesiastics who had been set over him in his boyhood; the same refusal to be interrogated, the same mystic and unexplained claim of superiority and infallibility.

"If he would only go away!" thought Adrianis, as his gondola glided over the few hundred yards.

For the next few days he and Damer did not meet; he had arranged an excursion to Chioggia, and another to Grado, in which small cruises the Countess Zaranegra and other ladies were on board his schooner. It was beautiful weather; the sea was smooth and smiling; all that wealth could do to make the little voyages delightful was done, and he hoped in the course of them to have some opportunity to force from the lady of his thoughts some definite assurance of her acceptance of his love. In this hope he was disappointed.

Damer was not on board the yacht; but as she saw, over the distant water as they sailed away from Venice, the foundry flames and factory smoke of the Fondamenti, where his tower stood, she shuddered in the hot midsummer noon. It seemed as if even from that distance the eyes of the strange Englishman could see her and lay silence on her lips and terror on her heart. It was but a morbid fancy—she knew that; but she could not shake off the impression. Even when far out on the sunlit green waves of the Adriatic, when Venice had long dropped away out of sight, the chilliness and oppression of the hallucination remained with her.

Although she and everyone else knew that the water-fêtes were solely in her honour and for her pleasure, she continued to accept the homage, but to stop short of any actual and decisive words on her own part. Adrianis believed that her heart was his, and he could see nothing in the circumstances of either of them which need cause so much hesitation and doubt. Each was free, each young; each might run to meet happiness halfway, as children run to catch a ripe fruit before it has time to fall to earth, and pluck it, warm with sunlight, or pause, and let it drop ungathered. The position troubled and galled him, but his nature was sanguine and his temper optimistic.

Adrianis returned to the city, not wholly discouraged, but vexed and impatient of continual probation and uncertainty.

If he could not persuade her to promise herself to him in Venice, he would follow her to the hills above Goritz, and there decide his fate. He had little doubt that he would succeed before the summer should have wholly fled.

"It is getting too warm here; let us go to the mountains," said her companion.

"In a few days," she answered. But the days passed, the weeks passed, the temperature grew higher, and she still did not move; and Adrianis stayed also, living chiefly on board his yacht, and Damer still delayed his departure, passing most of his time behind bolted doors in his two chambers on the Fondamenti.

What harm could he do? What harm should he do? He was going to the German university; he would pass out of her existence with the steamship which should bear him from the Giudecca to Trieste; he would vanish in the cold, grim, dark North, and she would remain in the sunshine and laughter and mirth of the South. They had nothing in common—could have nothing. He belonged to his ghastly pursuits, his sickening experiments, his merciless ambitions, and she belonged to herself—and another. So she told herself a hundred times, and out of his presence her reasoning served to reassure her. But whenever she saw him a vague, dull fear turned her heart cold. She felt as helpless as the blithe bird feels when suddenly in the flowering meadow where it has made its nest it sees a snake come gliding through the grass. The bird trembles, but does not fly away—dares not fly away. So she dared not dismiss this man from her house, and had not courage to go herself out of the city, out of reach from his magnetism. Her nerves felt the same cold terror as was felt by those of the Venetian brides who were borne away from the feasting on Castello by the brown arms of the Moorish sea-ravishers. She endeavoured to conceal what she felt, for she was ashamed of her own groundless and harmless fears, but they dulled for her the gaiety, the mirth, the beauty of the summer cruise on the emerald seas.

"You play with your happiness," said her duenna angrily to her.

"I do not play, indeed," she answered seriously.

"We will go to the hills the day after to-morrow."

XI.

Adrianis went out on the following day to make some purchases of glass and metal-work for which one of his sisters had written to him. He thought that when they were completed it would be but courtesy to go and tell Damer that he himself was about to leave the city, and offer him his yacht to go in, if he desired it, to Trieste. Their last words had been chafing and cold. The indulgent kindness of his nature made him wish to part friends with a man to whom he considered that he owed his life.

He bade his gondolier steer northwards to the Fondamenti. He had never been to the chambers occupied by Damer in the old watch-tower; the other had always discouraged all visits; but now he thought that he had better go there, or he might wholly miss seeing the Englishman again before his departure, for of late Damer had come but rarely to the Ca' Zaranegra. But before he could give the order to his gondolier, in passing the Ponte del Paradiso, a sandalo, in which there was one person alone, fouled his own in the narrow channel, and that solitary person was Damer.

"I was just going to your apartments," cried Adrianis, while his gondolier swore loudly as his prow grazed the wall of Palazzo Narni.

"I am going to the hospital, and shall not be at home till dark," replied Damer, ungraciously.

"I was coming to tell you," said Adrianis, "that I am about to leave Venice."

"And are going to Goritz, no doubt," said Damer, with a brief smile.

"I may be and I may not," replied Adrianis, in a tone which implied that wherever he chose to go was no business of anyone's. "Anyhow, I wished to say that the schooner is entirely at your disposition if you remain here or if you cross to Trieste."

"Thanks. Yachts are rich men's toys for which I have no use," answered Damer, without saying where he was going or what he intended to do. "Send yours to her docks in Messina if you do not require her yourself."

"You might be a little more polite," said Adrianis, half angrily, half jestingly. "I should be glad to do you any services."

"Poor men cannot accept such services."

"Why do you constantly speak of your poverty? You have intellect; that is much rarer than riches."

"And much less esteemed," said Damer, with that brief, icy smile which always depressed and troubled Adrianis. "I fear I cannot stay to gossip," he added; "I am already rather late for a conference at the hospital with my esteemed Venetian colleague."

They were about to part, Damer to pass underneath the bridge, Adrianis to pursue his way to a copper-smith's workshop, when a weak, infantine cry smote on their ears, echoed by other shriller childish voices.

There was a row of barges moored along the wall under the old grim Narni Palace, which stands just beyond the bridge, with its massive iron-studded doors, unaltered in appearance since the time when Tiziano walked a living presence over the Paradiso, and the sunshine shone on the golden hair of Palma Vecchio's daughter.

Some children were playing on the black barges which were laden with firewood and coal. They were small creatures, half naked in the warm air and sportive as young rabbits; they ran, leaped, climbed the piles of fuel, caught each other in mimic wrestling, and screamed with glad laughter. There was only one who did not join in the games, a little boy who lay languidly and motionless on some sacks, and watched the sports of others with heavy eyes.

There was no grown man or woman near, there were only the children, and the old palace, like a greybeard with closed eyes; it looked as if it had been shut when



"The child, the child! my Carlino!" screamed his mother. Adrianis gave him to her outstretched arms.

"TOXIN."—BY OUIDA.

Dandolo was young, and had never been opened since; its white statues gazed down over the iron fencing of its garden-wall; they too were very old.

As the gondola passed under that wall the sporting children, growing wilder and more reckless, rushed in their course past and over the little sick boy, and jostled him so roughly that they pushed him over the edge of the barge, and he fell, with a shrill cry, into the water. The others, frightened at what had befallen them, gathered together, whimpering and afraid, irresolute and incapable. The fallen child disappeared. The water hereabouts is thick and dark, and sewage flows unchecked into it. It was in that instant of his fall that his cry, and the shrieks of his companions, rose shrilly on the morning silence.

In a second Adrianis sprang from the gondola, dived for the child, who had drifted underneath the barge, and brought him up in his arms. He was a boy of some five years old, with a pretty pale face and naked limbs; his small curly head fell in exhaustion on the young man's shoulder, his ragged clothes were dripping.

Damer looked at him with professional insight. "That boy is ill," he said to Adrianis. "You had better put him out of your arms."

"Poor little man!" said Adrianis, gently, holding the child closer. "What shall we do with him? We cannot leave him here with only these children."

"You are wet through yourself. You must go to your hotel," said Damer.

Adrianis was still standing in the water. At that moment a woman rose up from the cabin of the farthest barge, and came leaping wildly from one barge to another screaming, "The child, the child! my Carlino!"

She was his mother. Adrianis gave him to her outstretched arms, and slipped some money into the little ragged shirt.

"I will come and see how he is in an hour," he said to her, amidst her prayers and blessings. "He is not well. You must take more care of him; you should not leave him alone."

The child opened his eyes and smiled.

Adrianis stooped and kissed him.

"Go home by yourself. I will stay and see what is the matter with him," said Damer. Adrianis went. Damer, bidding the woman go before him, walked over the barges until he reached the one to which there was attached a rude deck-house, or cabin, in which she and five children lived. There he examined the little boy.

"A sore throat," he said simply. "I will bring you remedies."

He returned to his sandalo, and went on his way to the hospital conference.

"What is amiss with him?" said Adrianis later in the day.

"You would have done better to leave him in the canal water," replied Damer. "He is a weak little thing; he has never had any decent food; he will never recover."

"But what is his illness?"

"A sore throat," replied Damer, as he had replied to the mother, and added, "It is what the faculty call Boulogne sore throat."

They went both to the Ca' Zaranegra that evening. There were several people there; the night was very warm; the tall lilies and palms on the balcony glistened in the light of a full moon; there was music. Veronica held out the lute to Adrianis.

"Will you not sing with me to-night?"

"Alas! You must forgive me. I am rather hoarse. I have no voice," he answered with regret.

"I heard of what you did this morning," she murmured in a low tone. "Your gondolier told mine. Perhaps you have taken a chill. I will go and see the little child to-morrow."

"We will go together," he replied in the same soft whisper, while his hand touched hers in seeming only to take the lute. Damer saw the gesture where he sat in the embrasure of a window, speaking of a frontier question of the hour with a German Minister who was passing through Venice.

When they left the house two or three other men accompanied them on to the water-steps. Warm though the night was, Adrianis shivered a little as he wrapped his overcoat round him. "I could bear my sables," he said, as he descended the stairs. Damer looked at him in the moonlight, which was clear as the light of early morning.

"You should not plunge into sewage-water, and embrace little sick beggars," he said coldly, as he accompanied one of the Venetian gentlemen whose palace was near the Fondamenti, and who had offered him a seat in his gondola.

Adrianis, refusing the entreaties of his companions to go and sup with them at Florian's, went to his rooms at the hotel. He had a flood of happiness at the well-springs of his heart, but in his body he felt feverish and cold.

"It is the sewage-water. It got down my throat as I dived," he thought, recalling the words of his friend. "I shall sleep this chill off and be well again in the morning."

But he did not sleep; he drank some iced drinks thirstily, and only fell into a troubled and heavy slumber as the morning dawned red over the roofs of Venice, and the little cannon on the Giudecca saluted a new day.

He felt ill when he rose, but he bathed and dressed, and, though he had no appetite for breakfast, went

down to his gondola, which he had bidden to be before the hotel at nine o'clock.

At parting from Veronica he had arranged with her that they should go at that hour to see the little child of the Bridge of Paradise.

As he stood on the steps and was about to descend, Damer touched him on the arm.

"You are going to take the Countess Zaranegra to the sick boy?"

"Yes," said Adrianis, with a haughty accent; he did not like the tone of authority in which he was addressed.

"I forbid you to do so, then," said Damer. "She would only see a dead body, and that body infectious with disease."

Adrianis was pained.

"Is the little thing dead?" he said in a hushed voice. "Dead already?"

"He died twenty minutes ago. He had been ill for three days."

"Poor little pretty thing!" murmured Adrianis. "I am sorry; I will go to the mother."

"You had better go to your bed. You are unwell. You did a foolish act yesterday."

"I am quite well. When I require your advice I will ask it," said Adrianis, impatiently, and he entered his gondola and went to the Ca' Zaranegra. Damer, standing on the steps of the hotel, looked after him with a gaze which would have killed him could a look have slain.

Her house was bright in the morning radiance, the green water lapping its marbles, the lilies and palms fresh from the night's dew, the doors standing open showing the blossoming acacias in the garden behind.

She came to him at once in one of the smaller salons.

"I am ready," she said gaily. "Look! I have got these fruits and toys for your little waif."

Then something in his expression checked her gladness.

"What is it?" she asked.

"The child is dead," said Adrianis.

"Oh, how sad!"

She put down the little gifts she had prepared on a table near her. She was tender-hearted and quickly moved; the tears came into her eyes for the little boy whom she had never seen.

Adrianis drew nearer to her.

"*Mia cara!*" he murmured, "do not play with me any longer. Death is so near to us always. I have told you a hundred times that I love you. I will make you so happy if you will trust to me. Tell me—tell me—"

She was softened by emotion, conquered by the answering passion which was in her; she did not speak, but her breast heaved, her lips trembled; she let him take her hands.

"You will be mine—mine—mine!" he cried, in delirious joy.

"I love you," she answered, in a voice so low that it was like the summer breeze passing softly over the lilies. "Hush! Leave me! Go now. Come back at three. I shall be alone."

The doors were open and the windows; in a farther chamber two liveried servants stood; approaching through the ante-room was the figure of the major-domo of the palace.

Adrianis pressed her hands to his lips and left her. He was dizzy from ecstasy, or so he thought, as the busts and statues of the entrance-hall reeled and swam before his sight, and his limbs felt so powerless and nerveless that, if one of his gondoliers had not caught and held him, he would have fallen headlong down the water-steps.

XII.

When three of the clock chimed from the belfries of St. Mark she awaited him, alone in her favourite room, clothed in white with a knot of tea-roses at her breast. She was full of gladness; she looked at herself in the many mirrors and saw that she was as fair as the fair June day.

"How beautiful our lives will be!" she thought. "Poor little dead child! It was his little hands joined ours. Perhaps he is an angel of God now, and will be always with us!"

She heard the swish of oars at the water-stairs below; she heard steps ascending those stairs; she heard the voice of her head servant speaking. It was he! She put her hand to her heart; it beat so wildly that the leaves of the roses fell. She crossed herself and murmured a prayer; such happiness seemed to merit gratitude.

Through the vista of the ante-chambers came the figure of a man. But it was not that of Adrianis.

Damer came up to her with his calm, expressionless face, his intent eyes, his air of authority and of indifference.

"You expected the Prince Adrianis," he said to her. "I regret to tell you, Madame, that he is unable to keep his appointment with you. He has taken the disease of which that child on the barge died this morning. He has what the vulgar call diphtheria."

XIII.

Adrianis lay in the large salon where, two months earlier, they had dined together in the evening after

finding the opal necklace. Damer had caused a bed to be taken into it and placed in the centre of the room, as affording more air from the four large windows than was to be obtained from the inner bedchamber adjoining. He did not give the true name to the disease in speaking to the people of the hotel; he spoke merely of cold and fever from a plunge in the hot noonday into foul canal water. On the local doctor, whom he paid the compliment of calling in, he enjoined the same reserve.

"The prince is very rich," he said; "he will pay for any loss which may be incurred, any renewal of furniture and of draperies."

From Adrianis he did not conceal the truth.

Indeed, Adrianis himself said, in a hoarse, faint voice, "I have the disease which the child had. Cure me if you can, for—"

He did not add why life was more than ever beautiful to him, but the tears rose into his eyes; the other understood what remained unspoken.

When three in the afternoon sounded from the clock-tower on the south side of the hotel he raised his head, and, with a despairing gesture, said to Damer, "She expects me. Go and explain to her. Say I am ill. Tell her I would get up and keep my tryst if I died at her feet; but I fear—I fear—the contagion—for her."

"Lie where you are, and you will probably be well in a few days," said Damer. "I will leave Stefano with you and take your message. I shall soon return. Meanwhile your man knows what to do."

Stefano was the valet.

The eyes of Adrianis followed him from the room with longing and anguish. He was not yet so ill that the apathy of extreme illness dulled his desires and stilled his regrets. Both were intense as life still was intense in him. He would have risen and dragged himself to the Ca' Zaranegra; but, as he had said, he feared the infection for her which would be in his voice, in his touch, in his breath, in his mere presence.

He lay on his back gazing wistfully at the great sunny windows, only veiled by the gauze of mosquito-curtains. He could hear the churning of the water below as the canal steamers passed up and down; the softer ripple as oars parted it; he could see a corner of the marbles of the Salute, with two pigeons sitting side by side on it pruning their plumage in the sun.

He was not yet afraid, but he was very sorry; he longed to be up and out in the bright air, and he longed to be in the presence of his beloved, to ask again and again for the confession so dear to him; to hear it from her lips, to read it in her eyes.

"She loves me, she loves me," he thought, and he, like a coward, like a knave, must be untrue to the first meeting she had promised him!

"Why is it," he thought, as the tears welled up under his closed eyelids, "that our better, kinder impulses always cost us so much more heavily than all our egotisms and all our vices?"

If he had left the little child underneath the barge to drown, would it not have been better even for the child? The little thing had only suffered some eighteen hours longer through his rescue.

"Let us do what we ought," he murmured, in words his mother had often spoken to him. "The gods will pay us."

But the gods had been harsh in their payment to him.

He counted the minutes until Damer's return, holding his watch in his hot hand. He took docilely what his servant gave him, though to swallow was painful and difficult.

"What a while he stays!" he thought restlessly. He envied the other every moment passed at the Ca' Zaranegra.

"What did you tell her?" he asked breathlessly, when Damer at last returned.

"I told her the truth," replied Damer, as he placed the thermometer under the sick man's armpit. "You have worried and fretted; your fever has increased."

"What did she say? She is not angry, or offended?"

"Who can be so at the misfortune of disease? Of course she knows that you have incurred this misfortune through your own folly."

"Did she say so?"

"No; I am not aware that she said so. But she no doubt thought it. She bade me tell you not to agitate yourself."

"Was that all?"

"She added—for her sake," said Damer, with a cold, slight smile. He was truthful in what he repeated; he scorned vulgar methods of misrepresentation and betrayal. The heavy eyes of Adrianis gleamed and lightened with joy.

"Thanks," he said softly, and his hot hand pressed that of his friend.

"I will write to her," he added. "You can disinfect a note?"

"Yes. But do not exert yourself. Try to sleep."

He crossed the room and closed the green wooden blinds; he gave an order to Stefano, and dipped his hands in a disinfecting fluid; then he sat down and took up a book. But he could not read. He saw before him that blanched and frightened face, which a little while before had been raised to his as the voice of Veronica had cried to him, "Save him! You will save him? You have so much knowledge, so much power. You will save him for my sake!"



A WOOD-NYMPH.

By A. Siefert.

He had promised her nothing; he had only said briefly, in the language of people who were fools, that the issue of life and of death was in the hands of Deity. He had promised her nothing; in his own way he was sincere. Up to that time he had done everything which science and experience could suggest to combat the disease.

Adrianis wrote at intervals various pencilled notes to her; indistinct, feebly scrawled, but still coherent. He pointed to each when it was written and looked at his friend with supplicating eyes. He could not speak, for the false membrane filled his throat. Damer took each little note with apparent indifference.

"To the Countess Zaranegra?" he asked.

Adrianis signed a mute assent. Damer carried each scrap of paper to the next room, disinfected it, then sent it to its destination. He was of too proud a temper to use the usual small arts of the traitor.

Once she wrote in reply.

This he did thrice.

"I cannot see, my eyes are too weak," Adrianis scrawled on its envelope as the letter was given to him. "Read it to me."

Damer opened it, and read it aloud. It was short, timid, simple, but a deep love and an intense anxiety spoke in it. Adrianis took it and laid his cheek on it with a smile of ineffable peace. It seemed to give him firmer hold on life.

Adrianis slept peacefully, his cheek on the little letter, as a child falls to sleep with a favourite toy on its pillow.

He called in a second medical man of the town and two Sisters of Charity to replace Stefano, who grew alarmed for his own safety, and would no longer approach the bed.

"Send for my mother," said Adrianis, in his choked voice.

"Certainly," answered his friend. The disease which had fastened on Adrianis was not one which waits. But Damer telegraphed only to the Adrianis' palace in Palermo, and he knew that it was unlikely she would be in that city in the summer heats of the end of June.

The telegram might be forwarded or it might not; Italian households are careless in such matters.

But when he murmured once and again, "Send for my mother!" Damer could, with a clear conscience, reply, "I have telegraphed."

He sat by the bedside and watched the sick man.

He believed that he would recover.

In the dusk he was told that a lady who was below in her gondola desired to see him. He descended the stairs, prepared to find Veronica Zaranegra. She was veiled; he could not see her features, but he knew her by the turn of her head, the shape of her hand, before she spoke.

"You come for news of the Prince?" he said coldly and harshly. "I can give you none. The disease is always uncertain and deceptive."

"Let me see him! oh, let me see him!" she murmured. "I came for that. No matter what they say. No matter what danger there be. Only let me see him!"

"That is wholly impossible," replied Damer, in an unchanged tone. "Why do you come on such errands?"

"Who should see him if not I? Who are you that you should keep me from him?"

"I am a man of science, whose duty it is to protect you from yourself. Go home, Madame, and pray for your betrothed. That is all that you can do."

She burst into tears. He heard her sobs, he saw the heaving of her shoulders and her breast.

"Take your mistress home. She is unwell," he said to the gondolier, who waited a moment for his lady's orders; then, receiving none, pushed his oar against the steps and slowly turned the gondola round to go back up the canal.

"Why does she love him?" thought Damer. "Like to like. Fool to fool. Flower to flower."

From his soul he despised her, poor lovely, mindless, childlike creature! But her voice turned his blood to flame; the sound of her weeping deepened his scorn to hate; the touch of her ungloved hand was ecstasy and agony in one; he loved her with furious, brutal, unsparing passion, like lava under the ice of his self-restraint.

He stood in the twilight and looked after the black shape of the gondola.

"He shall never be yours," he said in his heart. "Never—never—never! unless I die instead of him to-night."

He remained there some minutes while the water traffic passed by him unnoticed, and the crowds flocked out from a *novena* in the Salute.

The day became evening, the lovely roseate twilight of summer in Venice wore into night, and the night waned into dawn. All the animation of Venetian life began again to awake with the whirl of the wings of the pigeons taking their sunrise-flight from dome and cupola and pinnacle and gutter. To the Sisters of Charity their patient seemed better; to the surgeons of the city also; Damer said nothing.

"Is he not better?" asked the nun, anxiously.

"I see little amelioration," replied Damer, and said in a louder tone to Adrianis, "Your mother has telegraphed; she will soon be here."

Adrianis smiled again, a smile which lighted up his

beautiful brown eyes and momentarily banished their languor. He felt disposed to sleep, but he drew his pencil and paper to him and wrote feebly, "Madame Zaranegra?"

Damer read the name.

"She came to see you an hour or two ago," he answered; "but I could not allow it. Your illness is infectious."

He spoke in his usual brief, calm, indifferent manner. Adrianis sighed, but it was a sigh of content. He was half asleep; he turned on his pillows and drew her little note, which he had hidden under them, once more against his cheek.

"He will sleep himself well," said the nun.

"Let us hope so," replied Damer; but she heard from his tone that he did not share her belief.

It was now eleven o'clock.

"Go and rest," he said to her. "You need it. I will watch to-night. If there be any necessity for aid I will summon you."

"Will his mother soon be here?" asked the sister, whose heart was tender.

"I believe so," replied Damer.

One of the medical men whom he had summoned came out on to the balcony to his side.

"The sisters say the prince is better; he seems so," said his colleague.

"What do they know?" said Damer; and added less harshly, "It is too early to be able to make sure of recovery; it is a disease which is very treacherous."

"He has youth on his side."

"Yes; but he is weakened by the effects of a wound he received last year for which I treated him. His constitution is not prepared to make so soon again another struggle for existence."

"You have more knowledge of him than I," said the Venetian, who was a meek man, not very wise.

"Come to my laboratory in the Fondamenti, and I will show you something and tell you something," said Damer.

His Italian colleague, flattered, complied with the request.

What he showed him were three animals—two rabbits and a cat—inoculated with and dying of diphtheria; what he explained to him were the theories of Löffler and Klebs and the discovery of the presumed antidote by Behring. He also displayed to him some serum which he had received from Roux, who was only then at the commencement of his applications of Behring's theory.

The Venetian doctor inspected and listened with deep respect.

"Why do you not try this treatment on the prince?" he said, which was what Damer desired and intended him to say.

"I will do so on my own responsibility if he be no better in the morning," he replied. "But you will admit that the responsibility will be great, the theory of the cure being at present unknown to the general public, and no one of his family being at present in Venice to authorise the experiment."

"We are there as your colleagues, and we shall support you," replied the more obscure man, touched and flattered by the deference of one who was in the confidence of French and German men of science.

"If there be no other way, I will take the risk; the risk is less than that of tracheotomy," said Damer, as he put the small phial of serum back into a locked case.

XIV.

When the Venetian doctor left him he took the phial of serum, the inoculating syringe, and another smaller bottle containing a clear liquid, which was the toxin or virus of the malady; and which he had not shown to the Venetian. He put these together in the breast-pocket of his coat. He had no belief in the efficacy of the serum, but he had prepared the venom of the toxin himself; and in that small glass tube there was poison enough to slay twelve men.

"If there be no other way!" he repeated to himself as he went back to the hotel through the moonlit canals and under the ancient houses.

The dual meaning which lay in the words was like a devil's laugh in his ears.

He looked up at the Ca' Zaranegra as he passed it; its windows were all dark, and the white lilies on the balconies had no light upon them save that from the rays of the moon.

As he entered the lighted hall of the hotel they handed to him a telegram. It was from the Princess Adrianis. She had received his dispatch twelve hours late, as she had been in her summer palace in the mountains. She had left Sicily immediately, and said that she would travel without pause at the utmost speed possible. She added: "I commend my darling to God and to you."

Damer crushed the paper up in his hand with a nervous gesture, and flung it out by the open doorway into the water below.

Then he ascended the staircase, and entered his patient's room.

The night was very warm. The windows stood wide open; there was a shaded porcelain lamp alight upon the table. One nun watched while the other slept. Adrianis lay still on the great bed in the shadow; he was awake, his eyes were looking upward, his mouth was open, but his breathing was easier and less hard.

The Sister of Charity whispered to Damer, "I think he is better. The fungous growth seems loosening. We have given the wine and the meat essence. He could swallow."

He lit a candle and approached the bed. Adrianis smiled faintly. He could not speak.

"Let me see your throat," said Damer.

He saw that the nun had spoken truly: the fungous growth was wasting, the false membrane was shrinking, there was a healthier look on the tongue. He set the lamp down and said nothing.

"Is he not better?" said the sister anxiously.

"Perhaps," he replied. "If there be no re-formation of the false membrane he may be saved. Go, my good woman, and rest while you can."

She went, nothing loth, to her supper and her bed. Damer was alone with the man who trusted him and whose mother trusted him.

He went away from the bedside and sat down by one of the windows. His heart had long years before been rendered dumb and dead; his mind alone remained alive, and his passions.

He stayed in the open air, looking down on the green water.

"Man cannot control circumstances," he thought; "but the wise man can assist circumstance, the fool does not."

He had in him that fell egotism of science which chokes the fountain of mercy at its well-springs in blood. He sat by the window and looked out absently at the night.

He knew that the nun was right; he knew that the disease was passing away from the sick man; that, if left alone, sleep and youth would restore him to health, to love, and joy.

Should he leave him alone?

Should he let him live to become the lover and lord of Veronica Zaranegra? Should he let those two mindless, flowerlike lives lean together, and embrace and multiply?

It would be what men called a crime, but his school despises the trivial laws of men, knowing that for the wise there is no such thing as crime and no such thing as virtue—only lesions of the brain, and absence of temptation and opportunity.

The mother of Adrianis could not be there before another day, travel as rapidly as she would. He knew the effect of affection on the nervous system, and that the sight and sense of a beloved person near them often gave to enfeebled frames the power of resistance and recovery. Those emotions were not in himself, but he recognised their existence, and he knew that in Adrianis the emotions and the affections were very strong in proportion as the mental powers were slight.

He must not await the arrival of the princess. He had before been witness of her devotion, of her skill in illness, of her fortitude, and of the love existing between her and her son.

He knew that he must not allow the mother of Adrianis to arrive in time to see her son alive.

"What thou doest, do quickly," he murmured, in words which he had heard in his childhood as he sat in the old parish church of his native village.

He rose and walked to the bed.

Adrianis still seemed to sleep; the breathing was heavy and forced chiefly through the nasal passages, but there was a look of returning serenity on his features—a look which the man of science is well aware precedes recovery, not death.

As surely as anyone can gauge the unseen future he was sure that if left alone the young man would recover, would in a week or two arise unharmed from his bed. He was equally sure that he had himself, in his breast, the means of changing that process of recovery into the agony of dissolution. He no longer hesitated; he no longer doubted. He went to the adjacent chamber where the two nuns, still dressed, were sleeping. He awakened them.

"Come," he said gently. "He is worse. I am about to try the cure of Behring. It may succeed. There is no other chance. It will be necessary to hold him. I require you both."

He was well aware that it would be unwise to essay that operation alone—it would rouse comment in the day to come.

"Hold him motionless," he said to the two women. "Do not awake him if you can avoid it."

He filled the inoculating syringe from one of the little phials which he had brought from the Fondamenti. He stood in the full light of the lamp, so that the two sisters could see all that he did.

"Loosen his shirt," he said to them. Adrianis still slept; in his predisposition to sleep, the few drops of chloral which had been administered twenty minutes earlier had sufficed to render him almost insensible.

Damer bent over him and inserted the injecting-needle into one of the veins; the incident disturbed him without wholly loosening the bonds of the soporific; he struggled slightly, moaned a little, but the nuns succeeded in resisting his endeavour to rise; the inoculation was successfully made.

The face of Damer in the lamplight was not paler than usual, but his hand trembled as he withdrew the syringe.

"What is Behring's cure?" asked the nun who felt most interest in her patient.

"An antitoxin; the serum of an immune beast," he answered calmly, as he turned slightly towards her.

The nun did not understand, but she was afraid of troubling him with other questions.

He walked to the window and stood looking out at the moonlit water.

He had left on a table the syringe and the phial of serum, which was half empty. But in the breast-pocket of his coat he had the phial of toxin, and that phial was wholly empty. The nuns, engrossed in

He went out on to the balcony and turned his back on the watching women, and leaned against the iron-work, looking down on the canal, where nothing moved except the slow, scarcely visible ripple of the water. He was human, though he had killed his humanity, replacing it by intellect alone. He suffered in that moment; a vague sense of what ignorance calls crime was on him painfully: he had emancipated himself wholly from the

the east where he stood; it was still completely night between the walls of the Grand Canal. The voice of a man called up to him from the darkness below—

"Madame sends me to know how goes it with the prince?"

Damer looked down. "Tell the Countess Zaranegra that things are as they were. A new remedy has been essayed."



Damer bent over him and inserted the injecting-needle into one of the veins; the incident disturbed him without wholly loosening the bonds of the soporific; he struggled slightly, moaned a little, but the nuns succeeded in resisting his endeavour to rise.

holding down Adrianis, had not seen that the glass tube on the table was not the one from which the syringe had been filled; and when used, Damer had plunged the syringe immediately into a bowl of disinfecting acid. There was no trace anywhere that the toxin had been used instead of the serum—no trace whatever save in the tumefying vein of the sick man's throat.

"You had better stay near him: you may be wanted, and it is two o'clock," said Damer to the nurses. "I shall remain here. There will be, I hope, a great change soon."

superstitions and prejudices of men, but he was conscious that he had now done that which, if known, would put him outside the pale of their laws.

He did not repent or regret; he did not see any evil in his act. The right of the strong, the right of the sage was his. He had but exercised his reason to produce an issue he desired.

So he thought as he leaned against the iron scroll-work and watched the thick, dark water glide by past the marble steps of the Salute. There was a faint light in the sky on the east, but he could not see

The man, who had come by the Calle, retired by them, swinging a lantern in his hand.

The two Vulcans of the clock-tower hard by in St. Mark's Square struck four times upon their anvil. Damer looked up the darkness of the canal, where nothing was to be seen but the lamps which burned on either side of it with their reflections, and the lanterns tied to poles before some of the palaces. He could not see the Ca' Zaranegra, which was not in sight even in the day, but he saw it in remembrance, with its flowering balconies, its tapestried chambers, its red-and-white

awnings, its great escutcheon over its portals. He saw her in his vision as she must be now—awake, listening for her messenger's return, in some white loose gown, no doubt; with her hair loose, too, upon her shoulders, her face white, her eyes strained in anxiety, as he had seen them that afternoon and evening.

If Adrianis had lived she would have been his wife: that was as certain as that the sea was beating on the bar of Malamocco underneath the moon.

"I have done well; I have exercised my supremacy," he thought. "We have right of life and death over all birds and beasts and things which swim and crawl by virtue of our greater brain; in like manner has the greater brain the right to deal as it will with the weaker brain when their paths meet and one must yield and go under. The fool hath said that there is sanctity in life, but the man of science has never said it. To him one organism or another has the same measure in his scales."

Strangely enough, at that moment and incongruously there came to him a remembrance of his own childish days: of sitting by his mother's side in the little, dark, damp church of their northern hamlet and reading written on their tablets the Ten Commandments.

"Mother, what is it to do murder?" he had asked her. And she had answered: "It is to take life; to destroy what we cannot recall."

He remembered how, some weeks later, when he had killed from wantonness a mole which ran across a road, he had been frightened, and had gone to his mother and said to her: "Mother, mother! I have done murder! I have taken life and I cannot recall it." And his mother had smiled and answered: "That is not murder, my dear. A little mole is a dumb creature."

But his mother had been wrong, as the world was wrong. Whether the organism were animal or human, what difference was there? Only a difference of brain.

The world and its lawgivers might and would still say that what destroyed the human organism was murder—that is, a crime; but to the trained, logical, strong reason of Damer the sophism was a premiss untenable. To slay a man was no more than to slay a mole. To do either was to arrest a mechanism, to dissolve tissues, to send elements back into the space they came from; it was nothing more. One organism or another, what matter?

Since that day in the dim long ago he had taken life not once, not twice, but thousands of times, causing the greatest and most lingering agony in its inflictions. But in his opinion that had not been murder; it had been only torture and slaughter of dumb creatures according to human law. What difference could there be if, by accident, the creature to be removed were human?

He was consistent enough, and sincere enough to follow out the theories of the laboratory to their logical sequence without flinching. He honestly held himself without blame.

He was only a man, and therefore he felt some sickly sense of pain when he heard in the still and waning night the sound of his victim's convulsive struggles to gain breath; but he held himself without blame, for every thesis and every deduction of the priesthood of science justified and made permissible his action to bring about a catastrophe which was necessary to him.

Science bade him take all the other sentient races of earth and make them suffer as he chose, and kill them as he chose. Those other races were organisms as susceptible as the human organisms. Why should the human organism enjoy immunity?

He had done no more than is done for sake of experiment or observation in the hospital or the laboratory every day all over the known world. The reluctance to face what he had done was merely that residue of early influences and impressions which remains in the soul of the strongest, haunting its remembrances and emasculating its resolution.

He called up to his command that volition, that power of will, which had never failed him; he returned to the bedside as he would have returned to visit a dog dying under the pressure of eight atmospheres.

Adrianis still lay in the same position. About the almost invisible orifice where the needle had punctured there was a slight tumefied swelling.

"He seems worse," whispered the nun.

"He cannot be either better or worse as yet," replied Damer, truthfully. "Give him a little wine, if he can take it."

They might give him what they chose; they could not now save him from death. He had received enough of the virus into his vein to slay a man in health.

Passing as it did into an organ already diseased, he would die before the sun rose or an hour after.

He had aided Nature to destroy her own work. There was nothing new or criminal in that—Nature was for ever creating and destroying. Once it had suited him to save that young man's life; now it suited him to end it.

One action was as wrong or as righteous as the other. It was an exercise of power, as when the monarch grants an amnesty or signs a death-warrant. Who blames the monarch, who does but use his power? The prerogative of superior reason is higher than the prerogative of a monarch. Moreover, who would ever know it? Who would ever be aware that the intenser virus of the toxin had mingled with the natural formation of the disease?

Even were there an autopsy, discovery would be impossible; the concentrated venom had mingled with and been absorbed in the common and usual growth of the false membrane. He had but aided death instead of hindering it.

His professional conscience would have shrunk from giving the disease, but it did not shrink from making death certain where it was merely possible. He did but add a stronger poison to that which Nature had already poisoned.

Men slew their rivals in duels and no one blamed them; who should blame him because he used the finer weapon of science instead of the coarser weapon of steel? He did but carry out the doctrine of the laboratory to its just and logical sequence.

What he felt for Veronica was not love but passion, and not passion alone, but the sense of dominion. He knew that the fair creature shrank from him but submitted to him. All the intense instinctive tyranny of his nature longed to exercise itself on her, the beautiful and patrician thing, so far above him, so fragile and so fair. He knew that he would never possess her or command her except through fear, but this would suffice to him. The finer and more delicate elements of love were indifferent to him, were indeed unknown. They had existed in Adrianis, whom he had despised; but in his own temperament they could find no dwelling-place. His desires were brutal as had ever been those of Attila, whose throne lies low among the grass on Torcello.

Late at night and early at dawn messengers came from some noble families in the city and the Ca' Zaranegra. Damer replied to all inquiries: "It is impossible to say what turn the disease may take."

Damer said nothing. He looked out at the marble church which had no message for him, and down the moonlit waters which had no beauty for him. He was absorbed in meditation. His will desired to do that from which his natural weakness shrank; for in his great strength he was still weak, being human. The infliction of death was nothing to him, could be nothing; he was used to kill as he was used to torture, with profound indifference—with no more hesitation than he ate or drank or fulfilled any natural function of his body. To obtain knowledge, even the approach of knowledge, he would have inflicted the most agonising and the most endless suffering without a moment's doubt or a moment's regret. From his boyhood upwards he had always lived in the hells created by modern science, wherein if the bodies of animals suffer the souls of men wither and perish. What was the man lying sleeping there to him? Only an organism like those which daily he broke up and destroyed and threw aside. Only an organism, filled by millions of other invisible organisms by a myriad of parasite animalcules, numerous as the star-dust in the skies.

The woman whom he desired was nothing more; he could not deem her more; he scorned himself for the empire over him of his own desire of her perishable form, of her foolish butterfly life. He himself was no more, but there was alight in him that light of the intellect which in his own esteem raised him above them into an empyrean unknown by them. His intellect made him as Caesar, as Pharaoh; their foolishness made them as slaves.

The time is nigh at hand when there will be no priests and no kings but those of science, and beneath their feet the nations will grovel in terror and writhe in death.

He went out again into the balcony, leaving the nuns to endeavour to administer the wine, which, however, their patient could not swallow; the fungous growth closed his larynx. His head was thrown back on the pillows; his eyes were staring but sightless; his face was pallid and looked blue round the mouth and about the temples. He was now straining for breath, like a horse fallen on the road, blown and broken.

They called loudly to Damer, being frightened and horrified. He re-entered the chamber.

"He is worse," he said gravely.

The nun who had a tender heart, wept. Damer sat down by the bed. He had seen that struggle for air a thousand times in all the hospitals of Europe. It could now have but one end.

A little while after they brought him a note and a telegram. The first was from the Countess Zaranegra; it said: "You must let me see him. It is my right—my place."

The second was from the mother of Adrianis. It said: "I have reached Bologna; I shall soon be with you. God bless you for your goodness to my son!"

He read them, and tore the one in pieces, and flung the pieces in the canal; the other he put in his breast-pocket beside the empty phial of toxin.

The mother's letter would be useful if any called in question the too late usage of the Behring serum. It would show the complete confidence placed in him by the writer. At that moment his two Venetian colleagues arrived. The day had dawned. The women put out the light of the lamps.

"You have given the anti-toxin?" said the elder of the Venetians, glancing at the syringe.

"I have," replied Damer. "But I believe too late."

"I fear too late," replied the Venetian. "Not less admirable is your courage in accepting such responsibility."

Damer bowed. He looked grave and worn, which was natural in a man who had been in anxious vigil through thirty-six hours by the bedside of his friend.

"Have you any hope?" whispered the Venetian.

"I confess none, now," he answered.

The pure light of earliest daybreak was in the whole of the vast chamber.

It shone on that ghastly sight, a man dying in his youth, struggling and straining for a breath of air, fighting against suffocation.

The fresh sea air was flowing through the room, sweet with the odours of fruits and flowers, free to the poorest wretch that lived; but in all that bounteous liberty and radiance of air he could not draw one breath; he could nor reach one wave of it to slake his thirst of life.

The poisoned growth filled every chink of the air-passages as though they were tubes mortared up and closed hermetically. His face grew purple and tumid, his eyes started from their sockets, his arms waved wildly, beckoning in space; he had no sense left except the mere instinctive mechanical effort to gasp for the air which he was never to breathe again. The five persons round him stood in silence, while the stifled sobs of the nun were heard; the splash of oars echoed from the water below; somewhere without a bird sang.

The Venetians spoke one with another, then turned to Damer.

"The end must be near. We ought to call in the assistance of the Church. We must not let him perish thus, unshriven, unannealed, like a pagan, like a dumb creature."

"Do whatever you deem right," replied Damer. "With those matters I do not meddle."

The minutes went on; the nuns sank on their knees; the one who wept hid her face on the coverlet of the bed. All which had so lately been the youth, the form, the vitality of Adrianis wrestled with death as a young lion tears at the walls of the den which imprisons him. The terrible choking sounds roared through the air to which his closed throat could not open. Blood foamed in froth from his lips, which were curled up over the white teeth, and were cracked and blue. His eyes, starting from their orbits, had no sight. Damer ceased to look; almost he regretted that which he had done.

Suddenly the convulsions ceased.

"He is out of pain," said one of the Venetians in a solemn and hushed voice.

"He is dead," said Damer.

The women crossed themselves.

The little bird outside sang loudly.

The door opened, and the mother of Adrianis stood on the threshold.

Six months later the man who had killed him wedded Veronica Zaranegra. Her family opposed and her friends warned her in vain. She shrank from him, she feared him, she abhorred him, but the magnetism of his will governed hers till he shaped her conduct at his choice, as the hand of the sculptor moulds the clay.

He became master of her person, of her fortune, of her destiny; but her soul, frightened and dumb, forever escapes from him and hides in the caverns of memory and regret.



Gilbert James '95



THE MANLY HEART.

By George Wither.

Shall I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair?
Or my cheeks make pale with care
'Cause another's rosy are?
Be she fairer than the day
Or the flowery meads in May—
If she be not so to me
What care I how fair she be?

Shall my foolish heart be pined
'Cause I see a woman kind;
Or a well disposed nature
Joined with a lovely feature?
Be she meeker, kinder, than
Turtle-dove or pelican,
If she be not so to me
What care I how fair she be?

Shall a woman's virtues move
Me to perish for her love?
Or her merit's value known
Make me quite forget mine own?
Be she with that goodness blest
Which may gain her name of Best;
If she seem not such to me,
What care I how good she be?

'Cause her fortune seems too high,
Shall I play the fool and die?
Those that bear a noble mind
Where they want of riches find,
Think what with them they would do
Who without them dare to woo;
And unless that mind I see
What care I though great she be?

Great or good, or kind or fair,
I will ne'er the more despair;
If she love me, this believe,
I will die ere she shall grieve;
If she slight me when I woo,
I can scorn and let her go;
For if she be not for me,
What care I for whom she be?





MY Eyes, Granny, you ought to a ben up at Squire's 's afternoon! There was all sorts a-goin' on: kiss-in-the-ring, bowlin' at the cocoa-nuts, dancin'. Young Squire and the ladies danced same as we did. One young lady from Cheltenham danced wi' I right through Sir Roger. Arterwards, just afore the quality folks went back to the Hall for their vittles, Squire, he starts "French and English"—us chaps East again' they West-side fellers. 'Twere a smartish wrastle fur both on us; but, however, schoolmaster took an' slipped and fetched half the rest on 'em down wi' un. Then we beat easy.

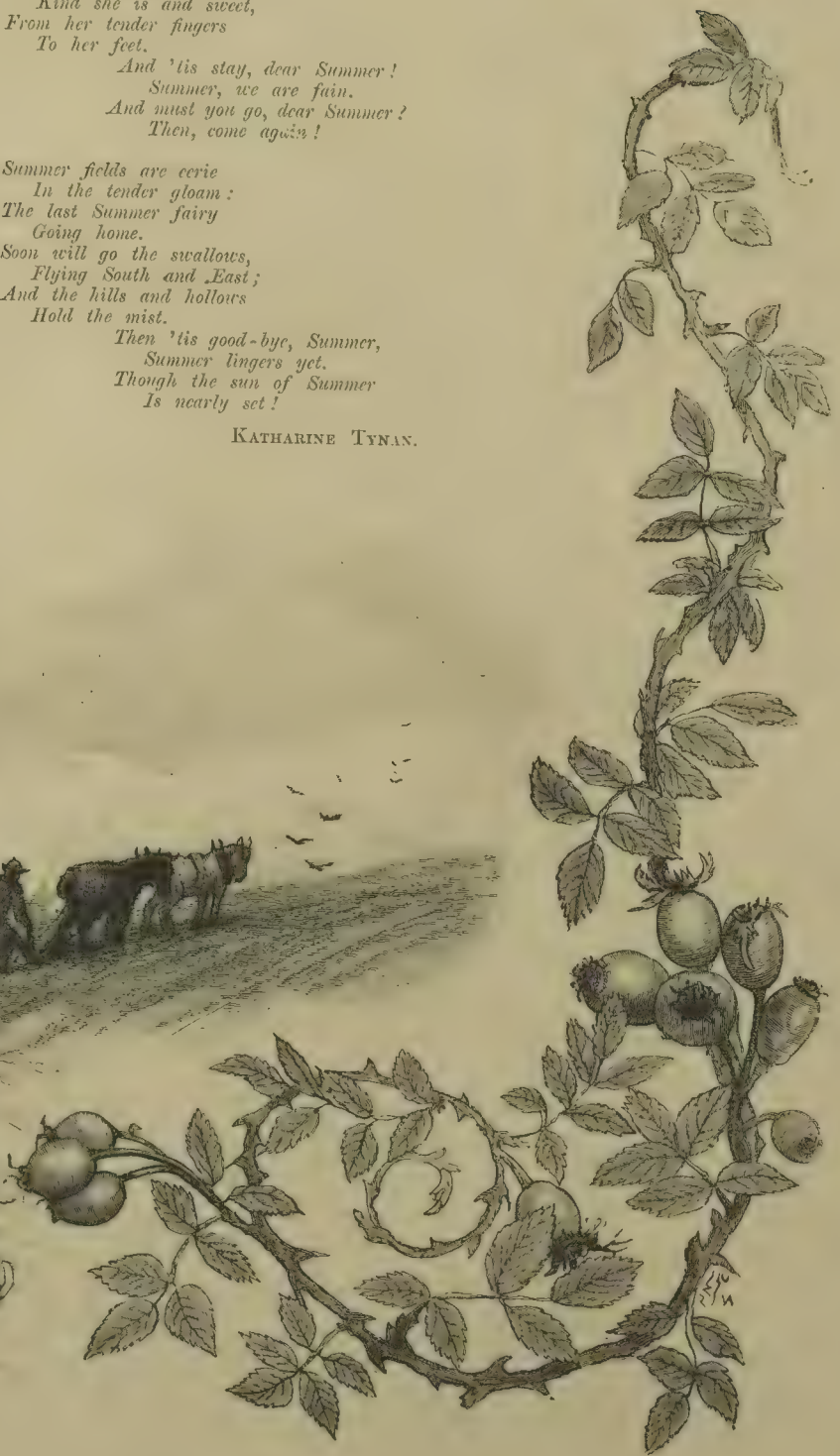
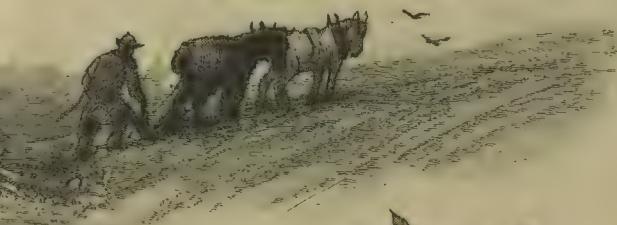
LATE SUMMER.

Gold is on the barley,
Fruit on the wild rose,
Soon both late and early
The plough goes
With Dobbin and with Dapple
Against a pale sky.
The rose is on the apple.
Summer, good-bye!
 'Tis good-bye, Summer,
 Summer, sweet and dear.
Come again, dear Summer,
 Another year!

Autumn winds will whistle
Round about the house,
Strip the silver thistle
And gold boughs.
Yet while Summer lingers,
Kind she is and sweet,
From her tender fingers
To her feet.
And 'tis stay, dear Summer!
Summer, we are fain.
And must you go, dear Summer?
Then, come again!

Summer fields are eerie
In the tender gloam:
The last Summer fairy
Going home.
Soon will go the swallows,
Flying South and East;
And the hills and hollows
Hold the mist.
Then 'tis good-bye, Summer,
Summer lingers yet.
Though the sun of Summer
Is nearly set!

KATHARINE TYNAN.





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PATIENCE ON A MONUMENT.

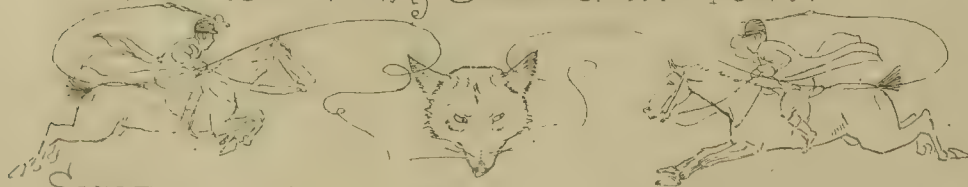
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THE BELLE OF THE TOWN

BY J. M. BULLOCH

THE GAY LADY BETTY TOOK LEAVE OF THE SHIRES
 WHENEVER THE SEASON CAME ROUND,
 FOR THEN SHE GOT SICK OF THE ROLLICKING SQUIRE
 WHO FOLLOWED THE FOX AND THE HOUND.
 SHE LIVED IN THE DAYS AS HER STORY RECORDS
 WHEN BATH WAS A PLACE OF RENOWN
 WHILE NOBODY QUESTIONED THE RIGHTS OF THE LORDS
 WHEN BETTY WAS BELLE OF THE TOWN.



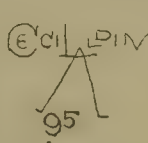
SHE TRAVELLED TO TOWN IN A CUMBERSOME COACH
 THE DRIVER WAS ARMED TO THE TEETH
 AND EVER ALERT FOR A ROBBER'S APPROACH —
 FOR HIGHWAYMEN HAUNTED THE HEATH
 THE JOURNEY WAS BROKEN AT INNS BY THE WAY
 (WHERE THE FARE MADE HER LADYSHIP FROWN)
 FOLK RESTED BY NIGHT AND THEY TRAVELLED BY DAY
 WHEN BETTY WAS BELLE OF THE TOWN.





THE GENTLEMEN KNEW HOW TO PARRY AND THRUST,
(THE ART WAS A GENTLEMAN'S RIGHT):
THEIR WEAPONS WERE RARELY PERMITTED TO RUST
FOR LACK OF A QUARREL AND FIGHT.
THEY'D TRAVEL FOR MILES TO A COCK-FIGHTING MATCH
A SPORT PATRONIZED BY THE CROWN;
AND LADIES WENT WITH THEM IN POWDER AND PATCH
WHEN BETTY WAS BELLE OF THE TOWN.

WE SCOFF AT THE FASHIONS AND FOLLIES OF YORE
AND SMILE AT THE BEAU AND THE BELLE ;
WE'RE SHOCKED THAT THE GENTLEMEN GAMBLED AND SWORE
(THE LADIES COULD GAMBLE AS WELL).
WE RARELY REMEMBER THE FADS OF OUR TIME
HOW FASHION MAKES SOME OF US CLOWN.—
A MORAL WAS TAGGED AS A RULE TO A RHYME
WHEN BETTY WAS BELLE OF THE TOWN.



J. M. BULLOCK
95



*The merchant, to secure his treasure,
Conveys it in a borrow'd name:
Euphelia serves to grace my measure,
But Chloe is my real flame.*

*My softest verse, my darling lyre,
Upon Euphelia's toilet lay,
When Chloe noted her desire
That I should sing, that I should play.*

*My lyre I tune, my voice I raise,
But with my numbers mix my sighs;
And whilst I sing Euphelia's praise
I fix my soul on Chloe's eyes.*

*Fair Chloe blushed, Euphelia frowned—
I sang and gazed; I played and trembled.
And Venus to the Loves around
Remarked how ill we all dissembled.*



THE BROKEN STRING.

By Sydney Muschamp.



LABOUR AND LOVE.

By G. A. Holmes.



Where the daylight peeps thro' like the glint of the Moon,
 And the branches are rustling a murmurous rune,
 The Owls sit in council, like prophets of Fate,
 Discussing grave questions of Kingdom and State.
 They wink and they blink, and they blink and they wink,
 Till midnight grows black and commands them to flit
 With a "Shoo! To-whoo!" and a "Whirr! Tu-whit!"

Louis Wain.

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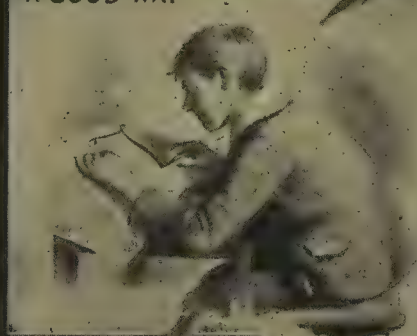
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EIGHT MINUTES OF THREE.

A DETECTIVE STORY, BY NYM CRYNKLE.

CHAPTER I.

ON MARCH 17, 1878, Mr. Gustave Prineveau was shot and killed in his private conveyance while returning from a drive with his wife. It was about five o'clock in the afternoon, and the carriage, at the time, was between Sixty-sixth and Sixty-seventh Streets on the Fourth Avenue in New York.

Mr. Prineveau was seated on the left of his wife in his carriage, which was a two-seated phaeton, and was driven by their man, John Teedson, who sat on the seat in front of them. Mr. Prineveau, who was sixty-three, died almost instantly, and the *post-mortem*, held the next morning at ten o'clock, showed that he had been killed by a small pistol-bullet that had entered his heart at the fifth intercostal space, glanced upward, and severed the aorta. A small hole was found in his vest on the left side, corresponding to the bullet.

The *post-mortem* examination was a long one. As it was impossible for either of the other occupants of the carriage to have got round to the left side of Mr. Prineveau, so as to have inflicted the wound, without accomplishing an unprecedented feat that would have been seen, and as there was no assignable motive for such an act, the whole purpose of the examination was directed to finding out what incentive some other person might have had to commit the deed.

The following facts were then elicited.

Mr. Prineveau had been married a little less than five years to a woman who, previous to that marriage, had been known as the widow of a South American merchant who had died while on a visit to Buenos Ayres. At the time of Mr. Prineveau's marriage he was reputed to be very wealthy, having amassed a fortune in coal speculations in Pennsylvania and New York. He, too, had been previously married, by which marriage there had been two sons, one of whom had died three years before the father, in California, and the other of whom was still living somewhere in Ohio. The only other relation that could be traced was a nephew, Jared Clarkson, about twenty-eight years old, who was a scapegrace, and who had lived for several years upon the bounty of Mr. Prineveau, but whose whereabouts at the time of Mr. Prineveau's death could not be ascertained.

It was shown that the deceased had been a man of singularly weak character in the management of his estate; that he gave away vast sums of money, was easily frightened and cajoled, and that, from all accounts, his wife's advice and influence alone saved him from many foolish speculations and misfortunes in his old age. Among his papers were found receipts for over one hundred thousand dollars, signed by unknown persons, and covering the four years immediately preceding his death.

His relations with his wife had always been of the most amiable and trustful kind. None of the servants knew of his ever having quarrelled with her. Mrs. Prineveau looked after his personal comforts, was continually solicitous about his health, accompanied him everywhere, and bore the reputation of being a discreet, domestic woman, with an obvious affection for a man who was twenty years her senior.

There was in his house on the Fifth Avenue a servant who had been with them five years. Her name was Rose Kenny, and she testified that, about a week before the murder, Mr. Prineveau had been visited at night by the nephew Clarkson, whom she had let in and who was seen by Mr. Prineveau in the library, a small room in the wing at the rear of the house. From appearances, she thought the man had been drinking. He wore a rough and soiled overcoat, and an imitation astrachan cap pulled over his face. He stayed over half an hour in the library, and she heard him from the front parlour speaking in loud and angry tones. She admitted that she had listened, and swore that she heard him say, "Then look out for yourself, for you will not live to accomplish it!" To which the old man, in a soft voice, made some kind of an appealing cry.

This was about ten o'clock at night, and Mrs. Prineveau, who had gone to a concert at Steinway Hall with a party of friends, had not returned. She came back at ten minutes of eleven, and, upon making inquiries of the maid, Rosy, learned these facts, and showed a good deal of indignation because Mr. Prineveau had been subjected to the annoyance of a worthless and reckless scapegrace.

Mrs. Prineveau herself corroborated this statement explicitly, but could give very little information about the habits or antecedents of Clarkson, except that she had learned incidentally from her husband that he was a drunkard, with a wife and two children, and, owing to his dissolute habits, had never been able to take care of himself or his family.

It was also learned that on the afternoon of March 14 Clarkson had been seen by the coachman hanging about the house, and the hall-boy, who had been sent on an errand, encountered him on the corner, and was there held in conversation by him, Clarkson asking him, among other things, if Mr. Prineveau did not take a drive usually in the afternoon.

These bits of testimony led to the police efforts to find Clarkson. Mr. Prineveau was buried in the Trinity Cemetery on the 19th. His funeral was attended by many old New Yorkers, and public attention was turned to the efforts made by Mrs. Prineveau to discover the perpetrator of the crime.

On the 21st Clarkson's wife and children were found in a miserable lodging-house in Varick Street; but Clarkson had disappeared. His wife promptly acknowledged that he had come home late on the afternoon of the 17th, had hurriedly changed his clothes, and gone out. She had not seen or heard of him since. But she strenuously denied that he had committed a crime, and refused to be influenced by any of the damaging circumstances.

Here the affair threatened to end, as so many others of its kind have ended, in idle curiosity, police inefficiency, and ultimate forgetfulness. But on the 23rd Clarkson was discovered in hiding in Troy. He was brought here and lodged in the City Prison, and then it became known to the public that the police had found, in the rooms of Mrs. Clarkson in Varick Street a small French revolver with five chambers, one of which was empty, and the bullets of this pistol corresponded in size with the one taken from the body of Mr. Prineveau.

CHAPTER II.

At this stage of the affair I was called into it, oddly enough. I received a note from that eminent lawyer, John Grevé, with whom I had studied, asking me to call and see Mrs. Prineveau at her Fifth Avenue home. He had taken the liberty, he said, of recommending me in a matter that would perhaps be of great service to me. Perplexed as I was at this, knowing that John Grevé was Mrs. Prineveau's lawyer, and did not need associate counsel, I nevertheless called promptly upon the lady.

I found her to be a very handsome woman, with great dignity of person, a charming self-possession, and all the evidences of a refined and estimable character.

"This unfortunate affair," she said, "has perplexed me in more ways than one. That wretched man Clarkson, as you doubtless know, is in custody, and is now here. The circumstances appear to leave little doubt of his guilt. But he has a wife and two children; their abject misery is made all the more acute by the wife's belief in her husband's innocence. It is a very dreadful state of affairs, but I shrink from the responsibility which justice imposes on me of hanging that helpless wretch without giving him a show for his life. He is not able to employ counsel, and I am, at the best, only a woman. I propose to pay you to try and do the best you can for him, and, of course, I do not wish anything said about it. I took the advice of Mr. Grevé, and he said that, in any case, the man was entitled to good counsel, and advised me to employ you. It seems, in such a foregone conclusion, a small concession to give him the benefit of the law. At all events, it will relieve me from the reproach of having been influenced by a vindictive feeling."

I do not now remember all that was said at this interview, but I recall that I was consciously affected by the woman's sympathy for a man that she saw had little or no chance for his life, and who wanted to soften her own share in the prosecution by not permitting him to say he had no chance to prove his innocence.

I promised her to go and see the accused man, and to send her my decision as soon thereafter as was possible.

This interview was on the 25th. On the 26th I went to see Clarkson in his cell at the City Prison. I found a woman in the warden's office, who had also come to see him.

It proved to be his wife. She was such a picture of abject misery that she arrested my attention. She must have been a very beautiful girl, although now she was at least twenty-five, and suffering had drawn its lines across her white face. I could see that she was made of the finest material—was, in fact, one of those delicate, sensitive, emotional natures that shrink from the world, but are capable of the greatest self-sacrifices and measureless heroism when a crisis comes. She was wretchedly clad for the biting spring weather, and she stood with her face turned toward the wall, but, through all her shabby integuments, there was a proclamation of natural symmetry and even of character. When

the warden told me who she was, I went to her and made myself and my mission known. She grasped my hand with her long, cold fingers almost convulsively, and sweeping away the veil that had partly concealed her face, looked at me so searchingly and imploringly with her sad grey eyes that I started a little.

"Oh, Sir," she said, "bad as my husband may be, he is innocent of this, and he has two little children that he loves. You have come to save him; I feel it."

I patted her hand, and tried to say something that was encouragingly non-committal. "We shall see, we shall see. Things are often not as bad as they look. I am going to have a chat with him. In the meantime, save your strength; you are not friendless."

She paid no heed at all to what I said. She was looking at me with those grey eyes, very much as if she saw something behind me, and hanging to my hand like a drowning person.

"Yes, yes," she said with a sob, "you will save him," and then she began to cry convulsively.

I had not the heart to tell her how hopeless it all looked. I wished that I had been spared this, so that my judgment could come to the interview with the accused man unperturbed.

She made me go up and see her husband first. She would wait.

I found Clarkson to be the very antithesis of his wife. He was a large, vascular, and slightly bloated fellow, with a purplish face—the result of debauchery—but, withal, a rather handsome man, or what would have been a handsome man in normal conditions. He sat on the edge of the iron bed when I entered the cell, his head between his hands, and he did not look up until I had spoken to him, and then it was with such a flabby despair that I felt repelled. Here was one of those large, vital natures that appear to have no internal resources. I could see in an instant why his life had been a failure. He was made up of unregulated appetites and sensibilities, without volition enough to control them; just the sort of man to do a desperate deed in the frenzy of drink, without a motive before it or a recollection after it, but as devoid of methodical vindictiveness as a mastiff.

I told him I had come to talk to him, in view of conducting his defence.

"Bah!" he said; "there is no defence. Can you defend me against God?"

"Let me ask of you," I began, "not to talk in that reckless manner. Try and be cool. Blasphemy may relieve your feelings, but it will not help your case."

"My case is helpless," he said, with every fleshly indication that it was.

"But if it is worth while to make a plea at all, it is not necessary to announce your guilt in advance."

He sprang up from the bed—he was six feet at least in height—and, with a clenched fist uplifted, shouted—

"I am not guilty! But I might as well be, for God has decreed that everybody shall think so!"

A little gleam of hope suddenly had shot out of the darkness of this reply. The man might be in some degree insane and irresponsible.

"If you are not guilty, there are possibilities of defence. I don't think Heaven will object to our availing ourselves of them."

"Much you know of Heaven!" he replied. "No one could have made such a set of circumstances to fit into my doom. It requires the subtlety and cruelty of a God. I might as well have killed that man and given myself up. The result will be the same. But I'm too weak to kill anybody. So I am to be killed. This is in accordance with eternal justice."

He looked at me with a glaring eye. His words were hot with a burning arraignment. There could be no mistake about the sincerity of his emotion.

"Either this man is innocent or mad," I said to myself, and then hastened to disavow the thought to myself.

"I tell you beforehand," he went on, "that you cannot do anything with the circumstances. Did I go to Mr. Prineveau and use threatening words? Yes. Did I happen to have a pistol in my possession whose bullets exactly correspond to the one found in the man's body? Yes. Did I disappear after the deed? Yes. Is my life and character just such as would fit me for such a deed? Yes. And yet I tell you that I was not there, did not kill him, and never had such an act in my mind."

"Easy," I said. "If you were not there, you were somewhere else. We ought to be able to get at that."

"Yes, we ought to if we were not fighting against destiny. But just at the time that I ought to have known where I was, I was unconscious."

"Then you might have been there unconsciously and irresponsibly?"

"Yes, some demon may have robbed me of myself, and worked this thing through me. That's the safest theory. You'd better stick to that. You'll get some credit for it after I'm hanged."

"Clarkson," said I, "I met your wife downstairs. She made me come and see you first."

He staggered against the wall in the corner of the cell and broke down.

"Poor girl, poor girl!" he said, with great sobs. "I've been the curse of her life."

"She believes in your innocence."

"Of course she does. She knows me, poor old sweetheart. She knows that, weak and worthless as I am, I never killed even an insect."

"She believes that I was sent—to give you valuable assistance."

"Yes, she believes in a good God. You wouldn't think it with such a husband as I am, would you? So did I, till He wound this mesh around me!"

"Tut, tut, man! Pull yourself together and let your reason work. Sit down there and answer my questions."

He wiped his eyes with his coat-sleeve, and sat down again helplessly on the edge of the bed.

"Now, you don't know where you were at four o'clock on the afternoon of March 17?"

"No; the last thing I remember was going down toward Vesey Street toward the river."

"Where had you been?"

"I had been drinking on the Sixth Avenue, at several places."

"And when you recovered your consciousness, where were you?"

"In Troy."

"Humph! Had you ever been to Troy before?"

"No."

"Did you know anybody there?"

"No."

"Did you have the pistol with you that was found in your house?"

"No. I never carried a pistol in my life."

"Does not your wife, then, know that the pistol was in the house at the time this murder was committed up town?"

"No. She didn't know anything about it."

"Where did you get it?"

"I took it in pledge from a little Frenchman who boarded in the house, and wanted to raise money to go home. I threw it in a chest of drawers, saying I could get five dollars on it any time at a pawnshop, for it was handsomely silver-mounted."

"How long was this before the murder of Mr. Prineveau?"

The man turned round and looked at me with a blank face, and said slowly, "It was about five days before, and the day after I had had the words with Mr. Prineveau in the library."

I confess that both his looks and his words had a knell-like effect. In spite of myself I felt staggered.

"Do you know of anybody whose interests would be advanced by the death of Mr. Prineveau?"

He hesitated for a moment, then he said, "No. Mr. Prineveau's death was a deprivation to me. He was the best, and, in fact, the only friend I had."

"Why did you go to him that night a week before his death?"

"To get money."

"Did you get it?"

"Yes, I always got it."

"By threats?"

"No. It was absolute charity. He gave me a twenty-dollar bill. He always felt sorry for me. I was flush with that money and bought the pistol, not because I wanted it, but because the Frenchman was hard-up."

"Now tell me what the conversation was with your uncle that night."

"I cannot tell it clearly, because I had been drinking, and I am effusive and foolish when I have liquor in."

"Was there not a quarrel?"

"No. He may have upbraided me—he always did; and I may have talked fast and loud—I always do; but there was no quarrel."

The man puzzled me completely. There was nothing in his information that at all removed the fatal circumstances. I had to confess to myself that any gushing sentimental lout, however guilty, might present this view of the case. But there was something in the fellow's face and tones that went past my reason and awakened some instinct that he was innocent.

When I left him I was in a curious quandary. I could not put my finger on a piece of evidence to be used in rebuttal of the circumstances, and yet I found some inarticulate voice in me saying, "That man is innocent."

I thought the matter over that night without coming to a conclusion, and went to bed, saying I would sleep over it—which, of course, is very like saying, in the face of a dilemma, that you will toss a penny up. In both cases there is an acknowledgment that something outside of your own will may determine for you.

CHAPTER III.

In my case I suppose that something did, for I got up and wrote a letter to Mrs. Prineveau, in which I told her that I accepted the case and would do the best I could for the accused, but that it looked like a hopeless

affair. In response to this I received a note of brief thanks, enclosing a crisp five-hundred-dollar bill as a retaining-fee. That the pale face of the man's wife had determined me is not unlikely, for it came back to me in the night with the strangest persistency, and the same unwarranted look of trust in the grey eyes.

The trial was set down to come on about May 1, and there was about a month's time to get ready for it. I wasted about a week in the conviction that all I could do was to dispute the evidence inch by inch, and, in the last resort, show that Clarkson was given to emotional aberrations, and was at times irresponsible. But whenever my mind reverted to the matter, that miserable woman's face rose up with an awful reproach in it, and then I fell to excusing myself to myself, as if I had not done right.

One morning, with an entirely inexplicable impulse, I went down to the place in Varick Street. I found Mrs. Clarkson living in one room, on the third floor of a dimly dirty barracks, with two extraordinarily beautiful children, scantily but tidily dressed, playing about the floor and occasionally asking when papa would come back. She looked weary and sick, but she did not complain. Nothing that ever I had encountered in my experience as a lawyer or as a man so moved my sympathy as this woman. Instinctively I knew that she had been gently bred; that she had loved a worthless man, and this was her penalty for continuing to love him. I knew that she would cling to him through all misfortune, and be the last to leave him when his doom came.

"Mrs. Clarkson," I said; "it is necessary that we look at this matter in the most cold-blooded way. We have got to make the effort to save your husband, beset on every side by almost insuperable difficulties, and shut in to one or two miserably narrow courses. I have got to prove an *alibi* or establish his insanity."

"Do you mean by insanity that you will admit that he committed the deed in a mad fit?"

"Perhaps that would be the most judicious course, and then throw ourselves on the sympathy of the jury and the mercy of the court."

She shook her head with a sad dignity. "He did not commit the deed," she said.

"Perhaps not. That may be a moral certainty with you. But a lawyer must have facts. How are we to prove that he did not?"

Her answer startled me a little. It was said calmly, and as if she saw no difficulty about it.

"By proving that someone else did it," she said.

"Have you someone else in your mind?" I asked quickly.

She hesitated a moment and then said, "No, but there must be someone else. Is that not your first and only task?"

She was standing in front of me. The two beautiful children were clinging, one on either side, to her dress. She reached down and put her hands on their heads. It was a lovely group of innocence, and made a touching appeal. "I feel sure that you will do it," she added.

When I came away, I felt that, in some way, my visit had been a failure. I had meant to place the obdurate facts before her, and ask her to assist me in working out the *alibi* or establishing her husband's tendency to emotional insanity. She had looked upon both suggestions with a dignified contempt, and asked me to find the person who really committed the deed.

I made up my mind that I was to get no practical assistance from the wife, and, in my extremity, I sent for Amos Daryl, who was then employed in the Secret Service in Washington. I had not seen him for several years, but he owed his position to me, and he was the only detective I knew for whose abilities I had a profound respect. He came to New York promptly to see me.

Daryl was a great, brawny, raw-boned fellow, with a child's simple-mindedness—one of those men who deceive you completely in appearance and manner. He might easily have been mistaken for an Adirondack guide on a visit to the city. But he was well known to the police authorities and most of the criminal lawyers.

He listened to me as I went over all the details of the affair, and I don't think he spoke once till I told him what Mrs. Clarkson had said; then he smiled, put his long hands in his pockets, and, stretching out his interminable legs, remarked, "A good idea."

"I have told you all that there is to it. What is your opinion?"

"My opinion is that Mrs. Clarkson suspects someone else and has not told you. Give me a card to Mrs. Prineveau, and three or four days' time."

Just before he left he said: "You'd better give me a card to Mr. Grévé while you are about it. I want to see that bullet, and I shall have to get an order from him."

After two days' time he came back. It was about nine o'clock in the morning, and he sauntered into my study in his careless manner, unlimbered himself in a big chair, and then, as usual, waited for me to open the conversation.

"Well, Amos," I said, throwing down my pen and wheeling round; "you've come back a little sooner than I expected. Have you got anything to say to me?"

"Not much."

He said this with his aggravating vacuity, and stopped. One hand was thrust in his pocket, the other supported his head in an easy, indolent, sprawling position.

"I suppose you have made up your mind it is a waste of time trying to save that man. Well, I about made up my mind to that myself some time ago."

"Do you mind telling me how you got into this case?" he asked.

"As that is a private matter, and you are not disposed to take any share in the case, I don't see why I should make you a confidant."

"Did Mrs. Prineveau ask you to defend Clarkson?"

"Ah! Mr. Grévé told you."

"No, he didn't."

"Then Mrs. Prineveau—"

"Mrs. Prineveau would not talk to me. I scared her."

"Scared her? You must have lost your tact."

"No, I haven't."

"Look here, Daryl," I said, a little nettled, "you are one of the cleverest men, in a particular line, I ever met. This whole thing is in a nutshell. Either that man Clarkson shot Mr. Prineveau or he didn't. If he didn't shoot him, he must have been somewhere else at the time. He says he was drunk, and, if so, someone must have seen him at some resort far away from the scene of the crime. It's a plain piece of work to find out the man's resorts and get hold of the persons who saw him there on that day. That's all there is to it, and I don't mind telling you that I haven't a bit of faith in the task; but there's a chance."

Daryl did not say anything for a moment. He worked his big fist in his pocket mechanically, and looked down at his heavy boots as if he were at a complete loss. Presently he said drawlingly, "Yes, that would be a waste of time."

"Then you have made up your mind that Clarkson is guilty?"

"N—o. I've made up my mind that he is innocent."

"Have you seen him?"

"Ye—s. Saw his wife, too."

"And he convinced you that he was innocent?"

"N—o. His wife convinced me."

I laughed. "You're more susceptible than I supposed," I said. "She would have convinced me, too, if I hadn't kept my wits about me."

Daryl threw his head back and pulled at his iron-grey whiskers a moment, then he said, in a schoolboy way, "I think I know who committed that murder, old fellow."

"Do you; who?"

"Mrs. Prineveau!"

CHAPTER IV.

If he had told me that he thought I had committed it, I don't think I could have been more astonished. I gave an incredulous start. "I wish you'd give the facts upon which you have built that quick and—pardon me for saying it—that preposterous conclusion."

"I haven't got a single fact yet," he replied. "I'll grub for the facts, if you like, later on."

"What, in Heaven's name, then, have you got to warrant such a conclusion?"

"Kinder got the truth. It's different from facts. Can't foot it up, but you feel it, just the same. I allers prefer it to facts, to begin with, for the facts kinder fit into it easy like."

I got up, and took a turn or two. My mind did not easily adjust itself to this possibility. Daryl reached out his long arm and played with the paper-weight on my table contentedly.

"Amos," I said, "I don't know what to make of this, and I think that you ought to tell me exactly how this notion got into your mind."

He toyed with the paper-weight, and did not look at me. I could see that he was somewhat at a loss how to explain himself.

"Well," he finally said, "I ain't good at tracking my own notions, as you call them, but I don't mind saying, in a general way, that the truth slips into some people's systems without their knowing how. As a rule, it's a woman's system, and, ten to one, it's a woman like Mrs. Clarkson. Why, if her husband had murder on his clothes, she'd smell it overnight. She knows every turn of his big lubberly heart. She knows that he hasn't killed anybody, and I take her word for it. A woman knows a lot of things that a man don't!"

"Yes," I said; "she knows how to play on a man's susceptibilities."

"Mrs. Prineveau don't want to play on my susceptibilities, does she? You saw her, and talked with her, didn't you?"

"Yes, I did."

"And she struck you as a conscientious, self-respecting, kindly old party, didn't she?"

"She certainly impressed me as a woman who had nothing to conceal and was anxious that justice should be tempered with mercy."

"Very cool and collected and dignified?"

"Most assuredly."

"Well, when she met me, she gave a start. 'Who brought you into the case?' she said. 'Not you, Madam, of course,' says I, and she gave a little twitch. 'I wanted,' says I, 'to take a look at that bullet.' She snatched at the back of the chair, and laid in a big breath. 'You had better go to my lawyer. I don't think he will let you see it—I am not sure that he has it.' 'Madam,' I said, 'I have seen it, and it was never made for a pistol-barrel.'

"Say, old fellow, that's a great woman, and she'll beat us in the end, if we don't use a woman's tactics."

(Continued on page 35.)

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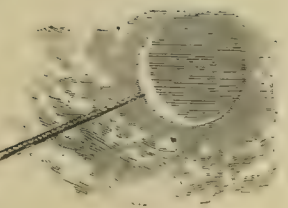
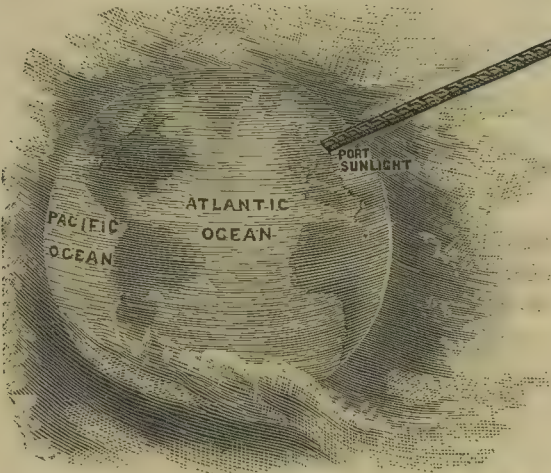
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She just braced herself up, and began to act; but it was too late. 'Ah,' says she, 'you have some new theory in the case, or some new light. I wish you would go to my lawyer with it; and, if you wish any material assistance, why, you can come to me afterwards.' I call that simply prodigious. She says to herself, 'Here's a dangerous man. I'll get Mr. Grevé to handle him, and I'll handle Mr. Grevé, and I'll throw out a hint of money at the same time.'

Then Amos Daryl struck the paper-weight that he held in his hand emphatically on the table, and, turning round, said: "My friend, that woman had no sooner clapped her eyes on me than she understood the truth, and the truth was this—that somebody had arrived that she couldn't hoodwink. I tell you a woman's thinking apparatus is lightning sometimes."

I sat down in front of Daryl. "You amaze me," I said. "Suppose you turn to the facts now. The bullet was not made for a pistol-barrel?"

"No. The pistol is a little French plaything; there are not twenty-five of them in the country, for we make those things better here. But it was made at a French factory, where the bullets for the cartridges are all moulded. The bullet from Mr. Prineveau's body was not moulded. It was cut from a piece of lead, and shaped with an instrument. You can see the marks of a fine file on it, if you use a glass."

"But," I observed, "the bullet entered Mr. Prineveau's side through his clothing; the hole was found in his vest. It must have been fired from that side, and Mrs. Prineveau was on the other side."

"See here," said Daryl, getting up suddenly. "I don't mind being a little rash, just for once, and I'll bet you a trip-ticket to Florida, where you can see my little orange grove after this case is decided, that Mr. Prineveau didn't wear the vest with the hole in it when he was killed in the carriage. Have you been up to Sixty-sixth Street and Fourth Avenue to look the ground over?"

"No."

"Well, I have. It was five o'clock when Mr. Prineveau was killed, and there was a steady stiff wind blowing from the north-east, with puffs of snow; but it was light enough to see westward across the open lots to the Fifth Avenue. If there had been anybody within a thousand feet, the coachman or Mrs. Prineveau could have seen him. To suppose that a little French pistol could have carried farther than that straight to Mr. Prineveau's heart is one of those yarns that would make a marine sick. My dear fellow, I've talked more to-day than I have in six months. But Mrs. Clarkson was dead right when she said the thing to do is to prove that someone else committed the crime."

"Can we do it?"

"We can find that person, but, to prove it—well, to tell you the truth, I don't believe we will, for that person is as clever as four lawyers and eight ordinary detectives, and has had the start of us for a year or more."

"Where are you going now?"

"I'm going over to take some things to that woman in Varick Street. I don't believe she is comfortable, and I'm dead sure she hasn't any friends. I'll see you in the morning with some facts, if I run across 'em."

CHAPTER V.

This interview, when I came to think it over, took the conceit out of me, and the retaining-fee of five hundred dollars had an ugly look. Daryl, it was true, might be mistaken, but there was something in me that respected his opinions. Why did Mrs. Prineveau have such confidence in me and such distrust of Daryl? Why was I sent to her to be sized up, as it were? Evidently, if she was the kind of woman Daryl had insisted she was, she had counted on just the stupidity I had shown. This reflection made my professional vanity a little vindictive. "So, so," I said to myself, "I am retained to defend Clarkson; very well, he shall be defended to the best of my ability."

When Daryl came to see me the next evening, I told him frankly that Mrs. Prineveau had given me a five-hundred-dollar retaining-fee. He said he felt sure of it, and advised me to send it to Mrs. Clarkson if it burnt me.

"And who is to pay you?" I asked.

"I don't think either you or I will get any pay out of this," he replied. "But we are into it, and we might as well carry it through."

"I am afraid," I said, "that we have undertaken a hopeless task."

"Let's divide it up. You find out Mrs. Prineveau's antecedents, and I will find out if Mr. Prineveau wore that vest with the hole in it when he was killed. If he didn't, who made the hole in it, and for what purpose?"

"Rather narrow ground," I said, somewhat helplessly.

"Oh! I've been on narrower and more slippery, and pulled out."

"But, tell me, what kind of a theory can you invent that will enable Mrs. Prineveau to kill her husband with a bullet on his left side while she is sitting on his right?"

"Did you read all the testimony at the coroner's examination?" he asked, choking off a yawn.

"Yes, all of it."

"Did you notice anything peculiar in the element of time that entered into it?"

"No, I didn't."

He pulled out of his pocket a portion of the verbatim report. "Let me read you a little of it. This is the girl Rose Kenny's testimony—

"Q. What time was it when your master and mistress left the house to ride?"

"A. Eight minutes of three."

"Q. What makes you so particular as to the time?"

"A. I heard Mrs. Prineveau call to Mr. Prineveau and say that was the time, just as they went out."

"Q. Wasn't there a clock in the room?"

"A. No, Sir. The clock is in the dining-room."

"There the question of time stops. Now listen to Mrs. Prineveau's testimony—

"Q. What time was it when the shot was fired?"

"A. Five minutes past five—suddenly correcting herself—'or about that.'"

"Does it occur to you that this particularity of time is unusual?"

"Yes, somewhat. But what is its significance?"

"This—that something may have been arranged to occur at a particular time, and Mrs. Prineveau had charged her mind with it. Here is the coachman's testimony—

"Q. Can you fix the exact time of the death of Mr. Prineveau?"

"A. It was five o'clock."

"Q. Do you carry a watch?"

"A. No."

"Q. Did Mrs. Prineveau have a watch with her?"

"A. No, Sir."

"Q. How, then, do you fix the time?"

"A. Mrs. Prineveau looked at Mr. Prineveau's watch when we were turning into Fourth Avenue, and said that it was five o'clock and that I must hurry."

"Now, here the matter is dropped by the examination, just as it is getting warm. Let's recapitulate"—and Amos Daryl picked up my paper-weight for illustration. "First, Mr. Prineveau carries a watch"—and Amos Daryl put the paper-weight down. "Second, Mrs. Prineveau knew to a minute when they left the house"—Mr. Daryl picked up the mucilage-jar and placed it by the side of the paper-weight. "Third"—and he picked up a match-receiver—"she was anxious to know the exact time just before they reached the fatal spot"—he put the match-box down alongside the paper-weight, and reached for an ash-receiver. "She ascertained the time by looking at Mr. Prineveau's watch"—down went the ash-receiver. "Fifth"—and he picked up the ink-bottle—"if she ascertained the exact time by looking at Mr. Prineveau's watch, and that watch was carried in the usual place on his left breast, then her fingers were at his heart just before the murder occurred"—and down went the ink-bottle. The usually scattered utensils of my desk were now in a little group, covered by the massive paw of my friend Daryl.

"It is an interesting and a startling theory," I said, "and I see now to what it leads."

"I doubt that," replied Daryl. "Let me tell you to what it leads—insuperable difficulties, for the woman has all the clues in her own hand, and will baffle us at every step of the search, and have public sympathy in doing it."

"Then, if we cannot get hold of the facts to substantiate your theory, we are on a wild-goose chase!"

"Not altogether."

"Why, we haven't a leg to go on without the facts!"

"Oh, yes! One leg."

"What is it?"

"The truth."

I shrugged my shoulders.

"The truth will develop its own facts, and that is where Mrs. Prineveau is a little superficial. Suppose we set out to ascertain if Mr. Prineveau did not have two waistcoats of the same material, one of which it was alleged was punctured by a bullet, and the other was not; and we wish to learn if Mrs. Prineveau did not have the opportunity, when the body arrived home, to change the waistcoats—we shall be baffled by her, for she has arranged for just such a contingency."

"And away go our facts!"

"Yes, but in comes our truth. Why does Mrs. Prineveau object to our searching for that waistcoat?"

Daryl gave his legs a stretch, rammed his big fists into his pockets, and then continued: "Look here, old fellow. If I am right, that calm, self-possessed woman is living with a slow-burning hell inside, for fear somebody will bring a little intuition into this case, and look past the facts that she has arranged to the truth that she can't alter. I've got a working hypothesis that fits every circumstance. What we've got to do is to keep this woman from suspecting it, till she gets on the witness-stand, and then plump it at her and watch the results. The moment she suspects that we have got the whole secret, she will go to pieces."

CHAPTER VI.

Three weeks of the month of April passed by, and very little was done. Daryl went to Washington, and, to all appearances, had made up his mind to let things rest on his far-fetched hypothesis. Gradually I fell into the belief that it was a hopeless case of defence. I had learned nothing to strengthen Daryl's theory. The prosecution openly avowed that they had a clear case. My friend John Grevé patronisingly told me to do the best I could, and reminded me that there was no chagrin on making a good fight in a forlorn hope. I called upon Mrs. Prineveau once, and she received me with the utmost candour, without a sign of perturbation,

and offered to give me any assistance in her power. I felt, when I came away, that Daryl had made a great mistake.

As the day of the trial approached, the newspapers referred to Clarkson as the murderer whose guilt was unmistakable, and Clarkson himself, in one or two interviews, had talked wildly and desperately and hurt his own case irremediably.

I think it was on April 26 when I got an absurd and very brief letter from Daryl in Washington. This was all it said: "If you get discouraged, go and see Mrs. Clarkson. Will be on with a fact or two on Monday." The letter did not stimulate me, but the visit to Mrs. Clarkson did. I found her in improved but modest quarters up town, and much more hopeful than I expected. She seized me by the hands and said—

"I pray for you night and morning—that Heaven will preserve you till this is over. I tremble to think something might happen to you. Oh, Sir, we never can pay you, but when you see that poor dear with his children in his arms once more—I am sure you will feel that you have not been wholly unpaid."

I tried to let down the pegs of this strain as softly as I could, and tell her that it would not do to be over-sanguine of the result, but she said, with calm assurance, that she had no fear of the result now, and shortly afterwards her two winsome children announced to me with pitiable importance that papa was coming home again.

So, when Daryl arrived on Monday, I told him that I felt as if I were the only guilty party in the case. "We have allowed an estimable woman to build up the most unwarranted hopes, only to destroy them cruelly in the end."

Daryl paid no attention whatever to this. "I have got an important fact," he said. "The Prineveaus were abroad in 1877, and stayed two weeks at Geneva. I should never have known this but for Mrs. Clarkson, who hunted up a letter from Mr. Prineveau to Mr. Clarkson that had contained a remittance and this sentence: 'We have been detained here a week over our time by Mrs. P., who has been making purchases.'"

"What do you see in that?"

"Geneva is celebrated for its watchmakers. I sent a cablegram from the Washington Bureau to the Department of Justice there, asking them to find out if Mrs. Prineveau purchased a watch while there. Here is the answer, translated. Don't read the official verbiage, look at that sentence. What is it?"

"Yes, 'Madame Prineveau purchased a large silver watch of Bringdah Frères, who were closing out business. Number and description of watch unattainable.'"

After reading this, we both lay back and looked at each other in silence a moment.

"It is your sane opinion, Daryl, that Prineveau was killed by a watch?"

"Just as sure of it that Clarkson's wife is that you will free her husband from this charge."

"But we haven't got a scintilla of proof."

"No; we'll make Mrs. Prineveau furnish it on the witness-stand."

Do you know what I said to Daryl? It's a rather humiliating confession, but I was considerably younger, then, than I am now.

"Daryl," said I, "you are the senior counsel for the defence; I might as well put myself in your hands and go it blindly."

"Good!" he replied. "I shouldn't wonder if I pulled you out of it with a good deal of honour. I'm counting on one little thing that you don't think of."

"What is it?"

"That Mrs. Prineveau retained you for the defence."

"Is that sarcasm?"

"No—inspiration. Don't you know why she retained you?"

"Because she thought I would make the worst possible defence."

"That was a secondary motive. The primary one was compunction. She's a woman, and she couldn't help feeling sorry for Clarkson, who was such a helpless victim of her conspiracy. So she eased up her conscience by providing him with a lawyer. She felt safe in doing it, and she tried to steer you into the insanity plea. Now all that shows that there is a weak spot in her. We'll go to court, and lie in wait for her, and jump on it suddenly, and then you'll see something dramatic."

CHAPTER VII.

The day of the trial arrived, in May. Daryl and I had arranged our plan carefully. We were to let the prosecution sail along, with only a perfunctory show of objections and most careless of cross-examinations, and wait for Mrs. Prineveau to get on the stand. Daryl kept out of court, and the State had everything its own way. The killing was shown, the *post-mortem* gone over, and the bullet and pistol shown and identified and the ownership established. I let each witness go by without an attempt to confuse or invalidate his testimony, and only cross-examined the girl Rosy, in accordance with Daryl's suggestion.

"One moment, Miss Kenny," I said, as she was leaving the stand. "You have testified that Mrs. Prineveau alone assisted Mr. Prineveau to dress for the drive?"

"Yes, Sir; she always helped him to dress."

"When you came into the room, was he completely dressed?"

"No, Sir; he had his waistcoat on, but not his coat, and he was going into his own room to get it."

"And Mrs. Prineveau called after him to hurry, as it was eight minutes of three?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Now, Miss Kenny, try and recall if Mrs. Prineveau did not say anything else before they left the house?"

"Oh yes, Sir. She called back to me on the stairs, and told me to keep her door locked, as there were strange men working on the roof."

"What were they doing there?"

"Fixin' the tin."

"How many of them?"

"Two or three of them, I guess."

"That will do, Miss Kenny."

So transparently puerile and wide of any mark was all this to John Grevé that he came to me at recess, and, in his large, patronising way, said, as he laid his hand on my shoulder—

"Harry, my dear fellow, you'll have to get up some steam and make a show of earning your retainer. By Jove, I recommended you!"

Daryl, on the other hand, was in the best of humours when we met in my study.

"Capital, capital!" said he. "Couldn't be better. The two or three men on the roof is a surprise. The evening papers are playing into our hands beautifully. One of them says: 'The counsel for the defence had to be woke up at intervals, and asked to say a few words, and then went to sleep again.' That's a godsend. If Mrs. Prineveau isn't lulled into a profound sense of security by this time, then I'm an Ingin. Keep your eye on her when I come into court and sit down by your side."

The next day, after a good deal of medical testimony about the aorta and bullet-wounds, all of which I let go without a word, Mrs. Prineveau was called. It was rather late in the afternoon. She came forward richly but plainly dressed, looked every inch a dignified but sorrowful widow, and won everybody's sympathy at once. When she had seated herself in the witness-box with calm and prepossessing candour, John Daryl came in through the crowd and sat down at my side. I was watching her closely, and saw plainly enough the muscles of her mouth twitch and her glance turn involuntarily towards John Grevé for reassurance. But neither John Grevé nor anybody else but myself saw anything.

Her testimony, given in a clear, direct manner, and with the low, soft, convincing tones of a lady, was merely corroborative of what we already knew. She was carried over the facts, and restated them. When the examination, without a single exception on my part, had been concluded, I began the cross-examination.

"Madam," I said, "it is in evidence that there was no clock in your dressing-room, and that when you had put Mr. Prineveau's vest upon him and he had gone into his room, you called after him and asked him to hurry up, as it was eight minutes of three. Will you tell the jury how you knew, at that moment, the exact time?"

The full import of this question, very rapidly put, came upon her all at once. According to Daryl's theory she had looked at the silver watch before putting it into Mr. Prineveau's vest pocket, and this was the first intimation she had received that we were in full cry after the watch.

There was a dead silence in the court-room, caused by the curiosity of the listeners to find out what this question had to do with the murder. I saw her hand tighten on the rail in front of her, and her eyes dart from Daryl to me with a quick gleam of alarm. It was a critical moment for her, and she and the two men in front of her alone knew it.

Then, to my astonishment and chagrin, she seemed to recover herself, and with the same placid and candid voice as before said—

"The clock on the church tower of St. Mary's is visible from my window, and I saw the time on that. It was eight minutes of three."

"Adjourn the cross-examination," whispered Daryl hoarsely to me.

"Your Honour," I said, "it is now fifteen minutes of the hour of adjournment and the witness is fatigued. I ask you to let the further cross-examination of this witness go over till morning."

I heard the suppressed laugh that went round the counsel-table and was echoed by the listeners in the court-room. But the adjournment was taken, and, the moment I got Daryl alone, I said, "Well, you see your theory didn't work. What are we going to do now?"

To my surprise, Daryl betrayed something like excitement. "I told you," he said, "that she was a smart woman; but I'll beat her now or hang myself. Go to your rooms, and leave orders so that I can see you any time before daybreak to-morrow. I'll be back there sure."

"What are you going to do?"

"Find those men who were working on the roof."

And with that he darted off, and I had a sickly kind of feeling that, if he kept his word, he would hang himself.

About three o'clock the next morning he woke me up with an outrageous ringing of the door-gong. When I went down, his long legs were stretched out in the study.

"Now, look here," he began at once, "let me give you this as straight and briefly as possible. That woman never saw the church clock that day, for it was impossible. She deliberately lied, and that lie is her doom."

"Between her house and the church-tower, which is on Twenty-second Street, there is, on the other side of Twenty-second Street, nearest to her house, a building called Hibernia Hall. There are two poles on either end of its cornice, and on March 17, which is St. Patrick's Day, there was a big banner stretched between them, and nobody in Mrs. Prineveau's house could see the church clock. The men on the roof couldn't tell when the dinner-hour came on account of it. I've got the two men, and they will swear positively, and so will the man who keeps the Hall. Go back to bed, get your rest, and tackle her to-morrow just where you left off."

When the Court opened, John Grevé, with the privileged sarcasm of an old lawyer, said, "The witness is yours, Counsellor. You can now investigate that church clock."

This was an unlucky speech. "Madam," I said, to Mrs. Prineveau, "at my learned brother's suggestion, we will go back to the church clock. Now, why did you say that you saw the time on that church clock when it wasn't possible to see it from your house on that day?"

She was taken unawares, and repeated after me, "Impossible?"

"Yes," I said, "impossible. There was a large stationary banner stretched, on St. Patrick's Day, between your house and the church-tower."

She showed some signs of distress, and half turned towards her counsel. He was on his feet in a moment.

"Your Honour," he said, "while I am perfectly willing to allow every latitude to my learned young friend in this interesting diversion, I submit that the time of this Court cannot be taken up altogether with matters that are obviously irrelevant. The witness may have seen the time by a watch, or computed it by the sun."

This was my chance. "The witness did see the time on a watch," I said, "but she will not acknowledge it. I now ask you, Madam, did you not see that it was eight minutes of three by a watch?"

Daryl had come in now, and his big, cavernous eyes were fixed on her. She hesitated, and then said—

"I may have done so; I do not remember."

"Do you mean to say that you fixed the time to a minute and do not remember how you did it?"

"I do not remember."

"Then why did you swear yesterday that you fixed it by the church clock?"

"I had been in the habit of so doing when in my room."

"But now you say you may have done it by watch?"

"I may have."

(Concluded on page 38.)



The Island of Montserrat

(WEST INDIES).

THE following graphic lines are found in Charles Kingsley's charming book "*At Last*":—"And now on the leeward bow, another gray mountain island rose. This was Montserrat, which I should have gladly visited, as I had been invited to do; for little Montserrat is just now the scene of a very hopeful and important experiment. The Messrs. Sturge have established there a large plantation of limes, and a manufactory of Lime-Juice, which promises to be able to supply, in good time, vast quantities of that most useful of all sea medicines, and I for one heartily bid God-speed to the enterprise."

The little island of Montserrat, considered the most healthy of the Antilles, is situated $16^{\circ}45'$ north latitude and 62° west longitude, and is about eight miles in length from north to south, by a breadth of five miles from east to west. It is composed of a small cluster of volcanic mountain tops, rising out of the Caribbean Sea, to the height of 3,000 feet, the summits being often concealed by floating clouds. Their steep sides are covered with virgin forest, abounding in graceful cabbage palm—"the glory of the mountains"—exquisite tree ferns, and wild bananas, with their magnificent broad leaves, and are intersected by deep rugged gorges, in which the tree fern, banana, and mountain palm also flourish. The Island was discovered in 1493 by Columbus, who named it after the noted mountain of Montserrat in Spain. In 1632 it was colonised by English settlers, who appear in the first instance to have been cultivators, each working his own little farm. Like the adjacent islands, it was long a bone of contention between the English and French; and even now some of the massive guns used in these contests may be found on the tops of the steepest ranges, partially concealed in the thick tropical vegetation. The French took the island in 1664, restored it to England in 1668, re-took it in 1782, and finally gave



COAST OF MONTSERRAT, W.I.—BOAT TAKING LIME-JUICE TO SHIP.



MANAGER'S HOUSE, MONTSERRAT, W.I.

casks to this country, when, after being allowed to settle, it is clarified and bottled by the sole consignees, Evans, Sons & Co., Liverpool—whose trade mark is on the capsule of each bottle as a guarantee to the public—and from the care with which it is prepared, racked, and bottled, retains its flavour, citricity, and brightness for an indefinite period. The bulk of the lime-juice that is offered in the English market (and from which most lime-juice cordials are manufactured) is made from the fruit of the trees that now grow *wild* so abundantly in Jamaica, Tahiti, &c., the negroes going about the country squeezing the fruit they find under the scattered trees into a pail with a wooden kitchen lemon-squeezer. This juice is bought by the merchants for a few pence a gallon, and frequently adulterated with salt water by the negroes to increase its bulk. Up to the time of the Montserrat Co. introducing their Lime-fruit juice, *pure* Lime-juice was practically unknown, and even at present *there is practically no regular source from which Lime-Fruit Juice from cultivated trees can be obtained* but the Montserrat Company. Many of the lime-juices and lime-juice cordials now offered are such only in name, being prepared either from lemon-juice or artificial compounds, and so highly charged with deleterious acids as to be prejudicial to health. The *Lancet* has very ably drawn attention to this, recommending lime-fruit juice as one of the best and most wholesome beverages extant; and also recommending the public to obtain the best lime-juice, and not concoctions sold under that name. It further remarked:—"We have subjected the samples of the lime-fruit juice of the Montserrat Company to full analysis, with a view to test its quality and purity. We have found it to be in sound condition, and entirely free from adulteration."

it up in 1784. At the beginning of the eighteenth century, slave labour began to supplant that of the white settlers; for at that period Jamaica, with Barbadoes and some half-dozen smaller islands, amongst which was Montserrat, had a monopoly of the English sugar market. The cultivation consequently became very profitable, so that by the close of the century the number of slaves in Montserrat had increased to 10,000, whose labour produced about 2,700 hogsheads of sugar each year.

The lime harvest is heaviest from September to January, but the Montserrat plantations yield a considerable return all the year round. The trees require regular pruning, and to be freed from the mistletoe, dodder, and other mischievous parasites, so that their cultivation during the years that elapse before they come into bearing has involved a very considerable outlay. The fruit is carried down to two central manufactories, where it is first treated for its essential oil, then sliced by water power, and afterwards squeezed until all the juice has been expressed. The juice from the choice fruit is promptly headed up in casks, so that it may not be exposed to the air; that of the inferior fruit is boiled down for the citric acid makers.

The first lime-tree orchards were planted in 1852, by Mr. Burke, an enterprising planter then living in the island; but, about twenty-five years ago, more extensive lime plantations were established by Messrs. Sturge of Birmingham, and now the Montserrat Company by whom the lime is systematically cultivated on a large scale for the purpose of supplying Pure Lime-Fruit Juice. The plantations of the Montserrat Company already cover nearly 1,000 acres, and more than 100,000 gallons of Pure Lime-Fruit Juice is produced annually. The juice is brought over in large



BARQUENTINE "HILDA" LOADING LIME-JUICE IN MONTSERRAT, W.I.

(T.B.D.)

"What watch?"

"I—I cannot say."

I heard Daryl whisper at that moment, "Hard and fast now—don't let her think."

"Was it a silver watch made by Bringdah Frères, Geneva?"

A look of weariness shot across her face. Her lids came down a little tremulously. She made a movement, very slight, of distress.

"The counsel is simply wearing out the witness," protested Grévé, "with incomprehensible questions. On behalf of the lady, who is distressed and ill, I protest!"

"And on behalf of justice," I replied, "I ask the jury to observe that the questions about a watch distress both witness and counsel!"

"Madam, was it not your husband's silver watch by which you saw the time when you put it in his waistcoat-pocket to be worn over that spot where the bullet-hole was made?"

Here the prosecuting attorneys were all on their feet, of course, shouting exceptions. I knew that there was a profound sensation in the Court-room. I could feel it against my back like a magnetic wave. But I never took my eyes off the woman.

"Your Honour," I said, without turning my head towards the bench, "this is a question of life or death to

an innocent man. His fate lies in the answers of this witness. She has deliberately lied in saying that she saw the time from a church clock, and she did it to conceal something. It will save the State and my learned friends a great deal of futile labour to permit the cross-examination to go on now."

"If the counsel will frame his questions to fall within the evidence, there can be no objection," said the judge.

"Madam, your husband carried a watch?"

She bowed her head.

"Did he buy that watch, or did you?"

"I may have done so; I made many purchases for him."

"Can you produce that watch?"

"I suppose so."

"Could you identify it if I produced it?"

She did not immediately answer this question. I could see that a weird change was coming over her. She was making up her mind that Daryl and I knew the whole dire history of her crime, and were merely playing with her. The weary look became more pronounced. Daryl saw this too, and whispered to me not to forget the waistcoat.

"I ask you, could you identify the watch if we produced it?"

"Yes, I suppose so."

"Could you identify the bullet that fitted into the back of it?"

I stood still while the indignant voices of the prosecution rang out. For I saw what was coming. During the wrangle of objections, she toppled over in a dead faint, and struck her head on the bar of the box heavily.

The one thing that I distinctly heard in the confusion that followed was Daryl's husky whisper: "Look out, now, that she don't kill herself before she makes a confession. The jig's up. I'm going over to tell Mrs. Clarkson."

But he didn't go to Mrs. Clarkson's till the next day. He got shunted off quite unexpectedly. As soon as he learned that Mrs. Primeveau had been taken from the Court-room to a neighbouring hospital, he went straight to her house, and, getting in by some means, ransacked the whole establishment, with one of the Central Office men, until he found the watch.

It was the most ingenious piece of mechanism I ever saw. If you set it at eight minutes of three, it fired off a fulminating cap and drove the silver-plated bullet in the back with sufficient force to bed itself for half an inch in a soft piece of wood, for we saw it tried in Superintendent Byrnes's office.

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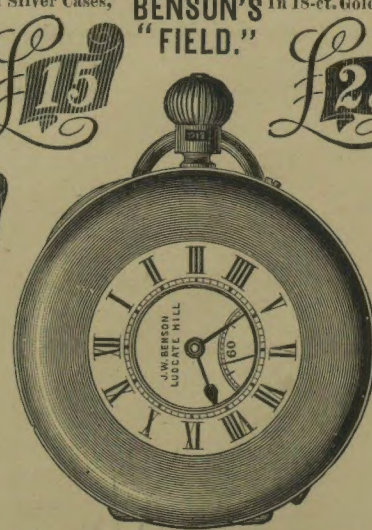
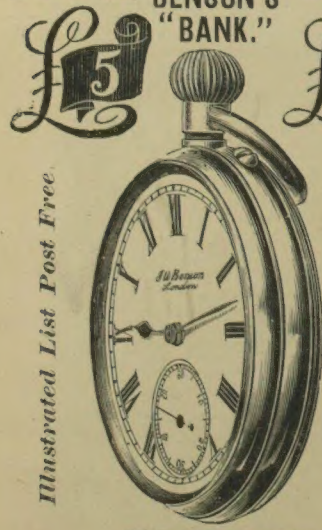
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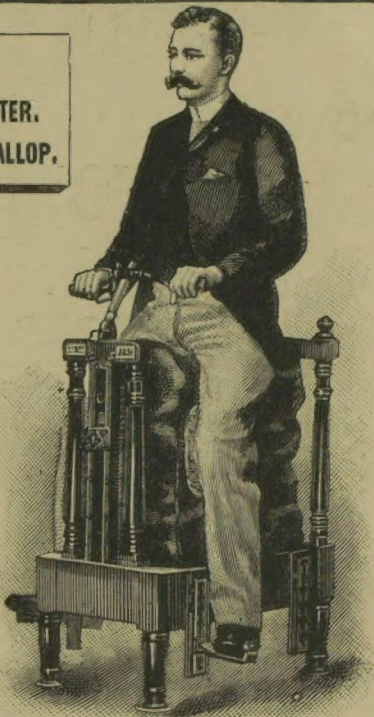
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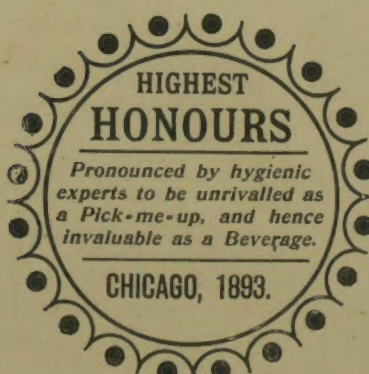
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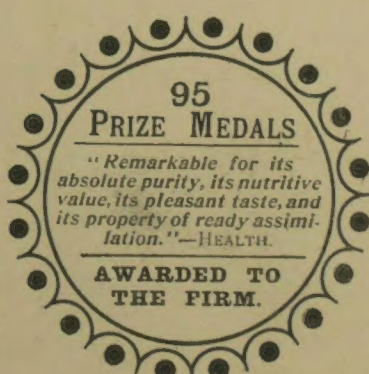
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IT IS WITHOUT A RIVAL.

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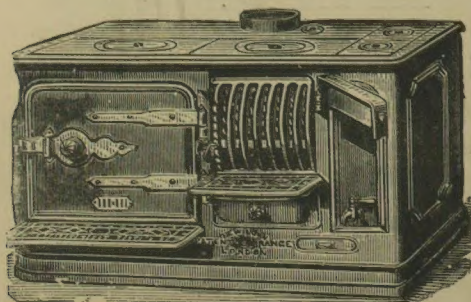
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one which I have used on the natives
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will never fade from my memory; and
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